

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART,
AND POLITICS.

VOL. XXXIII.—MARCH, 1874.—No. CXCVII.

PRUDENCE PALFREY.

VII.

HOW JOHN DENT MADE HIS PILE AND
LOST IT.

It is an epic that ought to be sung at length, if one had the skill and the time; but I have neither the time nor the skill, and must make a ballad of it. The material of this chapter is drawn chiefly from Joseph Twombly's verbal narrative, and the fragments of a journal which John Dent kept at intervals in those days.

It was an afternoon in the latter part of September that the party with which Dent and Twombly and Nevins had associated themselves drew rein, on a narrow bridle-path far up the side of a mountain in eastern Montana. Rising in their stirrups, and holding on by the pommels of their saddles, they leaned over the sheer edge of the precipice and saw the Promised Land lying at their feet. On one side of an impetuous stream, that ran golden in the reflected glow of the remoter peaks, lay a city of tents, pine-huts, and rude brush wakiups, from which spiral columns of smoke slowly ascended here and there, and melted as they touched the upper currents of the wind. Along the cañon, following the course of the stream, were

hundreds of blue and red and gray figures moving about restlessly like ants. These were miners at work. Now and then the waning sunlight caught the point of an uplifted pick, and it sparkled like a flake of mica.

It was a lonely spot. All this busy human life did not frighten away the spirit of isolation that had brooded over it since the world was made. Shut in by savage hills, stretching themselves cloudward like impregnable battlements, it seemed as if nothing but a miracle had led the foot of man to its interior solitude. What a lovely, happy valley it looked, flooded with the ruddy stream of sunset! No wonder the tired riders halted on the mountain-side, gazing down half-doubtingly upon its beauty.

"Dent," whispered George Nevins, impressively, "there is gold here." Then he sat motionless for a few minutes, taking in every aspect of the cañon. "But we will get no nuggets, mind you," he presently added, in a low voice. "That wide gash you see in the mountain, running down through the valley like a swath cut by some gigantic mowing-machine, is the ancient bed of a river. The little smooth pebbles that lie thick in the gulches, though we cannot see them from this height, were mighty bowlders once. The rush of the water, which maybe has not been here

for thousands of years, ground them small. It treated the gold with no more distinction; what there is in this place is pulverized, lying in dainty drifts or pockets, two, ten, or twenty feet down on the pipe-clay. But no nuggets, John Dent."

"But there *is* gold?"

"Tons—for the man that can find it."

"Let us go!" cried John Dent, plunging the spurs into his horse. The rest of the party, refreshed by the halt, followed suit, and the train swept down the mountain-path, the rowels and bells of their Spanish spurs jingling like mad.

So they entered the Montana diggings.

More than once on their journey to Red Rock, which had not been without its perils, Dent and Twombly had found Nevins's experience and readiness of great advantage to them, and that afternoon, on arriving at the cañon, they had fresh cause to congratulate themselves on having him for a comrade. Two diggers, who were working a pit below them on the ravine, had encroached on their claim, and seemed indisposed to relinquish a certain strip of soil next the stream very convenient for washing purposes. Nevins measured the ground carefully, coolly pulled up the stakes which had been removed, and set them back in their original holes. He smiled while he was doing this, but it was a wicked sort of smile, as dangerous as a sunstroke.

The men eyed him sullenly for a dozen or twenty seconds; then one of them walked up to his mate and whispered in his ear, and then the pair strolled off, glancing warily from time to time over their shoulders.

Dent and Twombly looked on curiously. Dent would have argued the case, and proved to them, by algebra, that they were wrong; Twombly would have compromised by a division of the disputed tract; but Nevins was an old hand, and knew how to hold his own.

"The man who hesitates in this community is lost," said Nevins, turning to his companions. "If I had not meant

fight, they would have shot me. As it was—I should have shot them."

"Why, Nevins!" cried Twombly, "what a bloodthirsty fellow you are, to be sure!"

"You wait," Nevins said. "You don't know what kind of crowd you have got into. Here and there, maybe, there's an honest fellow, but as for the rest—jail-birds from the States, gamblers from San Francisco, roughs from Colorado and Nevada, and blackguards from everywhere. Our fellow-citizens in the flourishing town of Red Rock are the choice scum and sediment of society, and I shall be out of my reckoning if the crack of the revolver does n't become as familiar to our ears as the croak of the bull-frogs over there in the alders."

Nevins had not drawn a flattering picture of the inhabitants of Red Rock; but it was as literal as a photograph.

The rumors of a discovery of rich placer diggings in Montana had flown like wild-fire through the Territories and the border States, and caused a stampeede among the classes first affected by that kind of intelligence. Two months before, the valley was a solitude. Only the songs of birds, the plunge of a red-deer among the thickets, or the cry of some savage animal, broke its stillness. One day a trapper wandered by chance into the cañon, and got benighted there. In the morning, eating his breakfast, he had stuck his sheath-knife for convenience into the earth beside him; on withdrawing it he saw a yellow speck shining in the bit of clay adhering to the blade. The trapper quietly got up and marked out his claim. He knew it could not be kept secret. A man may commit murder and escape suspicion, though "murder speaks with most miraculous organ;" but he may never hope to discover gold and not be found out.

Two months afterwards there was a humming town in Red Rock Cañon, with a population of two thousand and upwards.

There was probably never a mining town of the same size that contained

more desperadoes than Red Rock in the first year of its existence. Hither flocked all the ruffians that had made other localities too hot to hold them — gentlemen with too much reputation, and ladies with too little; and here was formed the nucleus of that gang of marauders, known as Henry Plummer's Road Agent Band, which haunted the mountain-passes, pillaging and murdering, until the Vigilantes took them in hand and hanged them with as short shrift and as scant mercy as they had given their fellow-men. That is a black page in the history of American gold-seeking which closes with the execution of Joe Pizantlia, Buck Stinson, Haze Lyons, Boone Helme, Erastus Yager, Dutch John, Club-foot George, and Bill Graves, — their very names are a kind of murder.¹ And these were prominent citizens of Red Rock when our little party of adventurers set up their tent and went to work on their claim in the golden valley.

"Nevins has not mistaken the geological any more than he has the moral character of the cañon," writes John Dent in his journal under date of September 30. "Gold-dust has been found scattered all along the bed of the pre-Adamite river, and in some instances lucky prospectors have struck rich pockets; but of those massive nuggets which used to drive men wild in the *annus mirabilis* '49, there are none here, and no likelihood of any, confound it! *Mem.* Digging for gold, however it may dilate the imagination in theory, is practically devilish hard work."

This is a discovery which it appears was made by our friends long before they discovered the gold itself. For a week they toiled like Trojans; they gave themselves hardly time to eat; at night they dropped asleep like beasts of burden; and at the end of seven days they had found no gold. At the end of a fortnight, they had made nearly a dollar a day each — half the wages of a

day-laborer at the East. John Dent, with a heavy sigh, suggested that they had better look up a claim for a cemetery.

"I never like to win at first," said Nevins, genially; "it brings bad luck."

"The fellows from Sacramento, down the stream, are taking out seven hundred a week," remarked Twombly.

"Our turn will come," Nevins replied, cheerily still, like Abou Ben Adhem to the Angel.

This was on Sunday. The trio had knocked off work, and so had the camp generally. Sunday was a gala day. The bar-rooms and the gambling saloons were thronged; at sundown the dance-house would open, — the Hardy-Gurdy House, as it was called. Lounging about camp, but as a usual thing in close proximity to some bar, were knots of unsuccessful diggers, anathematizing their luck and on the alert for an invitation to drink. All day Sunday an odor of mixed drinks floated up from Red Rock and hung over it in impalpable clouds.

The three friends strolled through the town on a tour of observation, and brought up at the door of a saloon where a crowd was gathered. A man had been shot at one of the tables, and his comrades were fetching him out, dead, with his derringer, still smoking, clutched in his hand. Following the corpse was a lame individual, apparently the chief mourner, carrying the dead man's hat on a stick. The crowd opened right and left to let the procession pass, and our friends came full upon it.

Dent and Twombly turned away, sickened by the spectacle. Nevins looked on with an expression of half-stimulated curiosity, and stroked his long, yellow beard.

"And this is Sunday," thought John Dent. "In Rivermouth, Uncle Jedd is tolling the bell for the afternoon service; Uncle Dent and my little girl are sitting in the high-backed wall-pew, — I can see them now! Uncle Ralph preparing to go to sleep, Prue looking like a rose, and Parson Wibird, God bless his old white head! going up the pulpit stairs

¹ An account of the careers of these men is to be found in a curious little work by Prof. Thomas J. Dimsdale, of Virginia City, who narrowly escaped writing a very notable book when he wrote *The Vigilantes of Montana*.

in his best coat shiny at the seams. Outside are the great silver poplars, and the quiet street, and the sunshine like a blessing falling over all!"

The close atmosphere of the camp stifled him as he conjured up this picture. He longed to be alone, and, dropping silently behind his companions, wandered off beyond the last row of wakiups and out into the deserted ravine.

There he sat down among the rocks, and with his elbows resting on his knees, dreamed of the pleasant town by the sea, of Prudence and his uncle, and the old minister in Horseshoe Lane. Presently he took from his pocket-book a knot of withered flowers and leaves; these he spread in the palm of his hand with great care, and held for half an hour or more, looking at them from time to time in a way that seemed idiotic to a solitary gentleman in a slouched hat and blanket-overcoat who was digging in a pit across the gully. What slight things will sometimes entertain a man when he is alone! This handful of faded fuchsia blossoms made John Dent forget the thousands of weary miles that stretched between him and New England; holding it so, in his palm, it bore him through the air back to the little Yankee seaport as if it had been Fortunatus's magic cap.

It was sunset when Dent sauntered pensively into camp, meeting Twombly and Nevins on the outskirts, looking for him.

"Jack!" cried Twombly, "you have given me such a turn! It really isn't safe in this place for a fellow to go off mooning by himself. What on earth have you been doing?"

"Something quite unusual, Joseph, — I've been thinking."

"Homesick, eh?" said Nevins.

"Just a little."

Then they walked on in silence. Nevins stopped abruptly.

"What is that?"

"A bit of rock I picked up out yonder; say what it is yourself," and Dent tossed the fragment to Nevins, who caught it deftly.

"Pyrites," said Nevins, flinging it away contemptuously. "Come and have some supper."

The instant they were inside the tent Nevins laid his hand on Dent's shoulder.

"Do you happen to remember the spot where you picked up that — bit of rock?"

"Yes, why?"

"Nothing, — only it was as fine a specimen of silver as we shall be likely to see."

"Silver!" shouted John Dent, "and you threw it away!"

"I'll go get it directly, if you'll be quiet. Did you see those two fellows watching us? It behooves a man here to keep his eye open on the Sabbath-day."

He was a character, this Nevins, in his way, though it would be difficult perhaps to state what his special way was. In the gulches, with pick and spade, he was simply a miner who knew his business thoroughly; on horseback he became a part of the horse like a Comanche; when a question in science or literature came up, as sometimes happened between him and Dent, he talked like a man who had read and thought. "Nevins has apparently received a collegiate education," John Dent writes in the diary, "and is certainly a gentleman, though what it is that constitutes a gentleman is an open question. It is not culture, for I have known ignorant men who were gentlemen, and learned scholars who were not; it is not money, nor grace, nor goodness, nor station. It is something indefinable, like poetry, and Nevins has it."

From the hour they met him at Salt Lake City, he had been a puzzle to the two New Englanders; his talents and bearing were so out of keeping with his circumstances. But, as for that matter, so were John Dent's. Nevins was candid itself, and if he said little of his past life, he did not hesitate to speak of it, and seemed to have nothing to conceal. One fact was clear to both our River-mouth friends, — Nevins was worth his weight in gold to them.

The next morning it was noised through Red Rock that a party from

New England had struck a silver lode of surprising richness farther up the valley. That night John Dent wrote a long letter to Prudence. Three nights afterwards the Road Agents overhauled the Walla Walla Express, and the gutted mail-bag was thrown into a swamp.

Perhaps there was more truth than jest in Mr. Dent's picture of the Bannock chieftains puzzling over the rhetoric of Jack's epistle.

John Dent's visions of wealth would have been realized in a month or two, but unfortunately the silver lode, as if repenting its burst of generosity, abruptly turned coy, and refused to lavish any more favors. It did worse than that, it ran into the next claim.

"It is a shame we cannot follow it," said Nevins; "but we—or rather you—have made a fair haul."

"My luck is your luck and Twombly's," Dent replied.

They had, as Nevins observed, made a fair haul. Their pile was so large now, and its reputation so much exaggerated, that they took turns in guarding the tent, only two going to work at a time. The presence of thieves in the camp had been successfully demonstrated within the month, and the fear of being robbed settled upon them like a nightmare. Dent had another apprehension, the coming of the cold season. Nevins reassured him on that point. Though the winter was severe in Montana, they were in a sheltered valley; at the worst there would be only a few weeks when they could not work.

The silver exhausted, they fell to prospecting. After varying fortunes for a fortnight, they had another find, Twombly being the involuntary Columbus.

It was gold on this occasion, and though it did not yield so bounteously as the silver lode, it panned out handsomely.

So the weeks wore away, and the young men saw their store steadily increasing day by day. It was heart-breaking work sometimes, and back-breaking work always; but it was the

kind of work that makes a man willing to have his back, if not his heart, broken.

The winter which Dent had looked forward to so apprehensively was over, and had been propitious to the gold-hunters. Spring-time again filled the valley to the very brim with color and perfume, as a goblet is filled with wine. Then the long summer set in.

All this while John Dent had refrained from writing home; it was his design to take Prudence and his uncle by surprise, by walking unheralded into Willowbrook some happy day, with his treasures.

Those treasures had now become a heavy care to the young men. "We keep the dust and ore"—I am quoting from the journal—"in a stout candle-box set into the earth at the foot of the tent-pole, and one of us lies across it at night. There have been two attempts to rob us. The other night Joe turned over in his sleep, and found himself clutching a man by the leg. An empty boot was left in his hand, and a black figure darted out of the tent. There was a search the next morning for that other boot. There were plenty of men with two boots, and not a few with none at all; but the man with one boot was wanting, and well for him! If he had been caught it would have been death on the spot; the blackest scoundrels in camp would have assisted at his execution, for there's nothing so disgusts knaves as a crime of this sort,—when they do not commit it themselves."

The morning after this attempt at burglary,—it was the second,—the following conversation took place:—

"It will never do for us to keep all this here," said Nevins; "there is at least thirty thousand dollars. I could pick you out fifty men in Red Rock who would murder us for a tenth of it."

"What can we do with it?" asked John Dent.

"There's an agent here of Tileston & Co.'s who will give us drafts on Salt Lake City, or turn it into bank-notes at a Jewish discount."

Dent and Twombly preferred the

bank-notes. "But suppose they should be stolen?" suggested Nevins.

"Suppose Tileston & Co. should fail?"

"That is true, again," observed Nevins.

The bank-notes were decided on, and thirty-two slips of crisp paper, each with an adorable M on it, were shut up in a leather pocket-book, which they buried in the middle of the tent, piling their saddles over the hiding-place.

They had now been nearly twelve months at the diggings, and John Dent's share in the property reached five figures. It was not the wealth of his dreams; every day in Wall Street men make three times as much by a scratch of the pen; but it was enough to set him on his feet. With ten thousand dollars in his pocket he could ask Prudence Palfrey to marry him. Red Rock was overrun, and the supply of metal giving out. If he remained without lighting on fresh finds, what he had would melt away like snow in the March sunshine. Was it worth while to tempt fortune further? was it likely that two such golden windfalls would happen to the same mortal? He put these questions to Nevins and Twombly, who were aware of the stress that drew him to New England. They knew his love-affair by heart, and had even seen a certain small photograph which John Dent had brought with him from Rivermouth.

Nevins declared his own intention to hold on by Red Rock. Twombly was for instantly returning home. With ten thousand dollars in the Nautilus Bank at Rivermouth, he would snap his fingers at Count Monte Cristo himself, who, by the way, was as real a personage to Twombly as John Jacob Astor. The two New England men decided to join the next large party that started for the East.

The incalculable sums which our friends were imagined to have accumulated, rendered their position critical. They took turns regularly on the night-watch now, and waited with increasing apprehension and impatience for the

making up of a train to cross the mountains.

Red Rock had not improved with time. It seethed and bubbled, like a witch's caldron, with all evil passions. Men who might have been decently honest if they had been decently fortunate, turned knaves. Crowds of successful diggers had already shaken the gold-dust from their feet and departed; only the dissolute and the vicious remained, with here and there a luckless devil who could not get away. The newcomers, and there were throngs of them, were of the worst description. Every man carried his life in his hand, and did not seem to value it highly. It was suicide to stray beyond the limits of the town after dusk. Tents were plundered every night. Though murder did not shock the nerves of this community, thieving did. An attempt was made by indignant citizens of Red Rock to put a stop to that. They went so far as to suspend from the bough of a butternut-tree one of their most influential townsmen, a gentleman known as the Great American Pie-Eater (on account of certain gastronomic feats performed at Salt Lake City), but the proceeding met with so little popular favor, that the culprit was taken down and resuscitated and invited by his executioners to stand drinks all round at Gallagher's bar, — which he did.

When the Vigilantes sprung into existence, they managed these things differently in Montana: they didn't take their man down so soon, for one thing.

"If we had been there by ourselves," said Joseph Twombly, describing Red Rock at this period, "we'd have been murdered in less than a week." But there was, it seemed, something about Nevins that had a depressing effect upon the spirits of sundry volatile gentlemen in camp.

One morning just before daybreak, John Dent awoke suddenly and sat up in his blankets, trembling from head to foot. At what he did not know. He had not been dreaming, and it was not a noise that had broken his sleep. He

looked about him; every object stood out clearly in the twilight; Twombly lay snoring in his shake-down, but Nevins, whose watch it was, was not in the tent. Dent was somehow struck cold by that. He rolled out of the blankets, and crawling over to the spot where the money was hidden, felt for it under the saddles. The earth around the place had been newly turned up, and **THE POCKET-BOOK WAS GONE!**

The pocket-book was gone, and one of the three saddles—Nevins's—was missing. The story told itself. The outcries of the two men brought a crowd of diggers to the tent.

"We have been robbed by our partner," cried Twombly, picking up a saddle by the stirrup-strap and hurrying out to the corral for his horse.

John Dent lay on the ground with his finger-nails buried in the loose earth near the empty hole. A couple of worthies, half roughly and half compassionately, set him upon his feet.

"Do you care to know who that mate of yours was?"

The speaker was a gaunt, sunburnt man, with deer-skin leggins, fringed at the seams, and gathered at the waist by a U. S. belt, from which hung the inevitable bowie-knife and revolver. Dent looked at him stupidly, and dimly recognized one of the two miners who had disputed the claim with Nevins that first afternoon in camp.

"I knew he'd levant with the pile, some day. But I didn't like to let on, for fear of mistakes. I thought, maybe, you other two was the same kind. I knew that man in Tuolumne County. He's a devil. He's the only man breathing I'm afraid of. No, I don't mind allowing I'm afraid of him. There's something about him, when I think of it,—a sort of cold cheek,—so that I'd rather meet a Bannock war-party in a narrier gully than have any unpleasantness with that man. Frederick King was what they called him in Tuolumne County in '56."

Several ears in the crowd pricked up at the words Frederick King. It was a name rather well known on the Pacific

slope. John Dent had recovered his senses by this.

"Are there any true lads here," he cried, "that will go with me to bring back that thief?"

A dozen volunteered at once, and half an hour later twenty armed men galloped out of Red Rock Cañon.

They returned with jaded horses, at sunset, without having struck the trail of either Twombly or Nevins. The next day, at noon, Twombly himself rode into camp and dropped heavily out of the saddle at the door of the tent. He had a charge of buck-shot in his leg. Some one had fired on him from the chaparral near Big Hole Rancho. It was not Nevins, for he had no gun, so far as known; probably some confederate of his.

And this was the end of it. This was the result of their twelve months' hardship and industry and pluck and endurance.

Then John Dent wrote that letter to Prudence, which she laid away in the drawer, telling her the story, not as I have told it, tamely and at second hand, but with fire and tears. Then, in a few weeks, came Joseph Twombly, limping back into Rivermouth, alone. There were no more El Dorados for him, poor knight; he was lamed for life, or he would never have deserted his comrade. John Dent himself had gone off, Twombly did not know where; but to California, he fancied, in search of George Nevins.

And this was the end of it for Prudence, too. She shut up the letter and her dream in the writing-desk with the brass clamps. It was a year before she could read the letter without a recurrence of the old poignant pain. At the end of another twelvemonth, when she unfolded the pages, the words wore a strange, faded look, as if they had been written by one long since dead, and dealt only with dimly remembered events and persons,—so far off seemed that summer morning when she first read them. She shed no tears now, but held the letter in her hand thoughtfully.

It was nearly three years since John Dent went away from Rivermouth, and

nothing more had been heard of him. A silence like and unlike that of the grave had gathered about his name. Life at Willowbrook flowed back into its accustomed channels. Mr. Dent had disposed of the skeleton effectively and forever, and Prudence had passed into the early summer of her womanhood. It was at this point my chronicle began.

This was the situation — to borrow a technical term from dramatic art — when the congregation of the Old Brick Church, after much ruffling of parochial plumage, resolved to relieve Parson Wibird Hawkins of his pastorate.

VIII.

THE PARSON'S LAST TEXT.

THIS brings my story again to that afternoon in May, when Prudence Palfrey made her appearance at the cottage in Horseshoe Lane, and was solicited by Salome to speak to the parson, who had locked himself in the little room after the departure of the two deacons.

It was with an inexplicable sense of uneasiness that Prudence crossed the library, and knocked softly on the panel of the inner door. The parson did not seem to hear the summons; at all events, he paid no attention to it, and Prudence knocked again.

"He's gittin' the least bit hard of hearin', pore soul," said Salome. "Mebbe he heard that, though," she added, more cautiously, "for he always hears when you don't s'pose he will. Do jest speak to him, honey; he'll know your vice in a minit."

Prudence put her lips down to the key-hole and called, "Parson Wibird! — it's Prue, — won't you speak to me?"

He made no response to this, and in the silence that ensued, broken only by the quick respiration of the two women, there was no sound as if he were preparing to undo the fastenings. Prudence rose up with a half frightened expression on her countenance and looked at Salome.

"What can have happened?" she said, hurriedly.

"Lord o' mercy knows," replied Salome, catching Prue's alarm. "Don't stare at me in sech a way, dear; I'm as nervous as nuthin'."

"Are you sure he is there?"

"Sartin. I all but see him goin' in, an' I have n't ben out of the room sence. He must be there."

"Is he subject to vertigo, ever?"

"Dunno," said Salome, doubtfully.

"I mean, does he ever faint?"

"He did have a curious sort of spell two or three weeks ago, an' Dr. Theophilus give him some med'cine for it."

"He has fainted, then! Get a candle — quick. Stop, Salome, I'll go with you."

Prudence was afraid to remain in the library alone. She was impressed by some impalpable presence in the half darkness. The shadows huddled together in the corners. The long rows of books in their time-stained leather bindings looked down sombrely from the shelves. On the table was an open volume, with an ivory paper-cutter upon it, which he had been reading. His frayed dressing-gown lay across a chair in front of the table. It seemed like some weird, collapsed figure, lying there. All the familiar objects in the room had turned strange and woe-begone in the twilight. Prudence would not have been left alone for the world.

The two went out together for the candle, which Salome with a trembling hand lighted at the kitchen stove. Then they flitted back to the library silently, with white sharp faces, like ghosts.

"What shall we do?"

"We must break in the door," said Prudence under her breath. "You hold the candle."

She placed her knee against the lower panel and pressed with all her strength. The lock was old and rusty, and the screws worked loosely in the worm-eaten wood-work. The door yielded at the second pressure and flew open, with a shower of fine dust sifting down from the lintel.

The girl retreated a step or two, and, shading her eyes with the palm of her hand, peered into the darkened space.

Nothing was distinct at first, but as Salome raised the light above Prue's head, the figure of the parson suddenly took shape against the gloom.

He was sitting in an old-fashioned arm-chair, with his serene face bent over a great Bible covered with green baize, which he held on his knees. His left arm hung idly at his side, and the forefinger of his right hand rested lightly on the middle of the page, as if slumber had overtaken him so, reading.

"Laws o' mercy, if the parson has n't gone to sleep!" exclaimed Salome, stepping into the small compartment.

"Asleep!" repeated Prudence, the reassured color returning to her cheek.

Salome laid her hand on the parson's arm, and then passed it quickly over his forehead.

"He's dead!" cried Salome, dropping the candlestick.

The hour-hand of the cuckoo-clock in the hall at Willowbrook pointed at seven; the toy bird popped out on the narrow ledge in front of the carved Swiss cottage, shook seven flute-like notes into the air, popped in again hastily, and the little door went to with a spiteful snap.

Mr. Dent glanced at the time-piece over the fire-place in the sitting-room, and wondered what was detaining Prue. She had gone to town on a shopping expedition shortly after dinner, and here it was an hour and a half past tea-time. Fanny had brought in the tea-urn and carried it off again. It was as if the sun-dial had forgotten to mark the movements of the sun; the household set its clocks by Prudence.

For the last hour or two Mr. Dent had been lounging restlessly in the sitting-room, now snatching up a book and trying to read, now looking out on the lawn, and now vigorously poking the coals in the grate, for it was one of those brisk days which make a fire comfortable in our delusive New England May.

Mr. Dent was revolving in his mind how he should break to Prudence the intelligence of Parson Hawkins's dismissal, and more especially in what terms he should confess his own part in the transaction. "What will Prue say?" was a question he put to himself a dozen times without eliciting a satisfactory reply. He was a little afraid of Prue,—he had that tender awe of her with which a pure woman inspires most men. He could imagine what she would have said three years ago; but she had altered in many respects since then; she had grown quieter and less impulsive. That one flurry of passion in which she had confessed her love for John Dent did not seem credible to her guardian as he looked back to it. As a matter of course, she would be indignant at the action of the deacons, and would probably not approve of the steps he had taken to bring Mr. Dillingham to Rivermouth; but she would not storm at him. He almost wished she would storm at him, for her anger was not so unmanageable as the look of mute reproach which she knew how to bring into her gray eyes.

The cuckoo in the Swiss chalet had hopped out again on the ledge, and was just sounding the half hour in his brisk, business-like way, when Prudence opened the drawing-room door.

"I thought you had run off for good," said Mr. Dent, rising from his chair; then he stopped and looked at her attentively. "Why, Prue, what is the matter?"

"The parson"—Prudence could not finish the sentence. The nervous strength that had sustained her through the recent ordeal gave way; she sank upon the sofa and buried her face in the cushions.

"She has heard of it already," thought Mr. Dent. He crossed to the sofa and rested his hand softly on her shoulder. "Prue, my dear girl, you must be reasonable. It had to come sooner or later; he could not go on preaching forever, you know. He is a very old man now, and ought to take his

ease. He will be all the happier with the cares of the parish off his hands."

"All the happier, yes!"

"And we'll have him up to Willow-brook often; he shall have a room here" —

Prudence lifted her face beseechingly.

"Oh, you don't know! you don't know!" she cried. "He is dead! he died this afternoon, sitting in his chair. Ah! — it was so dreadfully sudden!" and Prudence covered her eyes with her hands, as if to shut out the scene in the library.

Mr. Dent was greatly shocked. He leaned against the mantel-piece, and stared vacantly at Prudence, while she related what had happened at Horse-shoe Lane. She had completed her purchases in town, and was on the way home when she met Miss Blydenburgh, who told her of the deacons' visit to Parson Hawkins to request his resignation. Knowing that the poor old man was unprepared for any such proposition, she had turned back and hastened down to the parsonage, to say and do what she could to comfort him in his probable distress. Then she and Salome, alone there in the dark, had found him dead in the chair. Ah!

Mr. Dent left his tea untasted. He had the horse saddled, and rode over to town. He was greatly shocked. And Deacon Zeb Twombly, that night, as he stood for a moment beside the cradle in which the little ewe-lamb lay nestled in its blankets, was a miserable man. He crept off to the spare room in the attic — where he was undergoing a temporary but not unprecedented exile — with the conviction that he was little better than a murderer.

"I hope Parson Wibird will forgive me my share in the business," murmured the deacon, blowing out the candle; then he lingered by the window dejectedly. It was a dreamy May night; the air, though chilly, was full of the odors of spring, and the mysterious blue spaces above were sown thick with stars. "P'rhaps he knows all up there," he said, lifting his eyes reverently, "an' how it went agin me to

give him any pain. I wonder how brother Wendell feels about it."

Deacon Wendell, fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be, was of that tougher fibre out of which the strong sons of the world are made. He had performed the duty that devolved upon him, as he had performed other unpleasant duties, having been sheriff once, and there was nothing to be said. He was sorry the parson died just as he did. "Looks as though he done it on purpose to spite us," reflected Deacon Wendell. Perhaps his chief emotion when he first heard the news — it was all over Rivermouth now — was an ill-defined feeling of resentment against Parson Wibird for having cut up rough.

The effect produced on Mr. Dent was more complex. Though neither so callous as Deacon Wendell nor so soft-hearted as Deacon Twombly, he shared to some extent the feelings of both. He keenly regretted the death of the old parson, and particularly the manner of it. It was an unlucky coincidence, — he could not look upon it as anything more than a coincidence, — and would give rise to much disagreeable gossip. If it had happened a month or two before, or a month or two later, he would have been sorry, as anybody is sorry when anybody dies; but he would not have been shocked. He wished he had not been quite so warm in advocating the desirableness of Mr. Dillingham. If he could have foreseen the present catastrophe, he would have thrust his hand into the flames rather than move in the matter.

But what was done was done; and as he urged the mare across the long wooden bridge which ended among the crumbling wharves and shabby warehouses of Market Street, he trusted something would transpire showing that the parson's death was the result of natural causes and in no degree to be attributed to — to what had probably caused it.

There was an unusual glimmer and moving of lights in the windows of the parsonage, and a mysterious coming and going of shadows on the brown Holland shades, as Mr. Dent turned into

Horseshoe Lane. He was within a dozen rods of the cottage, when the gate creaked on its hinges and Dr. Theophilus Fredick passed out, walking off rapidly in an opposite direction.

Mr. Dent pushed on after the doctor, and overtook him at the doorstep of a neighboring house.

"A moment, doctor," said Mr. Dent, leaning over the horse's neck. "Has there been an inquest?"

"Yes; we have just finished the examination."

"Well?"

"Paralysis."

"Attributable to any sudden mental excitement or anything of that nature? You know he had a conversation on church affairs with the deacons this afternoon; could that have affected him in any way?" Mr. Dent put the query anxiously.

"It would be difficult to say," replied the doctor. "It is open to conjecture of course; but at the worst it could only have hastened what was inevitable. I am not prepared to affirm that it hastened it; in fact, I do not think it did."

"I do not entirely catch your meaning, doctor," Mr. Dent said.

"I mean that Parson Hawkins had had two slight strokes of paralysis previously; one last winter and the second three weeks ago. I was apprehensive that the third would terminate fatally."

"I never heard of that."

"No one knew of it, I think; not even Mrs. Pinder, the housekeeper. It was at his own urgent request I kept the matter secret. At the time of the occurrence of the second attack, I had a long talk with our friend, and advised him strongly to give up work altogether; finding him obstinate on that point, I urged him to have an assistant. I warned him plainly that he might be taken ill at any moment in the pulpit. He declared that that was the place of all others where he could wish to die; but he promised to consider my suggestion of an associate minister."

"Which he never did."

"For the last three Sundays," continued the doctor, "I have gone to

church expecting to see him drop down in the pulpit in the midst of the service. He was aware of his condition, and not at all alarmed by it. Though he overrated his strength, and had some odd notions of duty, — he did have some odd notions, our estimable old friend, — he was a man of great clear sense, and I do not believe the recent action of the parish affected him in the manner or to the extent idle people will suppose. What has happened would probably have happened in any case."

Dr. Fredick's statement lifted a weight from Mr. Dent's bosom, and from Deacon Twombly's when he heard of it; though there were numerous persons in the town who did not hesitate to assert that the parson's dismissal killed him. To look on the darkest side of a picture is in strict keeping with the local spirit; for Rivermouth, in its short-comings and in its uncompromising virtues, is nothing if not Puritan.

"Might as well have took a musket and shot the ole man," observed Mr. Wiggins.

"Capital punishment ought to be abolished in New Hampshire," said ex-postmaster Snelling, "if they don't hang Deacon Wendell and the rest of 'em."

Mr. Snelling was not naturally a sanguinary person, but he had been superseded in the post-office the year before by Deacon Wendell, and flesh is flesh.

The event was the only topic discussed for the next ten days. Parson Wibird had so long been one of the features of the place, that he seemed a permanence, like the brick church itself, or the post-office with its granite façade. If either of these had been spirited off overnight, the surprise and the shock could not have been more wide-spread. That tall, stooping figure, clad always in a rusty suit of black, was as familiar an object on the main street as the swinging sign of the Old Bell Tavern. There were grandfathers and grandmothers who, as boys and girls, remembered Parson Wibird when he looked neither older nor younger than he did that day lying in the coffin, — nay, not so young, for the

deep wrinkles and scars of time had faded out of the kindly old face, and the radiance of heavenly youth rested upon it.

There was one circumstance connected with the old minister's death that naturally made a deeper impression than any other. When Salome summoned the neighbors, that night, they found the parson with the Bible lying open before him, and one finger resting upon the page as if directing attention to a particular passage. There was some-

thing startlingly life-like and imperative in the unconscious pointing of that withered forefinger, and those who peered hastily over the slanted shoulder and read the verse indicated never forgot it.

"Thet was th' parson's las' tex'," said Uncle Jedd, leaning on his spade worn bright with oh! so many graves: "Well done, thou good an' faithful servant, enter thou inter th' joy of thy Lord!"

T. B. Aldrich.

WONDERINGS.

I WONDER if ever the hawk,
Sailing the depths of blue
In graceful motion at rest,
Longs to be tender and true
Like the sparrow guarding her nest?
Does the tuneless bird ever long
For the lark's rare gift of song?
Does he ever grieve at his lot,
Or quarrel in vain with fate,
If others are what he is not?
Does he ever deem it a wrong
To swoop on the sparrow's mate?

I wonder if I shall find
The task for my hands and mind,
That for me is fittest and best —
In the doing of which is rest,
And weariness in *not* doing?
Ah! happy will be the day
When my toil shall seem like play,
And, whatever I am pursuing,
I shall see with as clear an eye,
And seize with as keen a zest,
As the hawk that drops from the sky
To pounce on the sparrow's nest.

A. L. Carlton.

A MEDIEVAL NATURALIST.

WHEN, in 1121, Henry "the Fine Scholar," the first of his name to sit on the English throne, wedded Alice, "the Fair Maid of Brabant," the accomplished Matilda of Scotland had a worthy successor in the royal household. Queen Alice was not so demonstratively religious as Henry's first wife, but she was gentle, beautiful, and young; and, although not half the age of her husband, was evidently attached to him and desirous of pleasing him to the best of her ability. A liberal education enabled her to share the literary tastes of the "Beaulegere," and at her court, as at that of Matilda, the scholar and the poet were always welcome. Matilda had been prodigal of gifts to those who could make verse, especially of a religious character, and could sing their productions in a pleasing voice. Henry generously favored scholarship of all kinds, and when Matilda died, those who had shared her bounty were permitted to remain at court and continue to bask in the sunshine of royal favor. So when the young and handsome Alice crossed the seas to be Henry's second queen, she found a number of *trouvères* ready to laud her beauty and her wisdom in Anglo-Norman rhymes. In her they found a generous mistress, and were always ready to do her bidding.

About the time of this second marriage, Henry had gratified his love for animals by establishing an extensive menagerie at Woodstock. Natural history was not a strong point in the accomplishments of Queen Alice, but she wished to become familiar with a study which so deeply interested her husband. No compendious work on the subject existed in the vernacular of the court, — the Anglo-Norman, — although several fragmentary treatises in Latin had been written at various times and scattered among the convents.

Among the *trouvères* encouraged, if not supported, by her bounty, was

Philippe de Thaun, who had shown his skill and learning by the compilation of a rhymed treatise on astronomy, the *Livre des Créatures*. He was clearly the man for the occasion; and Philippe de Thaun was directed to embody in a single poem all the wisdom of the age concerning the strange beasts of the field and the forest, the fowls of the air, the monsters of the deep, and such other matters as might be of interest and instruction to the royal amateur zoölogist. The poet-naturalist, who seems to have been of a serious turn of mind, "improved" the recorded traits of the animals in such way as to enforce the tenets of the church and the doctrines of Christianity. It is not easy to decide whether the characteristics ascribed to the several animals, or the edifying morals appended to these characteristics, are the more amusing. As Queen Alice lived a blameless life and died in the odor of sanctity, it is to be hoped the preachings of Philippe de Thaun were of more benefit than his teachings in zoölogy.

In performing his allotted task, De Thaun drew the largest part of his materials from the Latin treatises in existence at that time, adding something from other works that probably have perished, and supplying something of his own. That the poem is, in great part, a translation from Latin *Bestiaria*, he admits at the outset; but no Latin manuscript now extant contains so much of De Thaun's *Bestiary* as to fairly claim the credit of being its original. But one manuscript copy of the Anglo-Norman poem has come down to our own time, and that is now in the British Museum. Thirty years ago Mr. Thomas Wright edited this, and a few other fragments of mediæval science, for the Historical Society of Science, a body that closed its very brief existence with the collection of these curious relics of past knowledge or ignorance.

The language of this Anglo-Norman Bestiary is not inviting, and its translation is a work of prodigious labor, there being neither dictionary nor grammar of the period. A specimen of the opening will probably be sufficient to satisfy the reader on that head, although presenting few of the difficulties to be found farther along in the poem.

"Philippe de Thun en Franceise ralsun
Ad estrait Bestiaire, un livre de gramairo,
Pur l'onur d'une gemme, ki mult est bele femme,
Aliz est numée, reine est coronée,
Reine est de Engleterre, sa ame n'ait ja guere!
En Ebreu en verité est Aliz laus de Dé.
Un livre voil traier, Dés sait al oumencer!"

Freely translated, that is to say: "Philippe de Thun has translated into the French language the Bestiary, a book of science, for the honor of a jewel, a very handsome woman. Alice is she named, and queen is she crowned—the queen of England, may her soul never be troubled! Truly, in Hebrew, Alice means praise of God. A book I will make; God be with its beginning!"

The introductory flattery disposed of, the poet-naturalist plunges into his subject without further delay, and first, of course, he brings into view the lion, the king of beasts. And just here we may express regret for the great loss zoological science has sustained by the absence—probably through the negligence of some lazy illuminator—of the figures of animals that should have illustrated the manuscript, and which are frequently alluded to in the text. The missing pictures would have helped us to a better realization of the ideas entertained by mediæval naturalists. The description of the lion shows that its appearance was not unfamiliar,—probably King Henry's menagerie at Woodstock contained one or more specimens,—but of its habits in a wild state there was great ignorance. It is described as having a frightful face, a great hairy neck, the breast square, hardy, and "combatant," slender flanks, a large tail, flat legs, large cloven feet, and long claws. When hungry or ill-tempered, it has an omnivorous appetite, devouring animals without discrimination. But the ass, of all crea-

tion, seems to be alone credited with spirit enough to demur to this leonine peculiarity. With true asinine obstinacy it "resists and brays,"

"Cum il cest asne fait, ki rechane e braït,"

kicking up its heels in dissatisfaction and lifting up its voice in resonant protest. But if the lion of those days was not much unlike its relative of the present age, it had some peculiar ways unknown to Jules Gérard and the other famous lion hunters of this generation. When hungry, Leo trotted to a convenient place, traced out a wide inclosure by dragging its tail on the sand, leaving an opening which it watched from a neighboring lurking-place. It is a peculiarity of the lion's tail mark—at least we have Philippe de Thun's word for it—that no beast can cross it. So the unsuspecting victim walks into the charmed enclosure, the lion rushes out, closes the entrance with a dragging sweep of its tail, and then settles accounts with its prey in true leonine fashion. Nor is that the only use of the lion's tail. When the hunter pursues it closely, the cunning beast swings its bushy appendage lustily about, wiping out its foot-prints as it dashes onward. The lion has several other peculiarities. For some occult reason it has a great dread of a white cock, and distinguishes its crow from that of a barn-yard fowl of colored plumage. Either in fear of the white cock, or for some other cause, it sleeps with open eyes. When the lioness brings forth a dead cub she holds it until the lion comes. He goes about it, crying and lamenting, when the cub is restored to life and the old lions resume their business of slaughter.

"Now," says the poet, passing from the character of naturalist to that of sermonizer, "hear without doubting the meaning of this." By the lion is symbolized the Son of Mary, who is king of all men. The fierceness of the beast typifies his wrath when he judges the Jews for crucifying him. The square breast of the lion signifies the strength of the Deity, its slender flanks the divine humanity, the tail his justice; the cloven foot shows that God will

clasp the world and hold it in his fist; the claws indicate the vengeance he will execute on the Jews. The Jewish race is typified by the ass, obstinate and foolish, which can only be kept by main force from straying from the right path, as the Jews can be converted only by forcible means. Of such methods of conversion the unhappy Jews of that day knew more than they desired. Passing to the peculiar habits of the lion, it is shown that the tail, when marking an inclosure on the sand, represents Holy Scriptures tracing the bounds of Paradise and leaving an opening for human souls to find entrance when worthy. The print of the lion's feet in the sand represents the incarnation, and its crasure by the swinging tail shows how God became man so slyly that even the angels were unaware of it and the devil was completely outwitted. The white cock signifies the men of holy life, the prophets of the Old Testament, who announced beforehand the shameful death upon the cross. Jesus, in his character of man, feared that death and shuddered at the voice that proclaimed its necessity. The days that the lion's cub lies dead and its revival on the third day are, of course, explained as typifying the death, burial, and resurrection of Christ. And here, too, occasion is taken to explain the canonical hours, or the devotional services marking the clerical divisions of the twenty-four hours. Matins are chanted in the morning because then was God judged, beaten, and bound; prime at sunrise because then he was raised and recovered us from death; tierce, for that then he was punished and raised on the cross; at midday when Christ was pierced with a spear; none, for that then the Saviour died and the rocks were rent in twain; vespers in the evening, that being the time his body was placed in the sepulchre; and then, all being completed, follow silence and sleep, when the devil sees his advantage and roams about the world until dawn brings with it morning prayers and sends him to his retreat.

The panther is no less wonderful in its ways than the lion. It is a mild and gentle beast, much loved by all the animals except the dragon, which unlovely and unloving monster hates and fears it. The appetite of the panther is easily gratified. It eats all kinds of meats, and after a good meal turns in for a three days' nap. On the third day, again feeling hungry, it goes to the entrance of its den and utters a great cry. With the cry issues an odor as of balm, and all the animals that hear the cry, be they far or near, assemble and follow the smell which the panther makes. Whether the panther then takes its pick from among its admirers and feeds on its loving victim, we are not told, but a grievous fate befalls the dragon. On hearing the cry and smelling the odor, it falls on its back and commits hari-kari by disemboweling itself, dying universally detested. In the "application" of this story, Christ is the panther, and the dragon is the devil. When Christ rose from the dead and called his people, the astonished devil turned over on his back and concluded all was lost.

For the benefit of those who never met with a dragon, it is proper to say that it had the form of a serpent, crested and winged, was furnished with two feet and a full supply of teeth, and, moreover, had a tail that was its weapon of offense and defense. And there is a moral to that tale. "Tail," said the theologians quoted by Philippe de Thaun, "means end," and the fatal swishing of the dragon's tail means that the devil will make an end of those who will not leave their evil courses.

As for the idrus, it is not easy to say what animal is meant. Snake-like in form, it lives on an island and swims with great swiftness. The purpose of its existence is to kill the crocodile, which it hates. When the crocodile is asleep with distended jaws, the idrus covers itself with mud, creeps slowly up to its foe, and crawls into the crocodile's mouth. The saurian awakes and swallows the morsel already in its throat. Then comes the opportunity of the idrus.

It cuts and rends the bowels of the crocodile, and tears its way out, leaving the scaly reptile to perish in agony. The only good thing to be said of the crocodile is that when it had devoured a man it manifested some pity for his fate, shedding crocodile tears over the hard necessity that compelled him to make a meal of so noble an animal.

The stag of those days had a trick which its modern descendants have forgotten. Being fond of snake-hunting, it sought a hole where the snake was concealed, blew water from its mouth into the hole until his snakeship was forced out, and then stamped the reptile to death with its hoofs. A relative of the stag, though it is not easy to identify it under the name of "aptaleon," was so fierce, that no one cared to undertake the adventure of capturing it except when the animal had involved itself in difficulties that rendered it powerless. It had a pair of curved horns, so sharp, though slender, that with them the animal could fell large trees. But when moved with a powerful thirst, that no water could slake save that of the Euphrates, flowing from Paradise, the aptaleon ran to the river bank, entangled its horns in a peculiar bush, and uttered a great cry of distress, which notified the hunter of its strait, when "Li veneres la prent, si l'ocit en tument," — the hunter takes it, and kills it in torment. A long moral is appended to the story, the gist of which is, that wine and women place many a man in the clutches of Satan.

The ant, its provident care for the winter, and its preference of wheat over barley, figure, of course, in the pages of our naturalist, and the moral that has been enforced from Solomon downwards, finds its accustomed place. A peculiar species of ant found in Ethiopia deserves more especial mention. In one of the rivers of that distant country are found grains of gold. The ants on the bank are very jealous concerning those treasures which they gather with their feet and store up. They suffer none of this gold to be taken, and as their bite is instant death, there is no desire to attack

them boldly for the rich prize in their keeping. Strategy is called into play. A number of mares that have newly colted are kept without food and sent hungry across the river to the meadows where the ants resort. There the mares remain, feeding on the rich herbage, until they are satisfied. In the mean time the ants build their cells in baskets strapped on the backs of the mares and fill them with golden grains. When the mares are filled with food and their baskets laden with gold, they hear the whinnying of their colts and rush across the stream. The current washes away the ants, and the mares come to their owners with the golden sand.

Our old acquaintances, the centaur and the siren, of course make their appearance among the strange beasts in this collection. The centaur is after the classical pattern, a man to the waist and animal the inferior half, with the difference that the ass, instead of the horse, furnishes the hind quarters. The change seems to have been made to suit the "moral," which is that man is at least half an ass. The siren is woman to the waist, and the remainder made up of bird and fish, having the legs of a falcon and the tail of a fish. Its chief peculiarity is that it sang at the approach of a storm and wept bitterly in fine weather, and that the singing was fatal to the navigators who neglected the precaution of the wily Greek sailors who stuffed their ears with wax.

Our industrious friend, the beaver, is credited with a performance that can scarcely be put down as the result of mere instinct. It was hunted for a portion of its body considered a "soveran remedy" in the mediæval pharmacopœia. The beaver was well acquainted with the fact, and when hard pressed compounded with the hunter by biting off the coveted portion and throwing it to him; then making its escape unmolested. If the same animal were hunted afterwards, it fearlessly ran in front of the hunter, showed that it had been mutilated and was therefore worthless, and thus secured immunity from

further harm. Modern beavers can make dams and build huts, but the ancestral beavers were far ahead of them in knowledge and cunning devices.

In no age has the hyena had a good name, but according to De Thaun it was a very unlovely beast, a stag-wolf, savage and malodorous. The law very unnecessarily forbade its use as food. But fierce, filthy, and generally disagreeable as it was, some good was obtainable from it. In its eye was concealed a rare and precious stone. Whosoever secured that stone and concealed it under his tongue would possess the gift of divination.

The elephant is a beast of understanding, — “*est beste entendable*,” — goat-shaped and huge of bulk, with teeth of ivory. So powerful is this beast that it can carry a castle on its back. Having but one joint in its legs it cannot lie down to sleep, because it would be unable to rise again. It therefore rests its back against a wall or tree and sleeps in this posture. But here is its danger. The hunter comes along, and secretly undermines the wall or cuts a slit in the tree. The elephant breaks down its treacherous support and falls with it, thus becoming an easy prey. When elephants mate, which they do at very rare intervals, they make a long journey to Paradise where Adam and Eve were first placed, and there repeat the incidents of the temptation and fall, the female eating the fruit of the mandragora instead of the tree of knowledge. The period of gestation is two years, and the young are brought forth in deep water. The age of an elephant is three hundred years.

The fox of the twelfth century was as sly and cunning as its successors, — perhaps a little more so. When hungry it powdered itself with red earth and lay as if dead, with its mouth open and tongue out. The unsuspecting bird flew to the seemingly dead fox, alighted on its tongue, and commenced pecking it. A snap of Reynard's jaws immediately settled the fate of the foolish bird. The hedgehog was also gifted with ingenuity. At the time of the wine-harvest it

climbed the trees around which the vine was twined, and knocking down the ripest clusters of grapes impaled them on its bristles and carried them off to its young. The wild ass was not such an ass as to be ignorant of the days and the seasons. On each twenty-fifth of March it lifted up its voice and brayed piteously twelve times, thus proclaiming that night and day were divided into equal lengths of twelve hours, and mourning therefor, having an objection to short nights.

A mediæval zoölogical catalogue would be incomplete without an account of the salamander, sometimes called the grylio. It is a small lizard-shaped creature, of a nature so cold that it extinguishes fire immediately on touching it. Besides thus supplying a domestic fire-department, it was handy to have about because no trouble could happen where it was. But there were inconveniences connected with its presence, the salamander having a reprehensible habit of climbing apple-trees and poisoning the fruit, and also of falling into wells and poisoning the water.

A more remarkable creature than the salamander was the *serra*, a nautical beast that terrified ancient navigators as the sea-serpent now makes some excessively credulous Jack Tars gaze apprehensively at every huge sea-weed. The *serra* was winged like a bird, had the head of a lion and the tail of a fish. It was the foe of the seaman, because of the practical joke it enjoyed playing on him. When the *serra* espied a ship it made straight for it, and rising to full height with outstretched wings it took the wind from the ship's sails and so held her becalmed. The *serra* having enjoyed its little joke sufficiently, plunged to the ocean depths and rewarded itself with a hearty meal of fish.

The whale is credited with a trick probably unknown to the hardy sailors who chase it with poised harpoons in the Arctic regions or in the Southern seas. It covers its back with sea-sand and lies dormant on the water like an island. The sea-farer, anxious to stretch his legs ashore and cook his meal over a

camp-fire, lands on the seeming island, kindles a flame, and sits down to prepare a feast. When the whale feels the heat on its back, it plunges into the watery depths, carrying with it cooks, mess-kettle, and fire, greatly to the astonishment of those left on board ship. The question concerning the food of the whale, which has furnished some modern naturalists with a topic of discussion, is satisfactorily settled in the *Bestiary*. Its process of provisioning itself is that of the panther, already described. It breathes a sweet odor which attracts myriads of little fishes, and these are devoured in shoals as they come up for a sniff at the perfume.

The birds of De Thaun are as curious in form and characteristics as the animals that crawl, run, or swim. The partridge steals eggs from other nests and rears the brood as its own. But when the real parents meet the foster children, there is instant recognition, and the thieving foster-parent is left to mourn the fruitlessness of its roguery. The eagle clutches its young, and carries them up to look at the sun when it is brightest. The eaglet that stares without winking is petted and cared for, whilst the weak-eyed are sent, torn and bleeding, into ignominious obscurity. When the eagle is old and its sight fails, it mounts so high in the air that its wings scorch, and the darkness of its eyes is burned. Then it goes to the East, finds a miraculous fountain in which it bathes three times, and comes forth with renewed youth. The "caladrius," a species of thrush, is white. When it refuses to look on a sick man, the man is doomed to die, but if it looks at him, the disease passes from the man to the bird, and the patient recovers. If a blind man takes the marrow from a great bone in this bird's thigh, and anoints his eyes with it, the blindness will instantly leave him. The phoenix, takes its place with the other odd birds. Of course every one knows that the phenix lives five hundred years, then dips and anoints itself three times, and flies to the city of Heliopolis, to be made young again. A priest,

whose sole business it is to make old phenixes young, collects spice, and burns it upon the altar. The bird descends on the burning spice and is utterly consumed. Out of the ashes comes a little worm which on the second day becomes a bird, and on the third day, when the priest comes to see the progress made, the bird bids him farewell in good Latin, and takes to its wings, good for another five hundred years.

Asida (the ostrich?) has two feet like a camel's, and the wings of a bird. It seems to have had a knowledge of astronomy, for on seeing a certain star that appeared each July, it scooped a hole in the sand and began laying its eggs. The pelican, when fiercely attacked by its ungrateful brood, slays them in self-defense; then returning on the third day and finding them dead, it tears its breast so that the blood drops on the dead birds and immediately restores them to life. Concerning doves there is one remarkable story. In India is a tree so sweetly fruited that the doves from all parts of the earth fly to it and settle in its branches. A huge dragon circles the tree, not daring to come near it or to approach its shadow. When the doves remain in the tree they are safe, but as soon as they leave it and pass beyond its shade, they fall a prey to the dragon. The last of the birds in De Thaun's aviary is the huppe, a bird of filial instincts, that takes its parents in their old age, covers them with its wings, and informs them that it does so in remembrance of the care received from them in its infancy. A singular quality of the blood of the huppe is that the anointing of a sleeper with it will cause him to dream that devils are strangling him.

Of the mandragora (mandrake) eaten by the elephants in Paradise, De Thaun says it has two roots, a male and a female. The female has the leaf of a lettuce, whilst the male is lucidly described as having leaves like its own. To gather mandragora requires skill and stratagem. To touch it growing is death. A hungry dog is tied to the plant and bread shown it. The dog jumps for the

bread and breaks the mandragora root. The root in breaking sends up a piercing shriek. The dog hears it and falls dead, but the man, having stopped his ears, remains unhurt and puts the broken root triumphantly in his basket, having thus secured a cure for all diseases but death, for which, says the author sorrowfully, "there is no help."

Before closing his treatise *De Thaun* gives his royal mistress some information concerning precious stones. Turrololes are stones of great beauty, found in the forms of men and women. When these male and female stones are kept apart, there is no other peculiarity than their shape noticeable, but the moment they are brought near each other they emit fire. A still more wonderful stone is the unio, the most precious of all gems. The unio grows in the island of Tapné, or in the sea near it. Though smooth as ice, and without crevice or flaw, it has the power of opening at its own will, and of floating on the surface of

the water. Whilst thus floating open it receives a drop of dew, when it immediately closes and sinks to the bottom of the sea. Nine months it carries the dew-drop inclosed; at the end of that time, the dewdrop having changed to stone, the unio rises, reopens, and ejects the petrified dewdrop, now itself a perfect unio. He who carries that stone is secure against unchaste desires, and to drink it with dew will restore to health any one, however sick.

"And now," says Philippe de Thaun, after having treated of beasts, of birds, and of stones, "may God bestow his majesty upon her for whom this book was made! And those who will pray for that, and say a *Pater noster* for it, may they have the merit of Saint John, and may they be in the bosom of holy Abraham! Unio is Father and Son, unio is the Holy Ghost; unio is the beginning; unio is the end; unio is alpha and omega; *Benedicamus Domino!*"

J. H. A. Bone.

MÉLANIE.

WHEN first I heard thy soft, quaint, Gallian name,
 I pictured thee before my dreaming eyes
 In some such lovely shape as sudden came
 With sound of syllables in Gascon guise.
 But when I saw thee first, — when first thy mouth,
 Yielding its rosy curves in amorous smile,
 Revealed the vagrant dimples ambushed there, —
 The vision I had conjured erst awhile
 Was lost in mortal form so laughing-fair
 That it might symbolize the Mænad South:
 A glowing maiden with disheveled hair
 Fleecing a low, white forehead, shading eyes
 Within whose depths the warmth of summer hes,
 Steeped in the melting blue of Garonne skies!

W. L. Brigham.

JOHN'S TRIAL.

Just where the Wilderness road of the Adirondack Highlands strikes the edge of the great Champlain Valley, in a little clearing, is a lonely log-house. On the 10th day of July, 1852, a muscular, gaunt woman stood at the door of the house, overlooking the vast extent of the valley. From her stand-point, ten miles of green forest swept down to the lake's winding shore. She saw the indentation made in the shore line by "the bay," and beyond, the wide waters gleaming in the fervid brightness of summer. Specks were here and there discernible in the light, flashed back from the blue, mirror-like surface, and by long watching it could be seen that these specks were moving to and fro.

The woman knew that these distant moving atoms were boats freighting lumber through Lake Champlain. She knew there was but one boat that would be likely to turn aside and come into the little bay, and that this boat would be her son John's sloop.

That was why she watched so anxiously a speck that neared the bay and at length entered it. To make doubly sure, she brought to bear an old spy-glass whose principal lens was cracked entirely through. It gave her a smoky view of the famous sloop, *The Dolly Ann*, John's property, and then she was entirely certain that her son, who had been three weeks absent on his voyage, was coming home.

Jupiter, the house-dog, who had been watching her, seemed to know it too, perfectly well; for as she turned from her survey through the glass, his canine nature developed a degree of wriggling friskiness of which the grave old dog seemed half ashamed. He whined and walked about the door-yard for a few moments, then gave his mistress a long, steady look, and seeming satisfied with what he read in her face, jumped over the fence and started down the road into the valley, at a full run.

The woman knew that three or four hours must yet elapse before John and Jupiter would come along the path together, tired by their long tramp up the mountain-side. She thought and waited as lonely mothers think and wait for absent sons.

At about four o'clock, a young, dark-eyed man and the dog came up the road and to the house. "Heigho, mother, all well?" was the man's greeting. The woman's greeting was only, "How do you do, John?" There was no show of sentiment, not even a hand-shake; but a bright look in the man's face, and a tremor in the voice of the woman, conveyed the impression that these plain people felt a great deal more than they expressed.

Two hours passed away, and after supper, the neighbors who had seen John and the dog come up the road, dropped in for a talk with "the captain," as John was called by his friends.

Soon the inquiry was made, "Where did you leave your cousin William?"

John had taken his cousin William, who lived upon the lake-shore, with him upon this last trip, and hence the question.

But John did not answer the question directly. He seemed troubled and unhappy about it. He finally acknowledged that he and William had not agreed, and that high words and blows had passed between them, and added that his cousin had finally left the boat and had gone away in a huff, he knew not where, but somewhere into the pineries of Canada. He declared, getting warm in his recollection of the quarrel, that he "did n't care a darn" where Will went, any way.

A month passed away; it was August. Cousin Will did not return. But certain strange stories came up the lake from Canada, and reached the dwellers along the Adirondack Wilderness road. No cousin William had been seen in the

pineries; but just across the Canada line, at the mouth of Fish River, where the sloops were moored to receive their lading of lumber, a bruised, swollen, festering corpse had risen and floated in the glare of a hot, August day. The boatmen rescued it and buried it upon the shore. They described it as the body of a hale, vigorous young man, agreeing in height, size, and appearance with cousin William.

And there was another story told by the captain of a sloop which had been moored at the mouth of Fish River, near by John's sloop, on the fatal voyage from which cousin William had not returned.

The captain said that upon the 4th of July, he had heard quarreling upon John's sloop all the afternoon, and had noticed that only two men were there. He thought the men had been drinking. At night-fall there was a little lull; but soon after dark, the noise broke out again. He could see nothing through the gloom, but he heard high and angry words, and at length blows, and then a dull, crushing thud, followed by a plunge into the water, and then there was entire silence. He listened for an hour, in the stillness of the summer night, but heard no further sound from the boat. In the early gray of the next morning, the captain, looking across the intervening space to John's sloop, which he described as hardly a stone's throw from his own, saw a hat lying upon the deck, and using his glass, was confident that he saw "spatters of blood." He thought it "none of his business," and taking advantage of a light breeze, sailed away and said nothing. But when the floating corpse was found, he felt sure there had been a murder, and, as he expressed it, felt bound to tell his story like an honest man, and so told it.

Putting these things together, it soon grew to be the current opinion upon the lake, that Captain John had murdered his cousin William. The dwellers upon the Wilderness road also came by slow degrees, and unwillingly, to the same conclusion. It was felt and said that John ought to be arrested.

Accordingly, on a dreary day in November, two officers, from the county town twenty miles away down the lake-shore, came and climbed the steep road to the lonely log-house, and arrested John. It was undoubtedly a dreadful blow to those two lonely people living isolated in the wilderness. Perhaps there ought to have been some crying and a scene, but there was no such thing. The officers testified that neither John nor his mother made any fuss about it. There was a slight twitching of the strong muscles of her face, as she talked with the officers, but no other outward sign.

John gave more evidence of the wound he felt. He was white and quivering, yet he silently, and without objection, made ready to go with the officers. He was soon prepared, and they started. John, as he went out of the door, turned and said, "Good-by; it will all be made right, mother." She simply answered, "Yes, good-by; I know it, my son."

The trio went on foot down the road to the next house, where the officers had left their team. Jupiter, standing up with his fore paws upon the top of the fence, gazed wistfully after them. When they passed around the bend of the road out of sight, Jupiter went into the house. The strong woman was there about her work, as usual; but the heavy tears would now and then fall upon the hard pine floor. She knew that her own boy would spend the coming night in the county jail.

At twelve o'clock of that chill November night, the woman and the dog went out of the house; she fastened the door, and then they went together down the dark mountain road, while the autumn winds swept dismally through the great wilderness, and the midnight voice of the pines mourned the dying year. The next day at noon, a very weary woman on foot, with a small bundle and a large dog, put up at the little village hotel hard by the county jail.

Another day passed and then the preliminary examination came on before a justice, to determine whether there was

sufficient evidence to hold John in custody until a grand jury of the county should be assembled for the next Court of Oyer and Terminer.

Three days were spent in this examination before the justice; the captain of the sloop who had overheard the quarrel in the night told his story, and the boatmen who had found the body told theirs. Two men who had been the crew of John's little vessel were also called. But they could tell little more than that they were absent on shore upon the 4th of July, and when they returned to the vessel William had gone, they knew not where nor why.

The evidence against John seemed to the magistrate clear and conclusive. But the counsel for the accused (employed by John's mother) took the ground that as the offense was committed in Canada, a justice in the United States had no jurisdiction in the matter.

This view prevailed, and after five days the accused was set at liberty. But that voice of the people, which the ancient proverb says is like the voice of God, had decided that John was guilty. It was under this crushing condemnation that John and his mother left the county town on a cold December day, turning their steps homeward; and at evening they climbed the acclivity so familiar to them, and reached the lonely log-house upon the mountain. Their neighbors were glad to see them back again, but were plain to say that "it appeared like as if John was guilty." These dwellers in the solitudes were accustomed to speak truly what they thought. John and his mother too spoke openly of this matter. It was only of showing affection and love that these people were ashamed and shy. They both admitted to their neighbors that the evidence was very strong, but John added quietly that he was not guilty, as if that settled the whole matter.

But the voice of the people and a sense of justice would not let this crime rest. It came to be very generally known that a man guilty of murder was living near the shore of Lake Cham-

plain unmolested. Arrangements were effected by which it came to pass that the Canadian authorities made a formal application to the United States for the delivery of one John Wilson, believed to be guilty of the murder of his cousin William Wilson.

And so again two officers, this time United States officials, climbed up to the little log-house upon the edge of the great valley. Through a drifting, blinding storm of snow they were piloted by a neighbor to the lonely house. They made known their errand, and in the course of half an hour the officers and their prisoner were out in the storm *en route* for the distant city of Montreal.

It was many days before the woman saw her son again. For four months John was imprisoned, awaiting his trial before the Canadian courts. Doubtless those four months seemed long to the solitary woman. She had not much opportunity to indulge in melancholy fancies; she spent much of her time in pulling brush and wood out of the snow and breaking it up with an ax, so as to adapt it to the size of her stove.

The neighbors tried to be kind, and often took commissions from her to the store and the grist-mill in the valley: "But after all," said Pete Searles, one of John's friends, in speaking of the matter afterward, "what could neighbors amount to, when the nearest of them lived a mile away, and all of them were plain to say that they believed she was the mother of a murderer?"

But the neighbors said the woman did not seem to mind the solitude and the rough work. Morning, noon, and night she was out in the snow or the storm at the little hovel of a barn back of the house, taking care of two cows and a few sheep which were hers and John's. At other times travelers upon the Wilderness road would see her gaunt, angular figure clambering down a rocky ridge, dragging poles to the house to be cut up for fuel.

She received two letters from John in the course of the winter. The first told her that he was imprisoned, and await-

ing his trial in Montreal, and the next one said that his trial had been set down for an early day in March.

This correspondence was all the information the mother had of her son; for the lake was frozen during the winter, so that the boats did not run, and no news could come from Canada by the boatmen.

When March came and passed away without intelligence from John, it was taken by the dwellers upon the lake-shore and along the Wilderness road as a sure indication that he had been convicted of the crime. A letter or newspaper announcing the fact was confidently looked for by the neighbors whenever they went to the distant post-office for their weekly mail.

As March went out, and spring days and sunshine came, it was noticed that the face of John's mother looked sharp and white, but she went about the same daily duties as before, without seeming to feel ill or weak.

On a plashy April day full of sunshine, she stood on the rocky ridge back of the house, looking down upon the lake. A few early birds had come back and were twittering about the clearing. Although the snow still lingered in patches upon the highlands, the valley looked warm below, and the first boats of the season were dotting the wide, distant mirror of "old Champlain." A man came slowly up the muddy line of road, through the gate, and around the house; then first the woman saw him. A slight spasm passed over her face. There was a little pitiful quiver of the muscles about the mouth, and then she walked slowly down the ridge to where the man stood. She struggled a little with herself before she said, "Well, John, I am glad to see you back."

John tried to be cool also, but nature was too much for him. He could not raise his eyes to hers, and his simple response, "Yes, mother," was chokingly uttered.

The two walked into the house together in the old familiar way; the woman without a word began to spread the table, and her son went out and prepared fuel, and bringing it in replen-

ished the fire. Then he sat down in his accustomed place by the stove, with a pleasant remark about how well the fire burned, and how good it seemed to be home again. And the woman spoke a few kind, motherly words.

It was the way they had always done when John came back, but now there was a great sadness in it, for he had come "*from prison.*" Jupiter seemed fully to realize the situation. He exhibited none of that friskiness which characterized the welcome he had usually given: but when John was seated the old dog came slowly up to him, laid his fore paws and his head in his master's lap, and looked sadly in his face.

As they sat down to supper, John began to tell of his fare in the jail at Montreal, and to speak freely of his life there. "Will you have to go back?" said his mother with that quiver about the mouth again. "No, mother," said John, "it is finished, and I am discharged."

After supper the story was told over, how well John's counsel had worked for him, and how the judge had said there was not sufficient evidence to convict of so great a crime.

John continued from this time on through the spring to live at home. He allowed his sloop to float idly in the bay, while, as he said, he himself rested. The truth was, he saw, as others did not, that his mother had carried a fearful weight, and now, when it was lifted by his return, that the resources of her life were exhausted. The change, not yet apparent to other eyes, was clear to his vision. So it is that these silent spirits read each other.

As the warm weather advanced, the strong woman became weak; and as the June flowers began to bloom, she ceased to move about much, and sat the most of each day in a chair by the open door. John managed the house and talked with his mother. Her mind changed with the relaxation of her physical frame. She no longer strove to hide her tears, but, like a tired infant, would weep without restraint or concealment, as she told her son of the early loves

and romance of her girlhood life in a warm valley of the West. He learned more of his mother's heart in those June days than he had surmised from all he had known of her before. And he understood what this predicted. He felt that the heart nearest his own was counting over the treasures of life ere it surrendered them forever.

There was no great scene when the woman died. It was at evening, just as the July fervors were coming on. She had wept much in the morning. As the day grew warm she became very weak and faint, and about noon was moved by her son from her chair to her bed, and so died as the sun went down.

John was alone in the house when she died. Since his return from Montreal, he had been made to feel that he had but one friend besides his mother. Only one neighbor had called upon him, and that was Pete Searles. *He* had ever proved true. But John did not like to trouble his one friend, who lived two miles away, to come and stay with him during the night. So he lighted a candle, took down from a shelf a little Bible and hymn-book that he and his mother had carried on an average about four times a year to a school-house used as a church, some six miles away, and so alone with the dead he spent the hours in reading and tears and meditation.

In the morning he locked the door of his home and walked "over to Pete's." As he met his friend, he said in a clear voice, but with eyes averted, "She has gone, Pete—if you will just take the key and go over there, I'll go down to the lake, and get the things, and tell Downer, and we'll have the funeral, say on Thursday."

Pete hesitated a moment, then took the key John offered him, and said, "Yes, John, I will tell my woman, and we will go over and fix it, and be there when you come back." And so John went on his way. "Downer" was the minister, and "the things" were a coffin and a shroud.

On Thursday was the funeral. Pete took care to have all the people of the neighborhood there, although it hardly

seemed as if John desired it. The popular voice, having once decided it, still held John as a murderer, and claimed that he was cleared from the charge only by the tricks of his lawyer. John knew of this decision. At the funeral he was stern, cold, white, and statue-like. While others wept, but few tears fell from his eyes, and even these seemed wrung from him by an anguish for the most part suppressed or concealed.

He chose that his mother should be buried, not in the "burying-ground" at the settlement, but upon their own little farm where she had lived. And so in a spot below the rocky ridge, where wild violets grew, she was laid to rest.

John spent the night following the funeral at Pete's house, then returned to his own home, and from that time his *solitary* life began. He took his cattle and his sheep over to Pete's, made all fast about his home, and resumed his boating upon Lake Champlain. He fully realized that he was a marked man. He was advised, it was said even by his own legal counsel, to leave the country, and to leave his name behind him: but no words influenced him. Firm and steady in his course, strictly temperate and just, he won respect where he could not gain confidence.

The years rolled by. Captain John still was a boatman, and still kept his home at the lonely log-house on the edge of the great valley. From each voyage he returned and spent a day and night alone at the old place; and it was noticed that a strong, high paling was built around his mother's grave, and a marble head-stone was placed there, and other flowers grew with the wild violets. Even in winter, when there was no boating and he boarded down by the lake, he made many visits to the old homestead. His figure, which, though youthful, was now growing gaunt and thin as his mother's had been, was often seen by Pete at nightfall upon the top of a certain rocky ridge, standing out clear and sharp against the cold blue steel of the winter sky.

John had no companions and sought none. The young men and women of

his set had married and settled in life; he was still the same.

But there came a change. Eleven years had passed since the mother died, and it was June again. John was spending a day at the old place once more. He sat in the door, looking out on the magnificent landscape, the broad lake, and the dim line of mountains away across the valley. The lovely day seemed to cheer this stern, lonely man.

Three persons came up the road: they advanced straight to where John was sitting. One of them stepped forward, looked John steadily in the face, held out his hand to him, and said, "John, do you know me?"

The voice seemed to strike him with a sharp, stunning shock. He quivered, held his breath, stared into the eyes of the questioner, and then suddenly becoming unnaturally cool and collected, said, "Is it you, William?"

The two who stood back had once been John's warmest friends. They now came forward, and with such words as they could command, told the story of William's sudden return, and sought for themselves forgiveness for the cruel and false suspicion which had so long estranged them from their friend.

John seemed to hear this as one in a dream. He talked with William and the men in a manner that seemed strangely cold and indifferent, about where William had been voyaging so long in distant seas, and of his strange absence. A quarter of an hour passed away. The men proposed that John should go with them to their homes, and said there would be a gathering of friends there. They pressed the invitation with warmth, and such true feeling as our voices express when a dear friend has been greatly wronged, and we humbly acknowledge it.

John said absently, in reply, that he did not know. He looked uneasily around as if in search of something, perhaps his hat. He essayed to rise from his chair, but could not; and in a moment he fell back ashy pale, fainting and breathless. The men had not

looked for this, but accustomed as they were to the rough life of the wilderness, they were not alarmed. They fanned the fainting man with their straw hats, and as soon as water could be found, applied it to his hands and face. He soon partially recovered, and looking up, said in a broken voice, "Give me a little time, boys." At this hint, the two old friends, who were now crying, stepped out of the door, and cousin William sat down out upon the door-step.

John found that a *little* time was not enough. He had traveled too long and far in that fearful desert of loneliness, easily or quickly to return. A nervous fever followed the shock he received, and for two months he did not leave the homestead, and was confined to his bed. But the old house was not lonely. The men and women came, both his old friends and some newcomers, and tried to make up to him in some degree the love and sympathy he had so long missed. But for many days it was evident that their kindness pained and oppressed him.

"It appears like," said Pete, "that a rough word don't hurt him, but a kind one he can't stand." And this was true. His soul was fortified against hatred and contempt, but a kind voice, or a gentle caress, seemed to wound him so that he would sob like an infant.

As he recovered from his illness he continued gentle, kind, and shrinking, to a fault. By the operation of some spiritual law that I do not fully comprehend, he was, after his recovery, one of those who win a strange affection from others. His influence seemed like a mild fascination. It was said of him in after years, that he was more truly loved, and by more people, than any other man or woman in all the settlements round. Children loved him with a passionate attachment, and the woman of child-like nature whom he made his wife is said to have died of grief at his death. He departed this life at the age of thirty-eight years, and he sleeps on the edge of the great valley, with his mother and his wife beside him.

P. Deming.

SHIPS.

A CHILD, I played beside the sea.
Across the far horizon line
Ships came and went, the whole day long,
And went and came, — but none were mine.

A girl, I sat upon the shore
And dreamed sweet dreams of what might be,
When, out of tropic latitudes,
My laden ship should come to me.

A woman, still unsatisfied,
I climbed the cliffs and gazed afar;
My wishes freighted every ship
That sailed across the harbor bar.

Near by, upon the rugged rocks,
A bright-faced workman toiled and sang,
And loudly, over wave and beach,
The strokes of ax and hammer rang.

I watched him, as he hewed and joined, —
As slowly, day by day, he wrought
The strong proportions of a ship
(Such as had lived within my thought).

At length I sought his side, and asked,
“Why toil from dawn to set of day?
Come watch with me; ere many hours,
Your ship may anchor in the bay.”

The workman smiled: “My ship, you say?
My ships are sailing south and north.
My ships are those I build and launch;
Year after year, I send them forth,

“Laden with comfort and content,
To wishful hearts beside the sea.
I know not if, across the brine,
A ship sails now, to gladden me;

“But this I know, that when my hands
Are weary, and my hair is gray,
When I sit idle on the strand,
The ships that I have sent away

“Shall crowd with sails the empty east,
Where mistily they passed before,
Shall bring me back, from over seas,
More treasure than I gave, of yore.”

H. K. Hudson.

LIFE IN THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA.

I.

[In laying before the public a few slight sketches (in the form of extracts from letters to a daughter remaining in Europe) of our "bush" experiences during the first year after our arrival in Muskoka, Ontario, Canada, I desire to state the reasons which prompted us to such an imprudent step as emigrating without even the moderate capital necessary for any one who would start with the slightest chance of success. To do this I must go back to the beginning of the French War in 1870. This was certainly the means of breaking up our happy home in France, which, with one short interval, had been the shelter of my family and myself during fifteen years of my widowhood. The commencement of the war found us living in the outskirts of St. Pierre-les-Calais, a suburb of Calais, and a busy place full of lace factories. Our house and grounds, quite open to the country at the back, fronted the canal which communicates with the sea at Calais.

When the war had made some progress, and the Prussian army appeared to be steadily advancing through France, we found ourselves in a most unpleasant dilemma; in fact, literally between fire and water! On the one hand, the civic authorities made known that, in case of the approach of a Prussian army, it was their fixed intention to cut the sluices, and to lay the adjacent country under water for a distance of ten miles, and to a depth of seven feet.

Our large, rambling, convenient old mansion, which shook with every gale of wind, and had no cellarage or secure foundations of any kind, we felt would surely be submerged. On the other hand, the military commandant notified, that in case Calais were threatened with siege, all houses and buildings within the military zone would be blown up, to allow free range for the

cannon on the ramparts. This was pleasant intelligence to people in the direct line of fire, and with a certainty of very short notice to quit being given. Still, we took the chances and stood our ground. At this time I had a married daughter residing at Guines, where her husband was mathematical professor in the principal English school, conducted by a French gentleman.

In the middle of August, about midnight, we heard a carriage drive to the door, and found that my son-in-law had thought it more prudent to bring his family to a safer place than Guines, which, being quite an open town, was at any moment liable to incursions from the dreaded Uhlans. He was obliged to return to his employer, who could not be left with the sole responsibility of a numerous school, mostly English. A few days afterwards, on an alarm that the Prussians had entered Amiens, we all took refuge in Calais, where, as soon as the war broke out, I had taken the precaution to secure apartments. We had most of our property hastily packed up and placed in store. In Calais we remained till nearly the beginning of winter, when my son-in-law took his family back to Guines and we returned to our house. In fact, it began to be recognized that Calais was too far out of the way, and presented too little temptation to a conquering army, to make it likely we should be molested.

The spring of 1871 brought great changes, both public and private. The war ended, but France was no longer the same country to us. My eldest son had left us, to take a situation in London. Before the summer was over, my son-in-law, whose health was greatly injured by his scholastic duties, made up his mind to emigrate to Canada, and to join my youngest son, who, after many misfortunes, had settled on the "free grant lands" of Muskoka, and who wrote frequently to urge other members

of the family to come out before all the good land near his location was taken up. At this time he was himself thriving, but immediately afterwards suffered great reverses. He had a rheumatic fever which lasted many weeks, and threw him back in his farming; he lost one of his two cows from the carelessness of a neighbor, lost most of his crops from the dry season and their being put in too late, and was only beginning to recover when his sister and her family arrived, having with them his affianced wife.

My eldest daughter and myself were thus left alone in France, and were obliged to give up our cherished home, my reduced income being quite insufficient to maintain it. We, too, began to think of emigrating; and, finding my eldest son not disinclined to try farming, we came to perhaps too hasty a decision, and he relinquished his excellent situation, his employers behaving with the greatest kindness and liberality. We read up a few books on emigration, which invariably paint it in the brightest colors, and being quite ignorant of the expense of so long a journey, of the hardships of the bush, and of the absolute necessity for a sum of money to begin with, we came out hoping, in our innocence, that strong hearts, willing hands, and the pension of an officer's widow would be inexhaustible riches in the wilderness. The problem remains to be solved whether we can continue our farming without capital, or whether we shall be compelled to go to one of the large towns in Canada or the "States" to seek for remunerative employment.]

We went on board the good ship T—s, lying in the Thames, at least twenty-four hours too soon, and lay awake the whole of the first night, as the carpenters never ceased working—the ship having met with an accident on her previous voyage. The next morning I was greatly grieved to find that your brother had engaged first cabin berths only for your sister and myself, and, finding that our purse was very scantily filled, had, with his usual

self-denial, taken a steerage berth for himself.

Of the young friend who came out with us we saw but little, for though he had a first-class berth, he was a good deal in the steerage with your brother, who was a veritable Mark Tapley among the poor emigrants. He helped the minister in charge to keep order among them; he procured all manner of little extra comforts for the sick women from the surly cooks, and was the delight of all the children, who followed him in troops. He managed to be a good deal in our cabin when we were too ill to move, and also came to us on deck when we were able to crawl there.

We first landed in America at Quebec, and found ourselves, at the very beginning of an immense journey, utterly without means to carry us on beyond the first few stages. The little extra expenses paid on leaving the ship, and the clearing our baggage as far as Toronto, had emptied our purse. We half expected to find a letter and a small remittance waiting for us at the post-office. Your brother's young friend, too, who came out with us, was in the same strait, as his money-order was only payable in a bank at Toronto. Finding on due inquiry no letter, your brother was compelled to pledge his gold watch and seal, upon which he could only get five pounds advanced. This unavoidable delay lost us the one o'clock train, and so we started for Montreal by the seven o'clock train, being quite thankful that our journey had at length begun.

Towards midnight the train came to a full stop before a small station, and at last I asked the guard why we did not go on. He told me that a train which ought to have been in before us was missing, that men had gone out with lights to look for it, and that, for fear of being run into, we must wait till it was safely in. A most dreary four hours we passed before we were relieved. In consequence of our delay, we did not arrive at Montreal in time for the early train to Toronto, but had to breakfast there, and remain some hours.

When we started we found that we had indeed a hot and dusty journey before us. An incident however in the course of the day afforded me a few moments of real satisfaction, which every mother will understand. While our train was drawn up before a small station, an emigrant train going to some distant part went by. Numbers of the emigrants were those who had been steerage passengers in the vessel which brought us over. They recognized your brother standing with his young friend on the steps of a carriage, and at once vociferated, "Mr. K.! Mr. K.! three cheers for Mr. K.!" Then arose three deafening cheers, which died away in the distance, and your sister and I, looking out of the window, saw an indefinite number of pocket-handkerchiefs of all colors and dimensions fluttering from the windows in token of recognition.

It was past midnight when we reached Toronto, where we were driven to a respectable cheap family hotel, strongly recommended to your brother by a gentlemanly Canadian who was our fellow-passenger from England. Unluckily for us they were full from garret to cellar, and could in no way make room for us. Our driver, left to his own choice, took us to the "—— House," where we remained till the next day, most supremely uncomfortable in a wild, rambling hotel of immense extent, where from not knowing the hours we were all but starved, where I lost my way every time I left the saloon, and where it was hardly possible to obtain a civil answer from any one of the attendants.

We started from Toronto at three p. m. the next day, leaving our young friend behind, who, having drawn his money, was going back to Montreal to pass a little time there before joining us in the bush. The farther we went from Toronto the more ugly and barren the country appeared, and the hideous stumps on every clearing became more and more visible. By degrees also the gardens by the roadside showed less and less of floral vegetation, till at last my eyes rested on nothing for miles but hollyhocks and pumpkins. Towards

dusk the lurid glare of the burning trees in the far-off forest became appalling as well as magnificent. I was told that the season had been exceptionally dry, no rain having fallen for more than three months, and that in different parts the fires had been most destructive. We slept that night at Belle Ewart, and the next morning took the steamer across Lake Simcoe. This was the most beautiful part of our journey. The sky was bright and clear, the water blue, and the scenery most lovely. All was changed when we landed at Orillia. We were transferred from our nice, roomy, well-appointed steamer to a filthy, overcrowded little boat, where we had hardly standing-room. I now saw for the first time *real, live* red Indians, both men and women. Their encampment on Lake Simcoe was pointed out to me, and some of the men with their squaws were on board with us. I was dreadfully disappointed! The men appeared to me undersized and sinister-looking, the squaws dirty and almost repulsive. No stretch of imagination could bring before me in the persons of these red men the dignified and graceful Uncas, or the stately and warlike Chingachgook.

We landed at Washage, and, after standing for more than an hour on the quay, took the stage-wagon to Grunenhurst. It was our first acquaintance with corduroy roads. The burning forest gradually closed in upon us on both sides — blazing trees crashing down in all directions; here and there one fell across the road, and had to be dragged out of the way before we could go on. Your brother, with his arm round me the whole way (I clinging fast to the collar of his coat), could hardly keep me in my place as we bumped over every obstacle. Your poor sister was glad to cling convulsively to the rope which secured the passengers' luggage, to avoid being thrown out on the road. At last when it was quite dark we arrived at Grunenhurst, where we were obliged to sleep, as the steamer to Bracebridge could not start before morning on account of the fog. We went

on board, however, and had a good supper, but as there was no accommodation for sleeping, and we knew not in the dark where to go, we were indebted to an Englishman well acquainted with the locality for taking us to a place of refuge — a small tavern by the roadside. The next day we went to Bracebridge, and there we found a letter from your brother-in-law, charging me to go before the stipendiary magistrate and sign for my free grant of one hundred acres, the papers for which had been forwarded to me in France, but missed me, as I had already left. Unfortunately our means were too nearly exhausted to allow of our remaining even one day, and as the stage-wagon left two hours before the magistrate's office would be open, we thought it better to leave with it. The not being able to sign at this time, or indeed for some months afterwards, prevented my having the right of selling the pine-trees on my lot — the new Act (a most unjust one) having come into operation in the mean time. We were at the N. A. Hotel, and the mistress of it, herself not long from England, told me afterwards how sincerely she pitied us, and said to her husband when we were gone, "That poor lady and her daughter little know what hardships they are about to encounter in the bush."

The drive from Bracebridge to Uttersan, the nearest post town to our settlement, and distant from it about five miles, was a long and most fatiguing stretch of eighteen miles, but unmarked by any incident of consequence. The forest fires were burning fiercely, and our driver told us that a week before the road had been impassable. As we passed rapidly along we felt the air quite hot and stifling, and on both sides of the road large trees were burning. It was a gloomy afternoon, with fitful gusts of wind portending a change of weather, and we were nearly smothered in clouds of Muskoka dust, much resembling pounded bricks. When we reached Uttersan we were obliged to remain two hours, to rest the poor horses, as no others were to be got.

While at the little tavern we ascertained that your youngest brother had been married as we expected a few weeks before, and that your sister, with her husband, the dear children, and the *fiancée*, had rested there on their way into the bush six weeks before our arrival. It was a relief to our minds to feel that we were near our journey's end, that the dear ones who had preceded us were all in good health, and that your young brother's long engagement had been so happily terminated. I alone of all our party felt a hopeless depression of spirits, a presentiment of months of unhappiness.

Our short drive from Uttersan was unmarked by any fresh incident, but as we went slowly it was late in the day before we turned into the bush. Our driver called the forest path a road! I saw nothing but a narrow track with frightful stumps over which our wagon jolted in a manner to endanger our bones. Indeed, though more than three miles from your brother-in-law's, we soon insisted on walking, as safer, though the thick undergrowth of ground hemlock caught our feet in a very dangerous manner. Our path was intersected by deep gullies, but the horses of this country, like the mules of Spain, are wonderfully sure-footed, and the drivers, apparently as reckless and daring as Irish carmen, very seldom meet with an accident. After we had crossed the second gully our driver told us he could go no farther, or it would be dark before he got out of the bush, a thing much dreaded here. Accordingly your brother paid and dismissed him, and we were left with all our packages on the roadside, to find our way as best we could. Luckily we came upon a very respectable settler who was working on a part of his "clearing" near the path, and who kindly left his work and piloted us to your brother-in-law's lot, where we found a very small clearing, and a log-house in the middle of it.

Your sister and the two dear children came running out to meet and welcome us, and after the first warm congratula-

tions, J. and your brother went to fetch the newly married couple, who at once came back with them. There was much to hear and to tell, and you may judge how great was our dismay to find that we had come to families as penniless as ourselves, and that wearied and fatigued as we were, my dear child had no refreshment in the house to offer us but linseed tea without sugar and milk, and sour, doughy bread which I could not persuade myself to swallow. Our sleeping arrangements were of the most primitive kind. A scanty curtain shaded a corner of the room, and dear F. with all her small stock of bedding made a kind of Noah's Ark, where we four ladies with the two children took refuge. The three gentlemen lay down in their clothes before the stove, and thus passed our first night in the bush !

The next morning your brother C. and his dear little wife left us to return to their own home, making me promise to visit them, as soon as I had recovered from the fatigue of the journey. You will perhaps wonder that they should have remained over night with us in our overcrowded room, but the fact is that when we first came here in the autumn of 1871, the forest paths between our lots were so indistinctly marked out, and so little trodden, that to be out after dark was most unsafe; and indeed it is a received rule among the settlers here that if any one is out after night-fall, the nearest neighbor must afford him a shelter till the morning. To go astray in the bush is more dreaded than anything.

We were very much shocked to see such a change in your youngest brother's appearance. In spite of his present happiness as a married man, we could see in his face and person unmistakable marks of the hardships he had gone through. He had left us only a year before, and when he quitted France was in the highest health and spirits, and in the expectation of finding in America, and especially in New York, an El Dorado where he might easily make his fortune, or at least employ his little capital to advantage. We now found him

frightfully thin, his face pinched and worn, and looking at least ten years older than his eldest brother, who is his senior by five years. In a future letter I must give you a sketch of his misfortunes, his failure in New York and subsequent settlement on the free grant lands of Muskoka, his being burnt out of his first house in the bush, and the amusing incidents attending his marriage as recounted to me by your sister, who brought out his long-engaged young lady from England. I may mention here what dear F. told me as soon as we could have any conversation. When she arrived with her husband and family, and found how utterly wild and comfortless everything was and would be, as she too truly foresaw, for a long while, she wrote to me in France urgently entreating and advising that we should at least wait a year before breaking up our happy home — so as to give time for preparation out here before our arrival. This letter reached France many days after we had left, and followed me out here.

My first employment was to write to my lawyer for an advance of money, and to some dear friends who had already helped us, for the same purpose. This was the more necessary as your brother-in-law J. was also expecting remittances which were late in arriving, so that we were altogether in a very difficult and painful position. As soon as this necessary work was finished I began to look about me, and to examine the house and the clearing it was in. I found that the space cleared from trees and brush was not more than half an acre, and I confess that the very sight of the dense forest circling us all round, with hardly any perceptible outlet, gave me a dreadful feeling of suffocation, to which was added the constant fear of fire, for the long-continued dry season had made every leaf and twig combustible. Yet there was much to admire in the situation. An amphitheatre of rock behind the house, wooded to the very top, and the trees tinged with the glowing hues of autumn, was very picturesque, and the log-house itself, built on an emi-

nence, seemed likely to be both dry and comfortable. The house inside was simply one fair-sized room, which like the "cobbler's stall" in the nursery rhyme, served for "kitchen and parlor and all." It was built of rough, unhewn logs, with pieces of wood between them, and the interstices filled up with moss. The building (inside measurement) was eighteen by twenty-five feet, and there were two small windows and a door in the front. When your brother-in-law's logs for his house were ready, he called a "raising bee," which is the custom here, and fourteen of his neighbors responded to the call. This is for building up the walls of the house, and placing the rafters for the roof. Strength and willingness are most desirable at a "bee," but for the four corners, which have to be saddled, skill is likewise required, and therefore four of the best hands are always chosen for the corners. Saddling is cutting a piece out of the end of each log as it is raised, so that each succeeding log rests in the niche made for it, and thus when the building is finished all is firm as a rock. No payment is expected for the assistance given, but good and plentiful meals are always provided. Sometimes these bees are quite festive meetings, where the wives and daughters of the settlers wait at table, and supply the wants of the hungry visitors. At a bee which your brother attended some time ago, all the young women were in their Sunday attire, and they noticed even a sprinkling of book-muslin garibaldi. The female element was entirely wanting at your brother-in-law's bee, and two or three little things went wrong, but excuses are always made for the ignorance of new settlers, and in subsequent meetings on his behalf, the fare has been better, and full satisfaction given.

In the middle of the log-house stands out, hideously prominent, a settler's stove with a whole array of pots, pans, and kettles belonging to it, and which when not in use are generally hung up on the walls. In the very cold weather, when the fire has to be kept up night and day, it takes nearly the whole day's chopping of one

man, to supply it. You must not suppose that we had come into a furnished house, — there had as yet been neither time nor means to get furniture of any kind. F. had herself been settled but a fortnight, and we were only too glad to sleep on the floor, to sit on upturned boxes, and to make the top of a large chest our dining-table. When our baggage at length arrived, for some days we could hardly turn round, but we were most thankful for the excellent bedding and the good, warm blankets we had brought from France, packed in barrels. We already found the nights very chilly indeed. You know what excellent amateur carpenters your brothers have been from boyhood, and this knack they have turned to good account in the bush. As soon as time could be found, your brother E. made quite a good bedstead for his sister, and stools, benches, and shelves which we have found most useful.

For a long time after my arrival, and even after your brother-in-law and myself had received our remittances, we were in danger of starvation, from the coarse, bad food, and the difficulty of procuring it. At the time of which I am writing, the autumn of 1871, there was neither store nor post-office nearer than the village of N., fully seven miles off; the state of the roads I have already described; the gentlemen of our different families had to bring in all provisions in sacks slung upon their backs. We found the staple food of the settlers to be hard, salt pork, potatoes, oatmeal, rice, molasses, and flour for bread, which is invariably doughy, and, according to the "rising" employed, either bitter, sour, or salt. With regard to other articles of consumption, such as tea, coffee, sugar, etc., I was and am of opinion that we were using up the refuse of all the shops in Toronto. The tea abounded in sloe leaves, wild raspberry leaves, and other vegetation which never came from China, and it was so full of bits of stick, that my son informed the people at the "store," that he had collected a nice little stock for winter fuel.

My chemical knowledge was not suffi-

cient to enable me to analyze the coffee, but we all agreed that it was a villainous compound, of which the coffee berry formed the smallest ingredient. We were very glad to fall back upon, and take into favor, pure chicory, which is tolerably good with sugar and milk, and which many of the settlers grow and prepare for themselves. You know what a simple table I kept in France, but there our plain food was delicately cooked and prepared, and, plain as it was, was the best of its kind. We found the change most unpleasant and injurious to our health, and what was worse than all, the store was often out of the most necessary articles, and our messengers were compelled to return weary and footsore, without what we wanted. We are much better off now, having a post-office and store belonging to the settlement only three miles away, kept by very civil and intelligent Scotch people, who do their best to procure whatever is ordered. We suffered much also from the want of fresh meat, for though at times some one in the neighborhood might kill a sheep, yet we seldom heard of it before all the best parts were gone.

I come now to speak of a delusion which is very general in the "old country," and in which I largely shared. I mean with regard to the great plenty of venison and game to be found in these parts. This fallacy is much encouraged by different books on emigration, which speak of these desirable articles of food as being plentiful and within the reach of every settler. I certainly arrived with a vague idea that passing deer could be shot from one's own door, that partridge and wild duck were as plentiful as sparrows in England, and that hares and rabbits might almost be caught with the hand. These romantic ideas were wofully dispelled! There is very little game of any kind left, and to get that good dogs are wanted, which are very expensive to keep. None of our party have caught the most distant glimpse of a deer since we came, except your two brothers, who once saw a poor doe rush madly across a corner of C.'s clearing, hotly pursued by a trapper's

deer-hound, at a season when it was against the law to shoot deer. Your sister-in-law once, venturing from C.'s clearing to ours without an escort, was much alarmed at hearing a rustling in the bush, quite near her, and a repeated ba-a, ba-a! We were told that the noise must have come from an old stag which is said to have haunted for years the range of rock near us. This mythical old fellow has, however, never been seen, even by "the oldest inhabitant." Your brothers have now and then shot a chance partridge or wild duck, but had to look for them, and the truth must be told, that when settlers, gentle or simple, are engaged in the daily toil of grubbing, and, as it were, scratching the earth for bread, it is difficult to find a day's leisure for the gentlemanly recreation of shooting. Your youngest brother was pretty successful in trapping beaver and muskrat, and in shooting porcupine; of the two former, the skins can be sold to advantage, but as to eating their flesh, which some of our party succeeded in doing — your eldest brother and myself found that impossible, and turned with loathing from the rich repasts, prepared from what I irreverently termed vermin!

I must now tell you how our lots are situated with regard to each other. C., having come out a year before the rest of us, had secured two hundred acres of free grant land, one lot in his own name, and one in the maiden name of his present wife, who came out from England to marry him, under the chaperonage of your sister and her husband. Since the birth of his little boy, he has also obtained another one hundred acres as "head of a family." His land is good and prettily situated, with plenty of beaver meadow and a sprinkling of rock, and also a very picturesque waterfall, where in coming years he can have a mill. I have the adjoining one hundred acres, — good, flat land for cultivation, but not so picturesque as any of the other lots, which I regret, though others envy me the absence of rock. My land lies between C.'s and the two hundred acres belonging to your brother-in-law, whose very pretty situation I

have already described. I am sorry to say that the two hundred acres taken up before we came, for your eldest brother and sister, are at a distance of five miles from here; your brother, who went over to see about clearing a portion of them, says the landscape is most beautiful, as in addition to rock and wood there are good-sized lakes, which make the lots less valuable for cultivation, but far more beautiful to the eye.

As the autumn advanced we began most seriously to give our attention to building my log-house, hoping that I might settle my part of the family before the winter set in. Accordingly, an acre of my land was cleared, and the logs for a house cut and prepared, a skillful workman being hired to help, and when all was ready, we called a bee, and took care to provide everything of the best, in the shape of provisions. Our plan was a signal failure, partly because settlers do not like coming to a bee so late in the year (it was November), and partly because some of the invitations had been given on Sunday, which, as most of the settlers near us were Scotch and strict Presbyterians, had caused offense. Only three people came, and they were thanked and dismissed. The very next day (November 11th), snow-storms and hard winter weather began; but in spite of this, our four gentlemen, seeing my deep disappointment at being kept waiting for a residence, most chivalrously went to work, and by their unassisted efforts and hard labor actually managed, in the course of a fortnight, to raise the walls and place the rafters of a log-house not much smaller than the others. Their work was the admiration of the whole settlement, and many expressed themselves quite ashamed of having thus left us in the lurch. After raising the walls, however, they were reluctantly compelled to stop, for the severity of the weather was such, that shingling the roof, chinking, and mossaing became quite impossible. As it was, E. nearly had his hands frost-bitten.

We were thus compelled to remain with your sister till the spring of 1872.

We greatly felt, after we came here, the want of all religious ordinances, but we soon arranged a general meeting of all the members of the family on a Sunday at your sister's, when your brother-in-law read the Church of England service, and all joined in singing the chants and hymns. Sometimes he was unavoidably absent, as the clergyman at B——c, knowing him to have taken his degree at St. John's College, Cambridge, and to be otherwise qualified, sometimes required his assistance, though a layman, to do duty for him at different stations in the district. We found in our own neighborhood a building set apart for use as a church, but too far off for us to attend either summer or winter. Here Church of England, Presbyterian, and Wesleyan ministers preached in turn, and thus some semblance of worship was kept up.

I hardly dare describe the miserable change we found in our employments and manner of life when we first settled down to hard labor in the bush. It was anguish to me to see your sisters, so tenderly and delicately brought up, working harder by far than any of our servants in England or France. It is one thing to sit in a pretty drawing-room, to play, to sing, to study, to embroider, and to enjoy social and intellectual converse with a select circle of kind friends, and it is quite another thing to slave and toil in a log-house, no better than a kitchen, from morning till night, at cleaning, washing, baking, preparing meals for hungry men (not always of one's own family), and drying incessant changes of wet clothes. I confess, to my shame, that my philosophy entirely gave way, and that for a long time I cried constantly. I also took to falling off my chair in fits of giddiness, which lasted for a few minutes, and much alarmed the children, who feared apoplexy. I felt quite sure that it was from fretting, want of exercise, and inanition from not being able to swallow a sufficiency of the food I so much disliked. Fortunately, we had brought out some cases of arrow-root, and some bottles of Oxley's Essence of Ginger, and with the help of

this nourishment, and walking resolutely up and down the clearing, where we kept a track swept for the purpose, I got better. Your eldest sister likewise had an alarming palpitation of the heart, no doubt brought on by poor food, hard work, and the great weight of the utensils belonging to the stove. After some time she too partially recovered; indeed we *had* to get well as best we might, for there was no doctor nearer than B——e, eighteen miles off, and had we sent for him, we had no means of paying for either visits or drugs.

Christmas at length drew near, and as our funds were exceedingly low, dear C. insisted on contributing to our Christmas dinner, as of course we were to collect our family party on that day. He bought a fowl from a neighboring settler, and sent with it some mutton. Your poor sister has told me since, that while preparing the chicken for cooking, she could have shed tears of disgust and compassion, the poor thing being so attenuated that its bones pierced through the skin, and had it not been killed, it must soon have died of consumption. In spite of this, I roused my dormant energies, and with the help of butter, onions, and spices, I concocted a savory stew which was much applauded. We had also a pudding! Well — the less said of the pudding the better. It was eaten, — peace to its memory! We all assembled on Christmas morning early, and had our church service performed by your brother-in-law. Cruel memory took me back to our beloved little church in France, with its Christmas decorations of holly and evergreens, and I could almost hear the sweet voices of the choir singing my favorite hymn, “Hark! the herald angels sing!”

There was indeed a sad contrast between the festive meetings of other years, when our little band was unbroken by death and separation, and when out of our abundance we could make others happy, and this forlorn gathering in a strange land, with care written on every brow, poverty in all our surroundings, and deep though unexpressed anxiety lest our struggles in

this new and uncongenial mode of existence should prove fruitless. For the sake of others, I tried to simulate a cheerfulness I could not feel, and so we got over the evening, and had a good deal of general conversation, and some of our favorite songs were sung by the gentlemen. It was late when our party separated; your brother C., with his wife and C. W., actually scrambled home through the forest by moonlight, a track having been broken by snowshoes in the morning. I gladly retired to bed, and under cover of the darkness had a good silent cry, of which no one was cognizant but your sister, who lay by my side, but took care not to say a word.

New Year's Day, 1872, was one of those exceptionally beautiful days when hope is generated in the saddest heart, and when the most pressing cares and anxieties retire for a time at least into the background of our lives. The sky was blue and clear, the sun bright, and the air quite soft and balmy for the time of year. We had before and afterwards some bitter cold and gloomy weather, the thermometer being at times forty degrees below zero during the winter. We had the greatest difficulty in keeping ourselves sufficiently clothed for such a season. All people coming to the bush bring clothes far too good for the rough life they lead there. In coming out, we had no means of providing any special outfit, and therefore brought only the ordinary wardrobes of genteel life. All silks, delicate shawls, laces, and ornaments are perfectly useless here. Every article I possess of that kind is carefully put away, and will probably never see daylight again. We found everything we had taken of woolen, warm plaid shawls, winter dresses, thick flannels, furs, etc., most useful; of these we had a tolerable stock, and we put one thing over another as the cold increased, till we must often have presented the appearance of feather-beds tied with a string in the middle. As to our feet and legs it was not a trifling matter to encase them securely. Our delicate French boots and

slippers were of no use here. Stockings drawn over stockings, French *chaussons*, and over all moccasins or large stockings of your brothers', even these hardly kept us warm enough. Nor were the gentlemen a whit behind us in wrapping up. Your brother sometimes wore six pairs of thick woolen stockings at a time, with sea-boots drawn over all; shirts, jerseys, and coats in proportion. Your brother-in-law and C. had goat-skin coats brought from France, such as are worn by the shepherds there, and in which they looked like Crusoes.

Our occupations were manifold; hard work was the order of the day for every one but me; but all the work I was allowed to do was the cooking, for which I consider that I have a special vocation. A great compliment was once paid me by an old Indian officer in our regiment, who declared that Mrs. K. could make a good curry, he was sure, out of the sole of a shoe! At other times I read, wrote letters, and plied my knitting-needles indefatigably, to the great advantage of our little colony, in the shape of comforters, mittens, Canadian sashes, sacks, and petticoats for the children. Sometimes I read to the dear children out of their story-books, but their happiest time was when they could get your eldest sister to give them an hour or two of story-telling in the evening.

Meanwhile, the gentlemen were busy from morning till night in chopping down trees in readiness for burning in spring. This is mostly done in mid-winter, as they are reckoned to chop more easily then.

You must not suppose that all this time we had no visitors. By degrees many of the settlers scattered over the neighborhood came to see us; some, doubtless, from kindly motives, others from curiosity to know what the strangers were like. I found some of them pleasant and amusing, with a sprinkling of higher intelligence, which made their conversation very interesting, particularly when they talked of their bush experience. One very picturesque elderly man, tall, spare, and upright, came to

fell some pine-trees contiguous to the house, which much endangered its safety when the hurricanes, so frequent in this country, blew. He had begun life as a plowboy on a farm in my beloved county of Kent, and had the unmistakable Kentish accent. It seemed so strange to me at first to be shaking hands and sitting at table familiarly with one of a class so different from my own, but this was my first initiation into the free and easy intercourse of all classes in this country, where the standing proverb is, "Jack is as good as his master!"

I found all the settlers kindly disposed towards us, and most liberal in giving us a share of their flower seeds and garden seeds, which, as new-comers, we could not be supposed to have. They were willing also to accept in return such little civilities as we could offer, in the way of lending books and newspapers from the "old country," and sometimes drugs which could not be got in the settlement. There might be a little quarreling, backbiting, and petty rivalry among them, with an occasional dash of slanderous gossip; but I am inclined to think not more than will inevitably be found in small communities. As a body they certainly are hard-working, thrifty, and kind-hearted. Almost universally they seem contented with their position and prospects. I have seldom met with a settler who did not think his own land the finest in the country, and who was not full of hope that the coveted railway would certainly pass through his lot.

I began to feel an increasing anxiety about your sister. That a child should be born in this desolate wilderness, where we could have no servant, no monthly nurse, and not even a doctor within reach, was sufficiently alarming. To relieve my mind, your brother-in-law went about the neighborhood, and at last found a very respectable person, a settler's wife, not more than three miles off, who consented to be our assistant. We had been made a little more comfortable in the house, as your brother-in-law and brother had made a very

tolerable ceiling over our bed places, and your brother had chopped and neatly piled up at the end of the room a large stock of fire-wood, which prevented the necessity of so often opening the door.

We felt now more than ever the want of fresh meat, for the children could not touch the salt pork, and were heartily tired of boiled rice and dumplings, which were all the variety we could give them, with the exception of an occasional egg. In this emergency, your brother C. consented to sell me a bull calf, which he intended bringing up, but having also a cow and a heifer, and fearing to run short of fodder, he consented to part with him. Thus I became the fortunate possessor of poor "bully," who, when killed, fully realized my misgivings as to his being neither veal nor beef. He had a marvelous development of bone and gristle, but very little flesh; still, we made much of him in the shape of nourishing broth and savory stews, and as I only paid seven dollars for him, and had long credit, I was fully satisfied with my first bush speculation.

The 18th of January came. The day had been piercing cold, with a drifting, blinding snow; the night was pitch dark, with a fierce, gusty wind, the forest trees cracking and crashing down in all directions. We went to bed. To send for help at three miles' distance in such a night was impossible. Fortunately, we had no time to be frightened or nervous, after being called, and before three A. M., our first bush baby was born, a very fine little girl! I did indeed feel thankful when I saw my child safe in bed, with her dear baby girl, washed, dressed, and well bundled up in flannel, lying by her side, she herself taking a basin of gruel which I joyfully prepared for her. God "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb!" We could well agree to this when we found your sister recover even more quickly than she had done in France, where she had so many more comforts and even luxuries.

This sudden call upon our energies made me glad that my wandering life in the army had rendered me very inde-

pendent of extraneous help, and that I had taught you all from childhood never to call a servant for what you could easily do with your own hands. The very first thing people *must* learn in the bush is to trust in God, and to help themselves, for other help is mostly too far off to be available.

At the end of this month, when I felt that I could safely leave dear F., I determined to go to B——e and sign for my land. The not having done so before had long been a cause of great anxiety. I had been more than four months in the country, had begun to clear and to build upon my lot, and yet from various causes had not been able to secure it by signing the necessary papers. These having been sent to France, and having missed me, had been duly forwarded here.

Till the signing was completed, I was liable at any moment to have my land taken up by some one else. Accordingly, your brother wrote to B——e for a cutter and horse, and directed the driver to come as far into the "bush" as he could. We started on a very bright, cold morning, but I had walked fully three miles before we met our sleigh, which was behind time. I never enjoyed anything in the country so much as this my first sleighing expedition. The cutter only held one, and I was nestled down in the bottom of it, well wrapped up, and could enjoy looking at the very picturesque country we were rapidly passing over. I did, however, most sincerely pity your brother and the driver, who nearly perished, for, sitting on the front seat, they caught all the wind. We stopped midway at a small tavern where we dined, and in spite of the dirty, slovenly aspect of the dinner-table and the whole house, I found everything enjoyable, and above all the sense of being for a few hours freed from my long imprisonment in the woods. It was late in the afternoon when we arrived at B——e, where we went to the N. A. Hotel, and were made very comfortable by the kind mistress of it.

The next morning we went to the

magistrate's office, where I signed for my one hundred acres, and of course came away with the conscious dignity of a landed proprietor.

We left B——e to return home at one p. m., but it was nearly dark when we turned into the "bush," and quite so when we were put down at the point from which we were to walk home.

Here we were luckily met by your brother C. and C. W., with a lantern and a rope for our parcels, according to promise. C. took charge of me, and led the way with the lantern. I tried to follow in his steps, but the track was so narrow and the light so uncertain, that I found myself every few moments up to my knees in soft snow, having diverged perhaps only a step from the track. I became almost unable to go on, but after many expedites, one only was found to answer. C. tied a rope round my waist and then round his own, and in this safe but highly ignominious manner, I was literally towed through the forest, and reached home much exhausted, but I am bound to say almost as much from laughter as from fatigue. I found all well, and the dear children were highly pleased with the little presents I had brought for them.

The first months of this year found us very anxious to get the log-house finished which had been so well begun by our four gentlemen, and as soon as the weather moderated a little, and our means allowed us to get help, we had it roofed, floored, chinked, and mossed. It was necessary to get it finished so that we might move before the great thaw should cover the forest paths with seas of slush and mud, and before the creek between us and our domicile should be swollen so as to render it impassable for ladies. When the workmen had finished, we sent to the nearest town for a settler's stove; and as the ox team could bring it no farther than the corner of the road which skirts one end of my lot, your brothers had the agreeable task of bringing it piecemeal on their backs, with all its heavy belongings, down the precipitous side of my gully, wading knee deep through

the creek at the bottom, and scrambling up the side nearest here. It was quite a service of danger, and I felt truly thankful that no accident occurred. Another important event also took place, and this was the christening of our dear little bush girl, who by this time was thriving nicely.

Our Church of England clergyman at B——e kindly came over to perform the ceremony, but as no special day had been named, his visit took us by surprise, and the hospitality we were able to extend to him was meagre indeed. This christening certainly presented a marked contrast to our last. It was no well-dressed infant, in a richly embroidered robe, and French lace cap like a cauliflower wig, that I handed to our good minister, but a dear little soft bundle of rumpled flannel, with just enough of face visible to receive the baptismal sprinkling. We all stood round in our anomalous costumes, and a cracked slop-basin represented the font. Nevertheless, our little darling behaved incomparably well, and all passed off pleasantly.

We saw but little of your brother at this time, for he was fully occupied in the log-house, where he lit a large fire every day that it might be thoroughly aired for our reception, and then engaged in carpentering for our comfort. He put up numerous shelves for the crockery and kitchen things, made two very good and substantial bedsteads, a sofa fixed against the wall which we call the "dais," and a very comfortable easy-chair with a flexible seat of strips of cowhide interlaced, — an ingenious device of your brother C., who made one for his wife. At last the house being finished, quite aired enough, and otherwise made as comfortable as our very slender means would permit, we resolved to move, and on the 7th of April we took our departure from dear F.'s, who, however glad to have more room for the children, sadly missed our companionship as we did hers. The day of our exodus was very clear and bright, and the narrow snow-track between our lots was still tolerably hard and safe,

but the soft untrodden snow on either side of the track was fast melting, and every careless step we took plunged us into two or three feet of snow from which we had to be ignominiously dragged out. All our trunks, chests, and barrels had to be left at F.'s, and we only took with us packages that could be carried by hand, and our bedding, which was conveyed on the shoulders of the gentlemen. Your brother-in-law and sister, when we finally departed, preceded me, laden with all manner of small articles, and every few yards down they came in deep, soft snow, and here and there into holes full of water, the narrow path treacherously giving way at the edges. I followed with a stout stick which helped me along considerably, and as I carried nothing and picked my way very carefully, I managed to escape with very few falls, and only two of any consequence, one when I pitched forward with my face down flat on the ground, and one when my feet suddenly slipped from under me, and sent me backwards, rolling over and over in the snow, before, even with help, I could get up. The effects of this fall I felt for a long time.

At length we arrived at our new home, but in spite of the magic of that word, I felt dreadfully depressed, and as we were all thoroughly wet and weary, and on looking out of the windows in front saw nothing but a wall of snow six feet deep, which quite hid the clearing from our eyes, I need not say that we were anything but a gay party. Your kind brother-in-law, to console me a little, went home and brought back in his arms, as a present for me, the little cat of which I had been so fond at his house. I cheered up immediately, and had so much trouble to prevent little Tibbs from running away and being lost in the snow, that it was quite an occupation for me. One member of our party made himself at home at once, and took possession of the warmest place before the stove; that was dear old Nero, our French seigneur, whose chief delight seemed to be incessantly barking at the squirrels.

The thaw continuing, we were quite prisoners for some weeks, and as to our property left at your sister's, it was nearly three months before we could get it, as your brother-in-law with your brothers had to cut a path for the oxen between our clearings, and to make a rough bridge over his creek, which, though not so deep as the one on my land, was equally impassable for a wagon and team.

Happy would it have been for us, and for all the new settlers, if, when the snow was quite melted, which was not till the second week in May, fine dry weather had ensued. This would have enabled us to log and burn the trees felled during the winter, and to clear up the ground ready for cropping. Instead of this, drenching rain set in, varied by occasional thunder-storms, so that even after the logging was done, it was June before we could venture to fire the heaps, the ground being still quite wet, and even then the burn was such a partial one that by the 15th of June we had only three fourths of an acre thoroughly ready, and on this your brother planted eight bushels of potatoes, happily for us regardless of the prognostics of our neighbors, who all assured him that he was much too late to have any chance of a return. He had, however, an excellent yield of eighty bushels, which fully repaid him for his perseverance and steady refusal to be wet-blanketed. He also, however late, sowed peas, French beans, vegetable marrows, and put in cabbages, from all of which we had a good average crop.

We had, of course, to hire men for our logging, with their oxen, and to find their meals. I could not but observe how well they all behaved, washing their faces and hands before sitting down to table, and also scrupulously refraining from swearing, smoking, or spitting while in the house. A man who hires himself and his oxen out for the day, has two dollars and food for himself and his beasts; and should he bring any assistants, they each have seventy-five cents and their food. You should have seen the gentlemen of our

party after a day's logging! They were black from head to foot, and more resembled master chimney-sweeps than anything else. Most of the settlers have a regular logging suit made of coarse, colored stuff; anything better, worn during such work, is sure to be spoiled. Our burn, though a bad one, was very picturesque. The fire did not burn fiercely enough to clear off the log-heaps, still wet from the late rains, but it ran far back into the forest, and many of the tall trees, particularly the decaying ones, were burning from bottom to top, and continued in flames for some days and nights.

Not being able to get the land ready for corn of any kind, and our only crop being the potatoes I have mentioned and a few garden vegetables, your brother thought it best to give his whole attention to fencing our clearing all round, and putting gates at the three different points of egress. Before the fence was up your sister and I spent half our time in running out with the broom to drive away the neighbor's cattle, and protect our cherished cabbage plants, and the potatoes just coming up. Two audacious steers in particular, called Jim and Charlie, used to come many times during the day, trot round the house, drink up every drop of soapy water in the washing-tubs, and, if any linen was hanging on the lines to dry, would munch it till driven away.

The being able to turn his cattle into the bush during the whole summer, and thus to feed them free of all expense, is a great boon to the settler, but this bush feeding has its disadvantages, for the cattle will sometimes stray with what companions they gather on the road, miles and miles away. All through the past summer, after his hard day's work, we used to see your youngest brother pass, with a rope in one hand, and his milk-pail in the other, from our clearing into the bush, to look for Crum-mie and the heifer. Sometimes he would return with them, but much oftener we had to go without the milk he supplied

us with, as she would be heard of far away at some distant farm, and she and her companion even at times strayed as far as the Muskoka road, many miles off.

Both your brothers and your brother-in-law are excellent at making their way through the bush, and as each carries a pocket compass, they are in little danger of being lost. Just before we came here the whole settlement had to turn out in search of a settler's wife, who had gone to look for her cow one fine afternoon with two of her own children, and two of a neighbor's, who coveted the pleasant walk and the chance of berry-picking. As evening came on and they did not return, much alarm was felt, and when the night had passed, it was thought best to call out all the men. Accordingly twenty men were soon mustered, headed by a skillful trapper, who has been many years here, and knows the bush well. They made a "trapper's line," which means placing the men in a straight line at considerable distances from each other, and so beating the bush in all directions as they advance, shouting and firing off their guns continually. At length towards the afternoon, the trapper himself came upon the poor woman and the four children, not many miles from her home, sitting under a tree, utterly exhausted by hunger, fatigue, and incessant screaming for help. Her account was, that she had found her cow at some distance from home, had milked her, and then tried to return, but entirely forgot the way she came, and after trying one opening after another became utterly bewildered. The forest in summer is so unvarying that nothing is easier than to go astray. As night came on, she divided the can of milk among the poor, hungry, crying children, and at length they all slept under a large tree, the night providentially being fine and warm. In the morning they had renewed their fruitless efforts, getting farther and farther astray, till at length they had sunk down, unable to stir from the spot where they were found.

H. B. K.

IN A MARKET-WAGON.

It was in a spirit of wayward adventure that I set out, one evening in early autumn, to walk from F—— to the little town of L——. The night was gusty and overcast, and before I had gone more than two miles, a chill and noiseless rain began to fall through the lugubrious darkness. I increased my pace to a run, as the road descended into the wooded hollow that lay before me, and pressed forward at a jog-trot through the moist lowland, under the overhanging masses of huge maples and chestnuts, and between solemn lines of silent pines. I think I might go through many regions, walk many nights, without encountering any scene or situation that should give a sense of solitude more complete and melancholy than that which here came over me. I was wet to the skin, but glowing from my long run, before I came upon the first house that had lain in my path for a mile; it broke in some measure the spell of solitude in which I had for a space been enveloped. After that, I encountered dwellings pretty frequently, and even passed through two villages (of which I did not know the names, for it was my first experience of the route, and I had not even consulted a map); but the air of weird remoteness still clung around me.

Much that I saw in passing has now escaped me; but, as I recall the road, under that dim illumination of the fleeting, watery sky, I see before me at one point a sudden bend, with white railings on either side, at the elbow; and hear again the hoarse rush of a falling stream. A house stood on the left; the stream, as I found on drawing nearer, made its fall on the right, and then shot beneath the road, where the white railings were. A slender current had been diverted into a high trough beyond the little bridge. I stopped there, and, hollowing my hand, dipped up a shallow draught from where the water trickled out of the duct into the trough. It was

sweet, but at the same time warm and oppressive; — like the night, for it had now ceased raining. Indeed, I was in a mood to believe that it bore some deep affinity with the peculiar mood of the atmosphere, the curious circumstance of my adventurous presence in this spot, and the uncertainty as to whither I should extend my wandering, and how terminate it, before the sunrise of the following morning. I could have fancied it a stream not flowing from common springs, but a charmed distillation from some witch's rock-hid still, sent hither for my especial need, to fortify me for adventures yet to come. The dusky brew smacked of home-made mystery.

Next, after a long interval, there was an episode of pretty villas by the roadside, with gardens trim-kept, so far as they could be seen, and a late light in a library-window, one of the drawn-up curtains of which admitted the hurrying pedestrian to a transient glimpse of the interior. After that, houses began to appear in groups here and there; gradually the rumbling of a wagon made itself heard on a neighboring road which presently converged with the one I was on; and at last I entered the town. It was silent; and hardly a light appeared in the whole place. Suddenly a slight wagon, containing a merry party, clashed toward me from the darkness of a winding street; deposited one of its company at a house, the door of which was shut with a loud clap, as he entered; and then rolled away again. I looked up at the church-steeple, but could not distinguish the hour; and it was too dark to see my watch-face. Then I stretched myself on a bench in the little green triangle in front of the church, and considered with myself the strange possibility of passing the night there.

In a little while, however, I walked on farther, and came to a large inn, which was close-shut and darkened. At

this moment, a small wagon, creaking in a slow, dry manner, came up behind me, and halted by the tall and powerful pump placed by the roadside, between the house and its open stable-yard. A pair of sleepy men with a lantern were pottering about, and, on the owner of the wagon asking them whether many wagons had already passed, became a little livelier; so that I put some questions. Finding there was but little chance of securing a resting-place here, I determined to follow out what had all along formed a possible extension of my plan.

"Can you take me to the city, if you're going that way?" I asked of the wagoner.

"Well, I don't know," he said, giving his trousers a slight, slow tap with his stubby and lashless whip. "I shan't get there till daybreak."

"Never mind," I said, "I'm in no hurry. And I would just as lief pay you what I should have given for a lodging here, if you'll take me."

The farmer went to his wagon, and worked at the seat he had arranged for himself.

"It don't make any odds to me," he said, presently. "Though I don't go very fast, and I don't know whether you'll find anything very comfortable to sit on."

So it was arranged. I jumped up, and established myself on the hard board laid across at the front, bracing my back against a barrel of early apples, and resting my feet on the traces in front. The horse was soon rested and refreshed, so far as the possibility lay open to him at all, and we started off, at a slow pace; the animal striking the broad, hard highway with heavy foot-falls, and the wheels ever crackling wearily on their axles. For a time, our talk was but brief and immaterial. But at last we drew up by a little tavern in which a hospitable light was glowing, and from which came strains of a desultory fiddle. Being by this time well chilled from the previous rain, and my inactive state during the drive thus far, I followed the wagoner's lead, through

a dingy room in which some red-faced young men in black clothes were diverting themselves with a fiddle and a double-shuffle, executed by one more accomplished than the rest, into a smaller and brighter apartment beyond, where we were soon obsequiously attended, and served with warming liquor.

Here first I had an opportunity fully and distinctly to survey my companion. He was a short man, with a red face, a sort of blunted nose, and dusty, tired eyelids, and white hair—it was almost wholly white. When he mounted the wagon again, he was more disposed to conversation than before.

"Yes, it's hard," he said, quietly, in answer to an observation of mine; "it is a hard life. Three times a week, now, I get up at midnight, and come down to market. Well, I'm getting old. Used to do it every morning; but I'm too old, now, for that. Get up, Robin."

And he smote the horse with his ineffectual whip.

"Hard on the horse," pursued the wagoner, "working in the field,—I can't spare him,—and then goin' to market." He gave a low grunt of luxurious fatigue, as if to relieve the unspeaking horse; and presently whipped him again.

We went on talking of the vicissitudes in his trade.

"Well," said he, "I don't know but I shall have to hire a man, next year, if I can get the money together. It don't hardly pay, as it is. Just make the ends lap over, and no more. My son was with me one year, on the farm, and it was a great help. I've felt it more, since."

"And he's married, now, I suppose," said I.

"No," the farmer answered, in a dull tone, "he's dead."

I cannot tell what passed immediately after that. It was no case for prompt response; and yet, I may have made one. The farmer had summed up, in his two syllables, the total result of life, so far as he was concerned in it. There was something in his whole tone which conveyed this; and his estimate of the ca-

languor was beyond comment or correction, then. But some quality of the speechless night-hour helped us. The impulse of pity, and the suppressed yearning for fresh and ever-renewed sympathy, met, and in their meeting formed a bond between us for the time being, at least. The darkness shielded this broken and sorrow-smitten soul, still decently proud and shy in the showing of its grief; he sought relief in speaking to me. And this was what I heard that night, moving slowly on the road, amid the petty clatter of our wagon, and interrupted from time to time by a flick of the whip, or an ejaculation to the horse.

"It was his twenty-first birthday. I don't know why it should have come just then; but it did. That was the way the Almighty had fixed it, I suppose. And it was down at the pond near where you told me you live. There's where he was drowned.

"Well, sir, it seems strange, now, to look back on 'em all, — those twenty-one years! If you have n't any children, you can't tell what it is. But I say to you, sir, when the child has once come, you ain't the same man, any more; you're that child, then, as much as anything else. If he dies, — you don't exactly die, I know that; but it ain't much better. Well, I saw that boy growing up from the little bit of a thing he was at first, all the way till he was a man, piece by piece, changing from a boy into a young man, so that you could n't tell hardly where one left off and the other joined on; — and then, all at once, he goes off, brave and happy as ever, and that's the end of it. Just a little pleasure party of three or four of his friends and himself going off to bathe; and he got drowned.

"I was twenty-one myself, when I got engaged to be married. Just his age! I was n't married for several years after that, though. And then it was a good while before we had the baby. Well, I suppose you may say all my life, until he was born, was a sort of leading up to that. And now it seems

a good many years to have lived, before I had a son. I did n't use to think so. I don't think, any way, I ever thought of it at all, while he was alive. But things change; it seems, now, as if all those years had been wasted. Why, they only led up to his being born, and now he's dead!

"But it does me good, after all, to look back on my life, and see how I lived it up to then all for him, without hardly knowing it; and then, after he came, how I lived for him purposely, every day, and didn't often have my thoughts off him. We was pretty careful of him, always. We never had but him. He was a good boy, from the start, — only just wild enough to show he had a spirit. But we was all the tenderer with him. Folks say a child is too good to live, sometimes. I don't believe it, though. I don't see why he could n't have lived, why he would n't have been living now, if he had n't happened to have got drowned. You see, he did live twenty-one years. So that was n't the reason. But, even if I was n't particularly afraid of his dying, it was just the same as if I had been, as far as taking care of him goes. He was a good learner, and we sent him to school straight along; only I had to look out he did n't work too hard. I don't know what he'd have been, if he'd lived. He was too full of real go, to keep on farmin'. He'd have done it, if I'd said so. But what I wanted, was to make money enough to let him go his own way. Somehow, money seemed to come easier in those days, when we wanted it for his bringing-up; though, of course, we had bad years, too. But that was before the war.

"He went to the war, too. I don't suppose it was any harder for us, than it was for lots of folks at the same time; but I tell you it was a terrible burden. There he was gone three full years, and only once he came back on a furlough; and all that time not a thing his mother could do for him, except knit stockings and hem shirts, and once or twice she managed to get a box of good things for him. Now when I think of it, there

have been plenty of times that I did n't see him at all, — whole winters when he was off to school and academy, and I never saw him; and then those three years at the war. Fully one quarter of his life I did n't see him, counting in odd days, I guess. And I suppose I'd ought to have got used to it. But it ha'n't made any difference; I miss him just the same. I pretty near gave him up, that while he was at the war. And it does seem strange he should n't have got hurt, all the while. He was in a good many battles, too, and down in those places where they had the fever so bad; and yet he came home all right. Maybe that was what made it all the harder, when something did happen afterward.

"My wife, she says perhaps it was wrong to have been so rejoiced over his coming safe home; that we did n't think enough of what others had suffered that had lost their children in the war. Perhaps it was a judgment on us; I don't pretend to say it wa'n't. What I do know is, it was harder than ever to lose him, when we'd just got him back. Somehow it's strange he should have died just that way. It was a beautiful day; you would n't have expected anything so sad was going to happen. The grass was as green, and the sky shon' blue as ever any other summer day; but he got his death of it, for all that. Sometimes I see it all before me just that way as if I had been there when it happened; though I've never been to the pond since. Don't think I ever shall go. But I see him a-goin' into the bright, calm water, tall and slim, — though he had a good broad chest and a stout back, — just as full of life and fun as he could be; and then I remember how he looked when they brought him home. Nobody could tell just how it happened. The boys was so fright-

ened, they could n't tell it straight. Well, I don't wonder. Who *could* tell how such a thing happened? It's no use; it would n't make it any better; he could n't have come alive again.

"Yes, it was a great help, as I was saying, to have him on the farm that one year. He was a good hand. That's what I was thinking of, when I began talking to you about it, just now. Most likely I shall have to get a hired man, next spring. I *was* thinking of having another horse; Robin's pretty stiff. I need a new one, pretty bad. But I guess I shall have to put the money into a hired hand. Go 'long, Robin; seems to me you're awful dull to-night."

Before the first morning twilight crept along the highway, I had left the farmer. Our roads diverged; I leaped down from my rough seat beside him; I have never seen him since. For a little while, I heard the wooden rattling of his modest vehicle, as he drove on toward the city by another way from that which I followed. Then the sound died away. But when the sunrise appeared, floating in over the sea and crowded city, I thought of him still. It was a dawn fairer, as it chanced, than many fair dawns I have known. The sky in the east was set thick with clear-cut clouds of fresh crimson, drifting in long lines with their points against the wind, and separated each from each by slender rifts of gray. As yet, only an occasional vehicle of clumsy sort clattered over the pavements; and in the intervals of quiet, a dim and multitudinous whisper seemed to pervade the air, as of the ocean softly breathing in a dream. The farmer was by this time breakfasting in a dingy refreshment stand of low price, near the scene of his impending business. In an hour, market would begin.

G. P. Lathrop.

BADDECK AND THAT SORT OF THING.

III.

It was then summer, and the weather very fine; so pleased was I with the country, in which I had never traveled before, that my delight proved equal to my wonder. — *BENVENUTO CELLINI.*

THERE are few pleasures in life equal to that of riding on the box-seat of a stage-coach, through a country unknown to you, and hearing the driver talk about his horses. We made the intimate acquaintance of twelve horses on that day's ride, and learned the peculiar disposition and traits of each one of them, their ambition of display, their sensitiveness to praise or blame, their faithfulness, their playfulness, the readiness with which they yielded to kind treatment, their daintiness about food and lodging.

May I never forget the spirited little jade, the off-leader in the third stage, the petted belle of the route, the nervous, coquettish, mincing mare of Marshy Hope. A spoiled beauty she was; you could see that as she took the road with dancing step, tossing her pretty head about, and conscious of her shining black coat and her tail done up "in any simple knot" — like the back hair of Shelley's Beatrice Cenci. How she ambled and sidled and plumed herself, and now and then let fly her little heels high in air in mere excess of larkish feeling.

"So! girl; so! Kitty," murmurs the driver in the softest tones of admiration; "she don't mean anything by it, she's just like a kitten."

But the heels keep flying above the traces, and by and by the driver is obliged to "speak hash" to the beauty. The reproof of the displeased tone is evidently felt, for she settles at once to her work, showing perhaps a little impatience, jerking her head up and down, and protesting by her nimble movements against the more deliberate trot of her companion. I believe that a blow from the cruel lash would have broken her

heart; or else it would have made a little fiend of the spirited creature. The lash is hardly ever good for the sex.

For thirteen years, winter and summer, this coachman had driven this monotonous, uninteresting route, with always the same sandy hills, scrubby firs, occasional cabins, in sight. What a time to nurse his thought and feed on his heart! How deliberately he can turn things over in his brain! What a system of philosophy he might evolve out of his consciousness! One would think so. But, in fact, the stage-box is no place for thinking. To handle twelve horses every day, to keep each to its proper work, stimulating the lazy and restraining the free, humoring each disposition, so that the greatest amount of work shall be obtained with the least friction, making each trip on time, and so as to leave each horse in as good condition at the close as at the start, taking advantage of the road, refreshing the team by an occasional spurt of speed, — all these things require constant attention; and if the driver was composing an epic, the coach might go into the ditch; or, if no accident happened, the horses would be worn out in a month, except for the driver's care.

I conclude that the most delicate and important occupation in life is stage-driving. It would be easier to "run" the treasury department of the United States than a four-in-hand. I have a sense of the unimportance of everything else in comparison with this business in hand. And I think the driver shares that feeling. He is the autocrat of the situation. He is lord of all the humble passengers, and they feel their inferiority. They may have knowledge and skill in some things, but they are of no use here. At all the stables the driver is king; all the people on the route are deferential to him; they are happy if he will crack a joke with them, and take it as a favor if he gives them better than

they send. And it is his joke that always raises the laugh, regardless of its quality.

We carry the royal mail, and as we go along drop little sealed canvas bags at way offices. The bags would not hold more than three pints of meal, and I can see that there is nothing in them. Yet somebody along here must be expecting a letter, or they would not keep up the mail facilities. At French River we change horses. There is a mill here, and there are half a dozen houses, and a cranky bridge, which the driver thinks will not tumble down this trip. The settlement may have seen better days, and will probably see worse.

I preferred to cross the long shaky wooden bridge on foot, leaving the inside passengers to take the risk, and get the worth of their money; and while the horses were being put to, I walked on over the hill. And here I encountered a veritable foot-pad, with a club in his hand and a bundle on his shoulder, coming down the dusty road, with the wild-eyed aspect of one who travels into a far country in search of adventure. He seemed to be of a cheerful and sociable turn, and desired that I should linger and converse with him. But he was more meagrely supplied with the media of conversation than any person I ever met. His opening address was in a tongue that failed to convey to me the least idea. I replied in such language as I had with me, but it seemed to be equally lost upon him. We then fell back upon gestures and ejaculations, and by these I learned that he was a native of Cape Breton, but not an aborigine. By signs he asked me where I came from, and where I was going; and he was so much pleased with my destination that he desired to know my name; and this I told him with all the injunction of secrecy I could convey; but he could no more pronounce it than I could speak his name. It occurred to me that perhaps he spoke a French patois, and I asked him; but he only shook his head. He would own neither to German nor Irish. The happy thought came to me of inquiring if he knew En-

glish. But he shook his head again, and said, —

“No English, plenty garlic.”

This was entirely incomprehensible, for I knew that garlic is not a language, but a smell. But when he had repeated the word several times, I found that he meant Gaelic; and when we had come to this understanding, we cordially shook hands and willingly parted. One seldom encounters a wilder or more good-natured savage than this stalwart wanderer. And meeting him raised my hopes of Cape Breton.

We change horses again, for the last stage, at Marshy Hope. As we turn down the hill into this place of the mournful name, we dash past a procession of five country wagons, which makes way for us; everything makes way for us, even death itself turns out for the stage with four horses. The second wagon carries a long box, which reveals to us the mournful errand of the caravan. We drive into the stable, and get down while the fresh horses are put to. The company's stables are all alike, and open at each end with great doors. The stable is the best house in the place; there are three or four houses besides, and one of them is white, and has vines growing over the front door, and hollyhocks by the front gate. Three or four women, and as many bare-legged girls, have come out to look at the procession, and we lounge towards the group.

“It had a winder in the top of it, and silver handles,” says one.

“Well, I declare; and you could a looked right in?”

“If I'd been a mind to.”

“Who has died?” I ask.

“It's old woman Larue; she lived on Gilead Hill, mostly alone. It's better for her.”

“Had she any friends?”

“One darter. They are takin' her over Eden way, to bury her where she come from.”

“Was she a good woman?” The traveler is naturally curious to know what sort of people die in Nova Scotia.

“Well, good enough. Both her husbands is dead.”

The gossips continued talking of the burying. Poor old woman Larue! It was mournful enough to encounter you for the only time in this world in this plight, and to have this glimpse of your wretched life on lonesome Gilead Hill. What pleasure, I wonder, had she in her life, and what pleasure have any of these hard-favored women in this doleful region? It is pitiful to think of it. Doubtless, however, the region isn't doleful, and the sentimental traveler would not have felt it so if he had not encountered this funeral flitting.

But the horses are in. We mount to our places; the big doors swing open.

"Stand away," cries the driver.

The hostler lets go Kitty's bridle, the horses plunge forward, and we are off at a gallop, taking the opposite direction from that pursued by old woman Larue.

This last stage is eleven miles, through a pleasanter country, and we make it in a trifle over an hour, going at an exhilarating gait, that raises our spirits out of the Marshy Hope level. The perfection of travel is ten miles an hour, on top of a stage-coach; it is greater speed than forty by rail. It nurses one's pride to sit aloft, and rattle past the farm-houses, and give our dust to the cringing foot tramps. There is something royal in the swaying of the coach body, and an excitement in the patter of the horses' hoofs. And what an honor it must be to guide such a machine through a region of rustic admiration.

The sun has set when we come thundering down into the pretty Catholic village of Antigonish—the most home-like place we have seen on the island. The twin stone towers of the unfinished cathedral loom up large in the fading light, and the bishop's palace on the hill—the home of the Bishop of Arichat—appears to be an imposing white barn with many staring windows. At Antigonish—with the emphasis on the last syllable—let the reader know there is a most comfortable inn, kept by a cheery landlady, where the stranger is served by the comely handmaidens, her daughters, and feels that he has reached a home at last. Here we wished to stay.

Here we wished to end this weary pilgrimage. Could Baddeck be as attractive as this peaceful valley! Should we find any inn on Cape Breton like this one?

"Never was on Cape Breton," our driver had said; "hope I never shall be. Heard enough about it. Taverns? You'll find 'em occupied."

"Fleas?"

"Wus."

"But it is a lovely country?"

"I don't think it."

Into what unknown dangers were we going? Why not stay here and be happy? It was a soft summer night. People were loitering in the street; the young beaux of the place going up and down with the belles, after the leisurely manner in youth and summer; perhaps they were students from St. Xavier College, or visiting gallants from Gysborough. They look into the post-office and the fancy store. They stroll and take their little provincial pleasure and make love, for all we can see, as if Antigonish were a part of the world. How they must look down on Marshy Hope and Addington Forks and Tracadie! What a charming place to live in, is this!

But the stage goes on at eight o'clock. It will wait for no man. There is no other stage till eight the next night, and we have no alternative but a night ride. We put aside all else except duty and Baddeck. This is strictly a pleasure trip.

The stage establishment for the rest of the journey could hardly be called the finest on the continent. The wagon was drawn by two horses. It was a square box, covered with painted cloth. Within were two narrow seats, facing each other, affording no room for the legs of passengers, and offering them no position but a strictly upright one. It was a most ingeniously uncomfortable box in which to put sleepy travelers for the night. The weather would be chilly before morning, and to sit upright on a narrow board all night, and shiver, is not cheerful. Of course, the reader says that this is no hardship to talk about.

But the reader is mistaken. Anything is a hardship when it is unpleasantly what one does not desire or expect. These travelers have spent wakeful nights in the forests, in a cold rain, and never thought of complaining. It is useless to talk about the Polar sufferings of Dr. Kane to a guest at a metropolitan hotel, in the midst of luxury, when the mosquito sings all night in his ear, and his mutton-chop is overdone at breakfast. One does not like to be set up for a hero in trifles, in odd moments, and in inconspicuous places.

There were two passengers besides ourselves, inhabitants of Cape Breton Island, who were returning from Halifax to Plaster Cove, where they were engaged in the occupation of distributing alcoholic liquors at retail. This fact we ascertained incidentally, as we learned the nationality of our comrades by their brogue, and their religion by their lively ejaculations during the night. We stowed ourselves into the rigid box, bade a sorrowing good night to the landlady and her daughters, who stood at the inn door, and went jingling down the street towards the open country.

The moon rises at eight o'clock in Nova Scotia. It came above the horizon exactly as we began our journey, a harvest-moon, round and red. When I first saw it, it lay on the edge of the horizon as if too heavy to lift itself, as big as a cart-wheel, and its disk cut by a fence rail. With what a flood of splendor it deluged farm-houses and farms, and the broad sweep of level country! There could not be a more magnificent night in which to ride towards that geographical mystery of our boyhood, the Gut of Canso.

A few miles out of town the stage stopped in the road before a post-station. An old woman opened the door of the farm-house to receive the bag which the driver carried to her. A couple of sprightly little girls rushed out to "interview" the passengers, climbing up to ask their names and, with much giggling, to get a peep at their faces. And upon the handsomeness or ugliness of the faces they saw in the moonlight they

pronounced with perfect candor. We are not obliged to say what their verdict was. Girls here no doubt, as elsewhere, lose this trustful candor as they grow older.

Just as we were starting, the old woman screamed out from the door, in a shrill voice, addressing the driver, "Did you see ary a sick man 'bout 'tigonish?"

"Nary."

"There's one been round here for three or four days, pretty bad off; 's got the St. Vitus's. He wanted me to get him some medicine for it up to Antigonish. I've got it here in a vial, and I wished you could take it to him."

"Where is he?"

"I dunno. I heern he'd gone east by the Gut. Perhaps you'll hear of him." All this screamed out into the night.

"Well, I'll take it."

We took the vial aboard and went on; but the incident powerfully affected us. The weird voice of the old woman was exciting in itself, and we could not escape the image of this unknown man, dancing about this region without any medicine, fleeing perchance by night and alone, and finally flitting away down the Gut of Canso. This fugitive mystery almost immediately shaped itself into the following simple poem:—

"There was an old man of Canso,
Unable to sit or stan' so.
When I asked him why he ran so?—
Says he, 'I've St. Vitus' dance so,
All down the Gut of Canso.'"

This melancholy song is now, I doubt not, sung by the maidens of Antigonish.

In spite of the consolations of poetry, however, the night wore on slowly, and soothing sleep tried in vain to get a lodgment in the jolting wagon. One can sleep upright, but not when his head is every moment knocked against the framework of a wagon cover. Even a jolly young Irishman of Plaster Cove, whose nature it is to sleep under whatever discouragement, is beaten by these circumstances. He wishes he had his fiddle along. We never know what men are on casual acquaintance. This rather stupid-looking fellow is a devotee

of music, and knows how to coax the sweetness out of the unwilling violin. Sometimes he goes miles and miles on winter nights to draw the seductive bow for the Cape Breton dancers, and there is enthusiasm in his voice, as he relates exploits of fiddling from sunset till the dawn of day. Other information, however, the young man has not, and when this is exhausted, he becomes sleepy again, and tries a dozen ways to twist himself into a posture in which sleep will be possible. He doubles up his legs, he slides them under the seat, he sits on the wagon bottom; but the wagon swings and jolts and knocks him about. His patience under this punishment is admirable, and there is something pathetic in his restraint from profanity.

It is enough to look out upon the magnificent night; the moon is now high, and swinging clear and distant; the air has grown chilly; the stars cannot be eclipsed by the greater light, but glow with a chastened fervor. It is on the whole a splendid display for the sake of four sleepy men, banging along in a coach—an insignificant little vehicle with two horses. No one is up at any of the farm-houses to see it; no one appears to take any interest in it, except an occasional baying dog, or a rooster that has mistaken the time of night. By midnight we come to Tracadie, an orchard, a farm-house, and a stable. We are not far from the sea now, and can see a silver mist in the north. An inlet comes lapping up by the old house with a salty smell and a suggestion of oyster-beds. We knock up the sleeping hostlers, change horses, and go on again, dead sleepy, but unable to get a wink. And all the night is blazing with beauty. We think of the criminal who was sentenced to be kept awake till he died.

The fiddler makes another trial. Temperately remarking, "I am very sleepy," he kneels upon the floor and rests his head on the seat. This position for a second promises repose; but almost immediately his head begins to pound the seat, and beat a lively rat-a-plan on the board. The head of a wooden idol

could not stand this treatment more than a minute. The fiddler twisted and turned, but his head went like a trip-hammer on the seat. I have never seen a devotional attitude so deceptive, or one that produced less favorable results. The young man rose from his knees, and meekly said:—

"It's dam hard."

If the recording angel took down this observation, he doubtless made a note of the injured tone in which it was uttered.

How slowly the night passes to one tipping and swinging along in a slowly moving stage! But the harbinger of the day came at last. When the fiddler rose from his knees, I saw the morning star burst out of the east like a great diamond, and I knew that Venus was strong enough to pull up even the sun, from whom she is never distant more than an eighth of the heavenly circle. The moon could not put her out of countenance. She blazed and scintillated with a dazzling brilliance, a throbbing splendor, that made the moon seem a pale, sentimental invention. Steadily she mounted, in her fresh beauty, with the confidence and vigor of new love, driving her more domestic rival out of the sky. And this sort of thing, I suppose, goes on frequently. These splendors burn and this panorama passes night after night down at the end of Nova Scotia, and all for the stage-driver, dozing along on his box, from Antigonish to the Strait.

"Here you are," cries the driver, at length, when we have become wearily indifferent to where we are. We have reached the ferry. The dawn has not come, but it is not far off. We step out and find a chilly morning, and the dark waters of the Gut of Canso flowing before us, lighted here and there by a patch of white mist. The ferry-man is asleep, and his door is shut. We call him by all the names known among men. We pound upon his house, but he makes no sign. Before he awakes and comes out, growling, the sky in the east is lightened a shade, and the star of the dawn sparkles less brilliantly. But the process is slow. The twilight is long

There is a surprising deliberation about the preparation of the sun for rising, as there is in the movements of the boatman. Both appear to be reluctant to begin the day.

The ferry-man and his shaggy comrade get ready at last, and we step into the clumsy yawl, and the slowly moving oars begin to pull us up-stream. The strait is here less than a mile wide; the tide is running strongly, and the water is full of swirls, — the little whirlpools of the rip-tide. The morning star is now high in the sky; the moon, declining in the west, is more than ever like a silver shield; along the east is a faint flush of pink. In the increasing light we can see the bold shores of the strait, and the square projection of Cape Porcupine below.

On the rocks above the town of Plaster Cove, where there is a black and white sign, — *Telegraph Cable*, — we set ashore our companions of the night, and see them climb up to their station for retailing the necessary means of intoxication in their district, with the mournful thought that we may never behold them again.

As we drop down along the shore, there is a white sea-gull asleep on the rock, rolled up in a ball, with his head under his wing. The rock is dripping with dew, and the bird is as wet as his hard bed. We pass within an oar's length of him, but he does not heed us, and we do not disturb his morning slumbers. For there is no such cruelty as the waking of anybody out of a morning nap.

When we land, and take up our bags to ascend the hill to the white tavern of Port Hastings (as Plaster Cove now likes to be called), the sun lifts himself slowly over the tree-tops, and the magic of the night vanishes.

And this is Cape Breton, reached after almost a week of travel. Here is the Gut of Canso, but where is Baddeck? It is Saturday morning; if we cannot make Baddeck by night, we might as well have remained in Boston. And who knows what we shall find if we get there? A forlorn fishing sta-

tion, a dreary hotel? Suppose we cannot get on, and are forced to stay here? Asking ourselves these questions, we enter the Plaster Cove tavern. No one is stirring, but the house is open, and we take possession of the dirty public room, and almost immediately drop to sleep in the fluffy rocking-chairs; but even sleep is not strong enough to conquer our desire to push on, and we soon rouse up and go in pursuit of information.

No landlord is to be found, but there is an unkempt servant in the kitchen, who probably does not see any use in making her toilet more than once a week. To this fearful creature is intrusted the dainty duty of preparing breakfast. Her indifference is equal to her lack of information, and her ability to convey information is fettered by her use of Gaelic as her native speech. But she directs us to the stable. There we find a driver hitching his horses to a two-horse stage-wagon.

"Is this stage for Baddeck?"

"Not much."

"Is there any stage for Baddeck?"

"Not to-day."

"Where does this go, and when?"

"St. Peter's. Starts in fifteen minutes."

This seems like "business," and we are inclined to try it, especially as we have no notion where St. Peter's is.

"Does any other stage go from here to-day anywhere else?"

"Yes. Port Hood. Quarter of an hour."

Everything was about to happen in fifteen minutes. We inquire further. St. Peter's is on the east coast, on the road to Sydney. Port Hood is on the west coast. There is a stage from Port Hood to Baddeck. It would land us there sometime Sunday morning — distance, eighty miles.

Heavens! what a pleasure trip. To ride eighty miles more without sleep! We should simply be delivered dead on the Bras d'Or; that is all. Tell us, gentle driver, is there no other way?

"Well, there's Jim Hughes, come over at midnight with a passenger from

Baddeck; he's in the hotel now; perhaps he'll take you."

Our hope hung on Jim Hughes. The frowzy servant piloted us up to his sleeping room; "Go right in," said she; and we went in, according to the simple custom of the country, though it was a bedroom that one would not enter except on business. Mr. Hughes did not like to be disturbed, but he proved himself to be a man who could wake up suddenly, shake his head, and transact business, — a sort of Napoleon, in fact. Mr. Hughes stared at the intruders for a moment, as if he meditated an assault.

"Do you live in Baddeck?" we asked.

"No; Hogamah — half-way there."

"Will you take us to Baddeck to-day?"

Mr. Hughes thought. He had intended to sleep till noon. He had then intended to go over the Judique Mountain and get a boy. But he was disposed to accommodate. Yes, for money — sum named — he would give up his plans, and start for Baddeck in an hour. Distance, sixty miles. Here was a man worth having; he could come to a decision before he was out of bed. The bargain was closed.

We would have closed any bargain to escape a Sunday in the Plaster Cove hotel. There are different sorts of hotel uncleanness. There is the musty old inn, where the dirt has accumulated for years, and slow neglect has wrought a picturesque sort of dilapidation, the moldiness of time, which has something to recommend it. But there is nothing attractive in new nastiness, in the vulgar union of smartness and filth. A dirty modern house, just built, a house smelling of poor whisky and vile tobacco, its white paint grimy, its floors unclean, is ever so much worse than an old inn that never pretended to be anything but a rookery. I say nothing against the hotel at Plaster Cove. In fact, I recommend it. There is a kind of harmony about it that I like. There is a harmony between the breakfast and the frouzy Gaelic cook we saw "sozziling" about in the kitchen. There is

a harmony between the appearance of the house and the appearance of the buxom young housekeeper who comes upon the scene later, her hair saturated with the fatty matter of the bear. The traveler will experience a pleasure in paying his bill and departing.

Although Plaster Cove seems remote on the map, we found that we were right in the track of the world's news there. It is the transfer station of the Atlantic Cable Company, where it exchanges messages with the Western Union. In a long wooden building, divided into two main apartments, are twenty to thirty operators employed. At eight o'clock the English force was at work receiving the noon messages from London. The American operators had not yet come on, for New York business would not begin for an hour. Into these rooms is poured daily the news of the world, and these young fellows toss it about as lightly as if it were household gossip. It is a marvelous exchange, however, and we had intended to make some reflections here upon the *en rapport* feeling, so to speak, with all the world, which we experienced while there; but our conveyance was waiting. We telegraphed our coming to Baddeck, and departed. For twenty-five cents one can send a dispatch to any part of the Dominion, except the region where the Western Union has still a foothold.

Our conveyance was a one-horse wagon, with one seat. The horse was well enough, but the seat was narrow for three people, and the entire establishment had in it not much prophecy of Baddeck for that day. But we knew little of the power of Cape Breton driving. It became evident that we should reach Baddeck soon enough if we could cling to that wagon seat. The morning sun was hot. The way was so uninteresting that we almost wished ourselves back in Nova Scotia. The sandy road was bordered with discouraged evergreens, through which we had glimpses of sand-drifted farms. If Baddeck was to be like this, we had come on a fool's errand. There were some savage, low hills, and the Judique

Mountain showed itself as we got away from the town. In this first stage, the heat of the sun, the monotony of the road, and the scarcity of sleep during the past thirty-six hours, were all unfavorable to our keeping on the wagon seat. We nodded separately, we nodded and reeled in unison. But asleep or awake, the driver drove like a son of Jehu. Such driving is the fashion on Cape Breton Island. Especially downhill, we made the most of it; if the horse was on a run, that was only an inducement to apply the lash; speed gave the promise of greater possible speed. The wagon rattled like a bark mill; it swirled and leaped about, and we finally got the exciting impression that if the whole thing went to pieces, we should somehow go on—such was our impetus. Round corners, over ruts and stones, and up hill and down, we went jolting and swinging, holding fast to the seat, and putting our trust in things in general. At the end of fifteen miles, we stopped at a Scotch farm-house, where the driver kept a relay, and changed horse.

The people were Highlanders, and spoke little English; we had struck the beginning of the Gaelic settlement. From here to Hogamah we should encounter only the Gaelic tongue; the inhabitants are all Catholics. Very civil people apparently, and living in a kind of niggardly thrift, such as the cold land affords. We saw of this family the old man who had come from Scotland fifty years ago, his stalwart son, six feet and a half high, maybe, and two buxom daughters, going to the hay-field—good solid Scotch lassies, who smiled in English, but spoke only Gaelic. The old man could speak a little English, and was disposed to be both communicative and inquisitive. He asked our business, names, and residence. Of the United States he had only a dim conception, but his mind rather rested upon the statement that we lived “near Boston.” He complained of the degeneracy of the times. All the young men had gone away from Cape Breton; might get rich if they would stay and work the

farms. But no one liked to work nowadays. From life, we diverted the talk to literature. We inquired what books they had.

“Of course you all have the poems of Burns?”

“What’s the name o’ the mon?”

“Burns, Robert Burns.”

“Never heerd tell of such a mon. Have heard of Robert Bruce. He was a Scotchman.”

This was nothing short of refreshing, to find a Scotchman who had never heard of Robert Burns! It was worth the whole journey to take this honest man by the hand. How far would I not travel to talk with an American who had never heard of George Washington?

The way was more varied during the next stage; we passed through some pleasant valleys and picturesque neighborhoods, and at length winding around the base of a wooded range, and crossing its point, we came upon a sight that took all the sleep out of us. This was the famous Bras d’Or.

The Bras d’Or is the most beautiful salt-water lake I have ever seen, and more beautiful than we had imagined a body of salt-water could be. If the reader will take the map, he will see that two narrow estuaries, the Great and the Little Bras d’Or, enter the island of Cape Breton, on the ragged northeast coast, above the town of Sydney, and flow in, at length widening out and occupying the heart of the island. The water seeks out all the low places, and ramifies the interior, running away into lovely bays and lagoons, leaving slender tongues of land and picturesque islands, and bringing into the recesses of the land, to the remote country farms and settlements, the flavor of salt, and the fish and mollusks of the briny sea. There is very little tide at any time, so that the shores are clean and slightly for the most part, like those of fresh-water lakes. It has all the pleasantness of a fresh-water lake, with all the advantages of a salt one. In the streams which run into it are the speckled trout, the shad, and the salmon;

out of its depths are hooked the cod and the mackerel, and in its bays fattens the oyster. This irregular lake is about a hundred miles long, if you measure it skillfully, and in some places ten miles broad; but so indented is it, that I am not sure but one would need, as we were informed, to ride a thousand miles to go round it, following all its incursions into the land. The hills about it are never more than five or six hundred feet high, but they are high enough for reposeful beauty, and offer everywhere pleasing lines.

What we first saw was an inlet of the Bras d'Or, called, by the driver, Hogamah Bay. At its entrance were long, wooded islands, beyond which we saw the backs of graceful hills, like the capes of some poetic sea-coast. The bay narrowed to a mile in width where we came upon it, and ran several miles inland to a swamp, round the head of which we must go. Opposite was the village of Hogamah. I had my suspicions from the beginning about this name, and now asked the driver, who was liberally educated for a driver, how he spelled "Hogamah."

"Why-ko-ko-magh. Hogamah."

Sometimes it is called Wykogamah. Thus the innocent traveler is misled. Along the Whykokomagh Bay we come to a permanent encampment of the Micmac Indians, a dozen wigwams in the pine woods. Though lumber is plenty, they refuse to live in houses. The wigwams however are more picturesque than the square frame houses of the whites. Built up conically of poles, with a hole in the top for the smoke to escape, and often set up a little from the ground on a timber foundation, they are as pleasing to the eye as a Chinese or Turkish dwelling. They may be cold in winter, but blessed be the tenacity of barbarism, which retains this agreeable architecture. The men live by hunting in the season, and the women support the family by making moccasins and baskets. These Indians are most of them good Catholics, and they try to go once a year to mass and a sort of religious festival held at

St. Peter's, where their sins are forgiven in a yearly lump.

At Whykokomagh, a neat fishing village of white houses, we stopped for dinner at the Inverness House. The house was very clean, and the tidy landlady gave us as good a dinner as she could of the inevitable green tea, toast, and salt fish. She was Gaelic, but Protestant, as the village is, and showed us with pride her Gaelic Bible and hymn-book. A peaceful place, this Whykokomagh; the lapsing waters of the Bras d'Or made a summer music all along the quiet street; the bay lay smiling with its islands in front, and an amphitheatre of hills rose behind. But for the line of telegraph poles one might have fancied he could have security and repose here.

We put a fresh pony into the shafts, a beast born with an everlasting uneasiness in his legs, and an amount of "go" in him which suited his reckless driver. We no longer stood upon the order of our going; we went. As we left the village we passed a rocky hay-field, where the Gaelic farmer was gathering the scanty yield of grass. A comely Indian girl was stowing the hay and treading it down on the wagon. The driver hailed the farmer, and they exchanged Gaelic repartee which set all the hay-makers in a roar, and caused the Indian maid to darkly and sweetly beam upon us. We asked the driver what he had said. He had only inquired what the man would take for the load as it stood! A joke is a joke down this way.

I am not about to describe this ride at length, in order that the reader may skip it; for I know the reader, being of like passion and fashion with him. From the time we first struck the Bras d'Or for thirty miles we rode in constant sight of its magnificent water. Now we were two hundred feet above the water, on the hill-side, skirting a point or following an indentation; and now we were diving into a narrow valley, crossing a stream, or turning a sharp corner, but always with the Bras d'Or in view, the afternoon sun shining on it,

softening the outlines of its embracing hills, casting a shadow from its wooded islands. Sometimes we opened on a broad water plain bounded by the Watchabaktehkt hills, and again we looked over hill after hill receding into the soft and hazy blue of the land beyond the great mass of the Bras d'Or. The reader can compare the view and the ride to the Bay of Naples and the Cornice Road; we did nothing of the sort; we held on to the seat, prayed that the harness of the pony might not break, and gave constant expression to our wonder and delight. For a week we had schooled ourselves to expect nothing more of this wicked world, but here was an enchanting vision.

The only phenomenon worthy the attention of any inquiring mind, in this whole record, I will now describe. As we drove along the side of a hill, and at least two hundred feet above the water, the road suddenly diverged and took a circuit higher up. The driver said that was to avoid a sink-hole in the old road—a great curiosity, which it was worth while to examine. Beside the old road was a circular hole, which nipped out a part of the road-bed, some twenty-five feet in diameter, filled with water almost to the brim, but not running over. The water was dark in color, and I fancied had a brackish taste. The driver said that a few weeks before, when he came this way, it was solid ground where this well now was, and that a large beech-tree stood there. When he returned next day, he found this hole full of water, as we saw it, and the large tree had sunk in it. The size of the hole seemed to be determined by the reach of the roots of the tree. The tree had so entirely disappeared, that he could not with a long pole touch its top. Since then the water had neither subsided nor overflowed. The ground about was compact gravel. We tried sounding the hole with poles, but could make nothing of it. The water seemed to have no outlet nor inlet; at least, it did not rise or fall. Why should the solid hill give way at this place, and swallow up a tree? and if the water had any

connection with the lake, two hundred feet below and at some distance away, why did n't the water run out? Why should the unscientific traveler have a thing of this kind thrown in his way? The driver did not know.

This phenomenon made us a little suspicious of the foundations of this island, which is already invaded by the jealous ocean, and is anchored to the continent only by the cable.

The ride became more charming as the sun went down, and we saw the hills grow purple beyond the Bras d'Or. The road wound around lovely coves and across low promontories, giving us new beauties at every turn. Before dark we had crossed the Middle River and the Big Baddeck, on long, wooden bridges, which straggled over sluggish waters and long reaches of marsh, upon which Mary might have been sent to call the cattle home. These bridges were shaky and wanted a plank at intervals, but they are in keeping with the enterprise of the country. As dusk came on, we crossed the last hill, and were bowling along by the still gleaming water. Lights began to appear in infrequent farm-houses, and under cover of the gathering night the houses seemed to be stately mansions; and we fancied we were on a noble highway, lined with elegant suburban sea-side residences, and about to drive into a town of wealth and a port of great commerce. We were, nevertheless, anxious about Baddeck. What sort of haven were we to reach after our heroic (with the reader's permission) week of travel? Would the hotel be like that at Plaster Cove? Were our thirty-six hours of sleepless staging to terminate in a night of misery and a Sunday of discomfort?

We came into a straggling village; *that* we could see by the starlight. But we stopped at the door of a very un-hotel-like appearing hotel. It had in front a flower garden; it was blazing with welcome lights; it opened hospitable doors, and we were received by a family who expected us. The hotel was a large one, for two guests; and we enjoyed the luxury of spacious rooms,

an abundant supper, and a friendly welcome; and, in short, found ourselves at home. The proprietor of the Telegraph House is the superintendent of the land lines of Cape Breton, a Scotchman, of course; but his wife is a Newfoundland lady. We cannot violate the sanctity of what seemed like private hospitality by speaking freely of this lady and the lovely girls, her daughters, whose education has been so admirably advanced in the excellent school at Baddeck; but we can confidently advise any American who is going to Newfoundland to get a wife there, if he wants one at all. It is the only new article he can bring from the Provinces that he will not have to pay duty on. And here is a suggestion to our tariff-mongers for the "protection" of New England women.

The reader probably cannot appreciate the delicious sense of rest and of achievement which we enjoyed in this tidy inn, nor share the anticipations of undisturbed, luxurious sleep, in which we indulged as we sat upon the upper balcony after supper, and saw the moon rise over the glistening Bras d'Or and flood with light the islands and headlands of the beautiful bay. Anchored at some distance from the shore was a slender coasting vessel. The big red moon happened to come up just behind it, and the masts and spars and ropes of the vessel came out, distinctly traced on the golden background, making such a night picture as I once saw painted of a ship in a fiord of Norway. The scene was enchanting. And we respected then the heretofore seemingly insane impulse that had driven us on to Baddeck.

Charles Dudley Warner.

PATIENCE DOW.

HOME from the mill came Patience Dow;
 She did not smile, she would not talk;
 And now she was all tears, and now,
 As fierce as is a captive hawk.
 Unmindful of her faded gown,
 She sat with folded hands all day,
 Her long hair falling tangled down,
 Her sad eyes gazing far away,
 Where, past the fields, a silver line,
 She saw the distant river shine.
 But, when she thought herself alone,
 One night, they heard her muttering low,
 In such a chill, despairing tone,
 It seemed the east wind's sullen moan:
 "Ah me! the days, they move so slow!
 I care not if they 're fair or foul;
 They creep along — I know not how;
 I only know he loved me once —
 He does not love me now!"

One morning, vacant was her room;
 And, in the clover wet with dew,
 A narrow line of broken bloom
 Showed some one had been passing through;

And, following the track, it led
 Across a field of summer grain,
 Out where the thorny blackberries shed
 Their blossoms in the narrow lane,
 Down which the cattle went to drink
 In summer, from the river's brink.
 "The river!" Hope within them sank;
 The fatal thought that drew her there
 They knew, before, among the rank,
 White-blossomed weeds upon the bank,
 They found the shawl she used to wear,
 And on it pinned a little note:
 "Oh, blame me not!" it read, "for when
 I once am free, my soul will float
 To him! He cannot leave me then!
 I know not if 't is right or wrong —
 I go from life — I care not how;
 I only know he loved me once —
 He does not love me now!"

In the farm graveyard, 'neath the black,
 Funereal pine-trees on the hill,
 The poor, worn form the stream gave back
 They laid in slumber, cold and still.
 Her secret slept with her; none knew
 Whose fickle smile had left the pain
 That cursed her life; to one thought true,
 Her vision-haunted, wandering brain,
 Secure from all, hid safe from blame,
 In life and death had kept his name.
 Yet, often, with a thrill of fear,
 Her mother, as she lies awake
 At night, will fancy she can hear
 A voice, whose tone is like the drear,
 Low sound the graveyard pine-trees make:
 "I know not if 't is right or wrong —
 I go from life — I care not how;
 I only know he loved me once —
 He does not love me now!"

Marian Douglas.

ABORIGINES OF CALIFORNIA.

AN INDO-CHINESE STUDY.

A VERY intelligent lady, who had lived with her husband many years amid the placers of the Sierra Nevada, once related to me the following incident: In the ever-memorable red-letter days of '49 and the spring of '50," when the Chinese were yet a new apparition on this coast, the California Indians were greatly puzzled what to make of them. They scrutinized them sharply from queue to slippers, noted that they invariably had black hair and black eyes, like themselves, nearly as broad cheek-bones, and faces which, though lighter than their own, were darker than those of the *malditos Americanos*; but they could understand nothing they said. They therefore hit upon a plan to find out what manner of men they were, which presents some novel features as a mode of elucidating ethnological questions, but will be remembered by students of Guizot's History of Civilization, as one form of the judgment of God. Whenever they caught a son of Shem in a sequestered place, where his outcries could not bring others to his rescue, they soured him into the water. If he sank and drowned, they acknowledged him as a brother Indian; but if he managed somehow to scramble out, they repudiated him, and gave him a mauling.

This story is probably apocryphal, for I have never been able to find a second person to confirm it; and yet there is a fact well authenticated which lends it some little color of probability. This fact is, that the Concow tribe, living formerly in the vicinity of Chico, believe to this day that the Chinamen in California are "dead Indians come back to life." They are not good Indians, of course, but bad ones, who, in the spirit-world from which they have just returned, had their language confounded as a penalty for wickedness done in the

body in a previous state of existence, so that they cannot now be understood by their brethren. Of the existence of this notion there is no doubt, for the matter was fully expounded to me by one of the "Big Indians" of that tribe, on the Round Valley Reservation, who believed it himself.

But, for the most part, the mere whimsies of the Indians are neither here nor there, in a rational inquiry into their genesis.

From the day of that amazing old book, called, I believe, *The Star of the East*, which nobody now reads, down to the times of Herr Platzmann, the question of the origin of the American aborigines has been a target; and I may therefore be permitted to have my fling at it with the rest. The California Indians only, none others. It would probably be accounted first in order, to consider the probabilities of a Chinese or Japanese junk drifting or sailing across the wide Pacific, in the early days of navigation, bringing hither living, human freight, male and female after their kind. It is not the purpose of this paper to attempt anything of that sort, for it were a task as bootless as the cruise of the *Lost Galleon*, in quest of the day which slipped out of the almanac into the Pacific. Concerning the ancient voyaging of the Chinese, we have little information that is more definite than the statement that Powang, in the thirtieth year of Yaon, "set sail on a star-lit log to discover new regions." In an introductory chapter to *The Natural Wealth of California*, Cronise has collected a great number of citations from old Spanish and other authors, touching this matter; traditions of ornaments found in Peru, known to have been made by an English artisan in the army of Gengis-Khan; of a Japanese junk stranded long ago on the

Oregon coast; of articles of Mongolian workmanship discovered in the Aztec temples of Mexico, etc. I have read none of the originals from which these quotations are drawn. The Lower California Indians, a century and a half ago, used to relate to the Spanish *padres* fables of an ancient banquet held somewhere in the vague North, at which their ancestors fell to deadly quarrel; and part were thrust out, and wandered to their present habitat, where they tarried and multiplied. To this day, the dwellers about the mouth of the Columbia exhibit to the tourist hollow cylinders of bees-wax, which are occasionally thrown up by the Pacific in a great storm, and which are supposed to be the candles used by the Japanese priests, from which the wicks have rotted out. Newspaper readers have probably not forgotten that, in the autumn of 1871, three Japanese sailors were rescued from a junk, off the Alaskan coast, after having drifted helpless at sea for nine months. Once more, an American whaler was broken up on the north coast of Kamtchatka, some time before the disastrous engorgement of ice-floes in the fall of 1871, which went near to destroy the whole Arctic whaling-fleet, and which New Bedford, at least, has not yet forgotten. After living some months in Kamtchatka, they were brought off by a vessel which was a member of that doomed fleet, though they finally escaped alive to Honolulu, and their adventures were briefly narrated in a journal of that city. Among other things they related that, when they were out on one of their hunting excursions with the Kamtchatkans, they fell in with savages who had come over from the American side in quest of game.

All these particulars, whether wholly legendary, semi-historical, or of recent and undisputed occurrence, are not without their significance, as showing *how* the Asiatics might have got on this side centuries ago. But they build up nothing satisfactory, nothing absolute. They are scarcely of equal value with internal evidence furnished by the Indians themselves. During a recent pedestrian

journey of many hundred miles through the State, evidence of the latter sort accumulated in my hand to an extent which was very gratifying.

First in order, though perhaps of secondary importance, a general comparison between the Canton Chinaman and the typical California Indian, say of Russian River Valley.¹ Canton lies in 23° 7' north latitude, Healdsburg in about 38° 30', but snow and ice are practically unknown in either, and the Indians about the latter, in their aboriginal state, found it necessary to wear nothing more than a girdle of rawhide or of braided grass about the loins. They differ in color nearly in the proportion of old brass to old bronze, though I have seen Canton Chinamen quite as swarthy as the average Indian. But the Indian's cuticle has an oleaginous sleekness, especially in the summer heats, while the Chinaman's tint is dusty or scorched-looking. Both have coarse, black, straight hair, the Chinese being the lankier on account of its length. The Indians cut off their hair, but it is a singular fact that, in describing their Deity, under whatever name, they invariably ascribe to him long hair, as the Chinese wore it before 1627 A. D.² The Mongolian oblique eyelids, sloping inward, are not noticeable in the Indian. The latter's cheekbones are a trifle broader, giving his face in old age something more of angularity, but the nose is less depressed at the root than in the Chinese, and the nares less dilated. Both races, in youth (especially the females), are inclined to extreme fatness, which makes the faces of the aged alike odiously and repulsively wrinkled, with a sinian aspect which is startling. The Chinaman is very industrious, the savage indolent and phlegmatic. He has no word in his language for "lazy," and borrows it from the Spanish—an instance of a quality known

¹ The name "Digger" is opprobrious and unjust, equally as much as it is to describe all Chinamen as rat-eaters. The principal root which the Indians dig is cammas, but that does not constitute a fourth part of their food. A more appropriate name would be "Wild-Oat People," which they call themselves in Potter Valley, that cereal having been, next to acorns, their great staple in former times.

² Williams *The Middle Kingdom*, ii. p. 30.

only by its opposite, which the Indian does not possess. It is an indisputable and lamentable fact of history, that human nature is constitutionally lazy. On this basis, therefore, these two diverse facts are reducible to the following statement in proportion: The immense former harvests of wild oats, and the countless myriads of salmon, coupled with the sparse population, were to the Indian's easy indolence, as the moderate yields of China and its vast populations are to its inhabitants' enforced industry. And yet I have seen a fancy work-basket on which a squaw had wrought at intervals for three years, and on which she had expended the plumes of eighty quails, and the scarlet down of over one hundred and fifty woodpeckers; and a veteran pioneer informed me such baskets were formerly numerous among them. As farm laborers the Indians are at least equal to Chinamen, for a California Indian has an almost Ethiopian endurance of the sunshine, but the Chinaman gets under an umbrella. It is the testimony of Southern planters who have had experience with both, that the Indians are something inferior to the negroes in endurance, but quite their equals in docility and domesticity.

There is a notable resemblance to the Chinese in their former fruitfulness, and their capacity to mass dense populations. There are official statistics at the Hoopa Reservation, showing that in 1870 there were sixty-seven and one half Indians to the square mile, for forty miles along the lower Klamath. I have heard several pioneers estimate the aboriginal population of Round Valley at various figures, all the way from five thousand to twenty thousand; but taking even the lowest estimate, there would still have been an Indian to every four acres, or one hundred and sixty to the square mile. Kelsey, the discoverer of it, says that when he looked down from the mountains into that peerless valley, the whole vast round of it was spangled with Indian camp-fires, even as the heaven above with stars. True, there were many salmon streams, and a wide circumjacent area of mast-bearing forest,

of which they held usufructuary possession, while living entirely on the prairie of the valley. A pioneer pointed out to me on Van Dusen's Fork the site of an Indian city which contained one thousand inhabitants in 1850, according to his estimate. Near Sanèl, on Russian River, I have wandered over the ruins of an old Indian town which was laid out with perfect regularity, averaging eight blocks wide and twenty deep. Each wigwam constituted a block, but, owing to their patriarchal system, contained from ten to twenty inmates. The former prevalence of infanticide points unmistakably to the same over-fruitfulness and over-population in which are pleaded for the atrocity in China.

Again, they are alike in their harmless character and peaceable temper, for either people will jangle endlessly among themselves, with strange, voluble oaths, without ever coming even to fisticuffs. In avarice they are one people, for there is no crime known to the Indian, how heinous and atrocious soever it be, and hardly any to the Chinaman, for which money will not buy the offender off scot-free. In fondness for dancing they are diverse, for the California Indians have a hundred dances and one acorn porridge, while the Chinese almost never dance, and for a very good reason, as stated by Williams:¹ "In tumbling and balancing, the Chinese are almost unequaled, but one would almost as soon think of associating music and medicine, as that Chinese music should be accompanied by quadrilles and cotillions, or that men with shoes like pattens could lead off women with feet like hoofs, through the turns and mazes of a waltz or fandango."

But both have a notable fondness for music. The Chinese make a horrible noise, but they greatly delight in it, and keep good time at least. In their multifarious dances, the Indians have wooden or bone whistles, on which they blow sincere but most monotonous blasts, and though each chants an entirely independent roundelay, in the recitative, all uniting occasionally in the chorus,

¹ *Op. cit.* ii. p. 173.

they keep time wonderfully well, always having a chorister to beat time, either with a split twig on the hand, or by stamping. That is to say, both races have a good notion of time, but not of melody. It is the testimony of the Reservation agents, that the California Indian children pick up our Sunday-school melodies with the facility of the Southern pickaninnies, humming them over and over again through the week, to the great weariness of their elders. Again, the Chinese and Indians are alike in their unmentionable abominations, and in their dark and revolting cruelties, such as infanticide. There are at least three tribes living about the mouth of Russian River who confess to the existence of this atrocity among them, and this before they had the excuse of that overpowering melancholy which has come over them in view of the sad and miserable fate inevitable since the advent of the Americans. On the other hand, in the treatment of the very aged, they are as different as darkness from light. The Chinaman is proverbial the world over for his filial piety, while some tribes of Indians (at least the Gallinoméros) put their infirm and helpless parents to death by strangulation. A poor old wretch is thrown down on his back and securely held, while a stick is placed across his throat, and two Indians sit on the ends of it until he ceases to breathe. Now, it is a proposition as true in morals as in metaphysics, that the greater includes the less. It is difficult to comprehend why any people capable of sacrificing their own offspring, should not also destroy the aged, who are no longer able to add to the family wealth, and are only a burden on the family resources. It is my belief that the Chinaman's reverence for age is not founded on filial affection, but rather on a superstition, a worship, to be accounted for by the exceptional and extraordinary influence of the teachings of Confucius for twenty-three centuries. If there is one article in their *credo* more vital than another, it is that the souls of deceased ancestors are potent in heaven or in hades, to consign their posterity

on earth to either. All the Chinaman's hopes of future felicity in the pure country of Buddha, and all his possibilities of avoiding the Bloody Pond of hell, are inseparably conditioned on devotion to his ancestors. In other words, in his infanticide and his parricide, the savage is simply consistent, while the Chinaman shows his real character in the former, and is deterred from the latter only by a hoary superstition, by what I will venture to call his patrolatry. There will be occasion further on, in making note of other similitudes, to show how the untutored savage is always greatly and thoroughly consistent, while the Chinese, — the fruit of forty centuries of the most hollow-hearted, glozing, and hypocritical civilization that ever existed, — from the top of his head, to the dust beneath his feet, is a most chameleon-spotted contradiction.

But, barring this outrageous inhumanity to the aged while living, the savage shows a notable resemblance to the celestial, in the reverence with which he cherishes the memory of the dead. Among the Cahrocs the *petch-idrey*, the simple mention of a deceased father's name, is a deadly insult, which, though it may be compounded for with money, like all other crimes, is ranked with willful murder, and in default of the demanded blood-money, it can be atoned for only with death. Substantially the same is true of many other tribes. When I asked Tacho-colly, tatterdemalion chief of the Ta-ah-téns, to give me the words for "father," etc., he shook his head mournfully and said, "All dead, all dead; no good." The poor savage could not distinguish between the proper names of those relatives and the abstract words; and the utter sadness of his tones was most touching. So among the Wintoons, the name of a dead person may not even be spoken in a whisper. Let a merry circle of talkers be pattering glibly the gossip of the *campooly*, speaking gayly of their friends and their doings, and let some one in the circle, with bated breath and the very soul of horror in his eyes, suddenly whisper that dread-

ful word *keldicheda* ("It is a dead person!"), and straightway the whole assembly becomes silent, hushed, and awe-struck, as if they had heard a voice dropping out of heaven. The tribes that bury the dead generally bury them close beside their lodges, where they watch and tend them with faithful vigilance, and more than once I have been silently but strenuously beckoned away from even looking at the graves. They refrain from mentioning the names of the dead, as they have often explained to me, that they may rest peacefully in the grave.

In the gentle, harmless, sociable quality of their daily moods, the California Indians are like the Chinese again. But in their capacity for religious frenzy, they rather resemble the African races, and in their wonderful endurance of penitential fastings on certain occasions, and of self-lacerations and other mortifications of the flesh, they are rather the counterpart of the Hindoo, for the Chinese are impatient of these things. Being savages, they have the savage virtue of hospitality developed to a degree of wastelessness, which the Chinamen have not. For the same reason, they are more truthful and honorable in their dealings, than a nation who are obliged to truckle hourly to infamous officials. They are deplorably alike in their thievishness; and above all things else do they resemble each other in that sly, secretive, close-mouthed quality, which, on the one hand, will make a stabbed Chinese swear to his last breath that he committed suicide, and on the other, makes the California Indian the hardest of all savages to learn about. Lastly, they are both grossly licentious, in both sexes. The Chinese classical literature is said to be pure, compared with that of Greece and Rome; but among the common people, as among the Indians, there are songs and expressions in constant use which are unspeakably vile.

At this stage, let me assume for convenience what will be approximately proved further on, namely, that the Gallinoméro tribe, living in the vicini-

ty of Healdsburg on the lower reaches of Russian River, are the connecting link between California and China; and that their habitat marks the probable site of the earliest Chinese colony in America. Furthermore, that this coast was peopled by two migrations: one, of Tungusic tribes coming by Behring's Straits, or at least by a passage much to the north of California; and the other, of the Chinese, coming probably from about Canton across the Pacific; and that the dividing line between these two independent migrations is discernible to this day about on the meridian of Mount Shasta and the Klamath River. This for the sake of comparing the Indians north and south of this assumed line.

1. Probably the most important of the differences is that, north of this line and on the Klamath, the languages are conspicuously harsh, guttural, and abounding in such hard, consonantal combinations as *ks*, *tsk*, *ps*, *sk*, etc., as seen in the following words in the Yreka and Modoc languages: *Ksup*, *tsesup*, *skahgiss*, *niswatska*, *snawatska* (five, father, mine, man, woman). Also these from the Euroc on the lower Klamath: *mepche*, *meluthl*, *metska*, *corr-ke-cork* (tongue, head, foot, ten). On the contrary, south of this line, the languages are harmonious and musical, like the Chinese, and indeed, as will be demonstrated further on, some of them seem to sacrifice nearly all syntax to the demands of euphony. As you cross the Mount Shasta watershed and begin to descend the Sacramento, or as you come below the Klamath west of the Coast Range, the transition is very abrupt, much more abrupt than can be explained by the very gradual softening in the climate. I know nothing of the Tungusic languages from actual study, and only presume to compare with them the vocables of these seven tribes in extreme Northern California, on account of the resemblance of many of them to the geographical names around Lake Baikal in Irkutsk, and in Kamtchatka.

2. The deep, circular cellar (not a cellar proper, but part of the dwelling),

which is found in the lodges north of Mount Shasta and on the Klamath, indicates a long residence of the makers' ancestors in a rigorous climate, and agrees with the known habits of the North Asian tribes to-day. But directly you come south of the line above mentioned, this subterranean feature ceases abruptly, the wigwam being built on the surface, with only a hollow scooped out sufficiently to bank out the rain in a storm. This change, too, is quite too sudden to be explained by the greater warmth of the climate. On the Klamath and north of it, the sweat-house, or sudatory, is wholly underground, but south of it everywhere, it is wholly above, though covered with a layer of earth.

3. Among the Indians north of Mount Shasta, including seven tribes within California, a great majority of the powwows, or physicians, are women, and the sex has influence accordingly; but south they are almost totally excluded from the medical profession, and are in other regards treated more in accordance with Chinese notions.

4. These seven tribes north of the line, and more especially the Oregon Indians, are notably fond of horses; while the typical California Indian, like the Chinaman, basely kills the noble beast and consumes the flesh, and displays no liking for horsemanship until you go far enough south to find a touch of Spanish blood in his veins, and the long influence of Spanish teaching and example. In other words, these few northern tribes, though now settled and tranquil, show their North Asian, semi-nomadic origin, while the California Indian's ancestors appear to have been peaceful, domestic, and plodding.

5. In leaving the Yrekas, Cahrocs, etc., and crossing over the Mount Shasta divide, among the Wintoons of Sacramento Valley, you transfer yourself suddenly from a people of wit and valor to one of cowardice. These few northern tribes, together with the Oregon Indians, are as superior to the representative California Indians as are the Manchoos and the fierce and cruel hordes of Gengis-Khan to the Chinese.

A general comparison having already been made between the Chinese and the California aboriginals, it remains now to note some points of special resemblance. First, I will describe a great anniversary observed by the Concow tribe, whose habitat extends between Chico and Marysville. It is called the Dance for the Dead, and corresponds somewhat to the All-Souls' Day of the Catholics. I know not if the tribe regulate the precise day by any savage ephemeris, but it always occurs toward the last of August, beginning in the evening and lasting until daybreak. They bring together a great quantity of clothing, food, beads, bows and arrows, baskets, and whatsoever other things they believe the dead require in another world, and hang them on espaliers planted in the ground in a semicircle around a fire. On the opposite side, or hard by, are the graves. Habited in their usual garments, — if anything more sordid than common, — they seat themselves on the graves, men and squaws together, as the twilight closes in around them, and begin a mournful wailing, crying, and ululation for the dead. After a time they arise and form a circle around the fire, between it and the semicircle of poles, and commence a solemn dance, accompanied by that hoarse, deathly rattle of the Indian shout, which sounds so eldritch and so terrible to the civilized ear. Heavily the dancing and the singing go on from hour to hour, and now and then a pound or two of provisions, a string of beads, or some small article is taken down from the espaliers and cast into the flames. All through the black and sultry night the funereal dance goes on without cessation; wilder and more frantic grows the chanting, swifter becomes the motion of the dancers, and faster and faster the sacrificial offerings to the dead are hurled upon the blazing heap. The savage transports wax amain. With frenzied yells and whoops they leap in the flickering shadows like demons — a weird, awful, and lurid spectacle. Now some squaw, if not restrained, would fling herself headlong into the burning mass. Another one

will lie down and calmly sleep amid the extraordinary commotion for two hours, then arise and join more wildly than before in the frightful orgies. But still the espaliers are not half emptied, and as the morning stars grow dim, and daybreak is close at hand, with one frantic rush, yelling, they tear down the residue of the clothing and whirl it into the flames, lest daylight should arrive before the ghosts' year-long hunger is satisfied.

Two trustworthy Americans who witnessed this ceremony in the August of 1871, on Round Valley Reservation, gave me, as their careful estimate, that the Indians destroyed \$2000 worth of property. One of them, to test their earnestness, offered an Indian \$60 for a pair of blankets he was about to cast into the flames; but the frenzied savage, otherwise so avaricious, hurled him aside with a yell of execration, and dashed the blankets into the fire.

I now subjoin the following description of a Chinese observance:¹ "There is another festival in August, connected with this, called *shau i*, or 'burning clothes,' at which pieces of paper folded in the form of jackets, trousers, gowns, and other garments, are burned for the use of the suffering ghosts, besides a large quantity of paper money. Paper houses with proper furniture, and puppets to represent household servants, are likewise made; and Medhurst adds 'that writings are drawn up and signed in the presence of witnesses, to certify the conveyance of the property, stipulating that, on its arrival in *hades*, it shall be duly made over to the individuals specified in the bond; the houses, servants, clothes, money, and all, are then burned with the bond, the worshipers feeling confident that their friends obtain the benefit of what they have sent them.' " The Indian in his savagery has kept the old honesty of his soul, and the fullness of the sacrifice as it was when he left China long ages by-gone, burning to the dead the best of his best; but the pettifogging and perfidious Chinaman, grown civil-

ized enough to perceive the folly of the matter, yet not daring to abandon it, thinks to delude the gods, and the spirits of his ancestors, by burning to them paper clothing and paper money. Sir John Davis very well calls this a "wise economy."

The name of the *Concows* also demands attention. I do not know the meaning of the first syllable, but *cow* or *chow* prevails among several tribes in this vicinity, and is found in the geography in *Hetten Chow* (miscalled by the whites *Ketten Chow*), in which it signifies "place." Now, the proper Chinese name of Canton is *Kwang Chow*, which is interpreted "wide city." But *chow* means properly a division of the empire which Williams renders by "district," though in the early history of the language it probably meant simply "region," or "place." From these facts, and from the remarkable coincidences above described, I am led to believe that we have in "Concow" a lineal descendant of "Kwang Chow," and in the tribe the posterity of the ancient Cantonese.

The *Concows* are not alone in feeding the spirits of the departed. Both the *Yokias* and the *Sanels* go every day, for a year, to some place hallowed by the memory of the dead, and there sprinkle pinole on the ground. The *Sanel* mother repairs daily to the spot where her infant was burned, weeping, and scatters the pinole while she leaps or dances to a wild, weird measure that means nothing:—

"Hel-lel-leely,
Hel-lel-lo,
Hel-lel-loo."

So, when a *Yokia* mother has lost her babe, she visits daily some place where her little one played, and with sad and piteous wailing and vain calling upon it to return, milks her breasts into the air.

But there is another feature of this Dance for the Dead which the *Concows* use that is still more remarkable. Though occurring in August, it marks their New Year, and is therefore seized upon as a proper time for settling their accounts, wiping out all old debts, and making a clean ledger for the coming

¹ Williams, *op. cit.* ii. p. 275.

year. So, amid all these frenzied orgies and ululations about the fire, while the air is filled with the stench of burning and fizzing woolens, those Indians who are not presently engaged in the dance may be seen squatted all about the fire in twos, busily computing and reckoning their scores, tying and untying their rosaries, counting off beads, etc. On this eventful night, too, are made the marriage contracts for the year. These things I state on the authority of Messrs. P. G. Tuttle and F. A. Gibson, the latter being chief clerk of the reservation.

The white fillet worn by the Chinese in mourning is preserved by the Yokias in the following singular manner: They first cut the hair off close to the head, then mingle the ashes of the burned body with pitch, making a white tar or unguent, with which they smear a band about two inches wide all around the edge of the head, so that at a distance it resembles a white chaplet.

Cremation is by no means universal among the Indians, neither is interment in China, as is shown by the sections of the Book of Rites forbidding incineration. Cremation seems to be largely influenced by the variations of California climate. Thus, in the hot western foothills of the Sierra Nevada it extends as far north as Lower Klamath Lake (lat. 42°), while in the cooler Coast Range it reaches only to the sources of Russian River (39° 30') though it extends down the warm valley of Eel River nearly to the foot of Humboldt Bay (40° 30'). In those regions where a mixed practice prevails it is a general rule, though not without exceptions, that the mountain tribes bury and the valley tribes burn. But the most significant fact of all is observed in the practice of those, not Romanized, who yet have been persuaded by the whites to abandon cremation. Thus, for instance, the Rios (so called by the Spaniards), living at the mouth of Russian River, in quitting their ancient custom, recurred, not to the American usage, *but to the Chinese*. That is, instead of laying the body horizontally in the grave, they place it in the posture it

would occupy when sitting in a chair, with the head pointing upward, and this is substantially the usage of nearly all the tribes who practiced burial from the first. In the southern provinces of China the grave is generally made in the shape of the Greek letter Ω ; the Indians usually dig it round. In the province of Fuhkien in South China (from which part the ancestors of the Indians appear to have come), a piece of silver is placed in the mouth of the corpse. Not long ago, on the occasion of the death of a rich Sanèl chief, two gold coins were put in his mouth, as he lay on the funeral pyre (this is given on the testimony of a worthy farmer, Mr. Willard, who witnessed it), and other smaller coins were placed in his ears, in his hands, on his breast, etc., which, together with the other property burned, were estimated at \$500 value. The California Indians are worthy of their State in one regard at least; they are no niggards. And it is this extraordinary regard for the dead, coupled with their indifference and even cruelty to the living, which stamps them so strongly as of Chinese origin.

Other proofs, such as the almost universal belief in a Happy Western Land beyond the sea, awaiting the good, and transmigration of souls or even annihilation (some of the Concows have this notion) in reserve for the wicked; their strong yearning to be burned or buried each in his native valley; the practice followed by some tribes of beheading the slain instead of scalping them; their pantheism, or rather, what may be called their pandemonism; the frequent convertibility of the words for "God" and "heaven"—all of which point towards China—must be passed over with a bare mention, in order that space may be left for the last and greatest evidence of all, that of grammar and language.

With a Chinese vocabulary of about two thousand words on my knee, and an intelligent Indian before me, I would cause him to speak in his own tongue while I noted the Chinese analogues. Groping about over the

State with this magnet in my hand, I touched the languages with it here and there, to see if it betrayed any attractions. Now and then a Chinese word appeared, but they were not numerous. After many weeks, coming over from Eel River to Russian River, among a different family of tribes, I saw the number was increasing.

As above premised, it is the Gallinoméro language, which prevails along Russian River for about fifteen miles below Healdsburg, that seems to be the connecting link between California and China. My teachers in this tongue were the chiefs Ventura, Andres, and Pintino, of whom the two former spoke Spanish, and the latter English and Spanish. One rule of grammar after another and one word after another came to sight, bearing a marked resemblance to the Chinese. After getting some preliminary insight into the language, I devoted several days to a more careful study of Summers' Grammar, then prepared a new list of words and phrases, and returning, found that the unwitting savages sometimes almost spoke in Chinese.

First, I append a table of numerals, in the Mandarin dialect of the Chinese and the Gallinoméro respectively :—

	Chinese.	Gallinoméro.
One,	yih,	chah.
Two,	ar,	aco.
Three,	san,	mesibbo.
Four,	se,	metah.
Five,	wu,	tooshuh.
Six,	luh,	lancha.
Seven,	tsih,	latco.
Eight,	pah,	cométah.
Nine,	kiu,	chaheo.
Ten,	shih,	chasúto.

It is unjust to judge the words as they stand in this category, without any reference to the changes they may have suffered during the uncomputed period of their separation. Let us take the word *mesibbo*, for instance, and examine it a little. In the first place, the syllable *me* is only a dialectic prefix, for the Pomo for "three" is *sibbo*. Second "b" is convertible with "m," as we

see in the formation of the pronominal adjective *wébakey* from the pronoun *wemo*. Third, *san* in the Mandarin dialect becomes *sam* in the Canton dialect, as seen in the well-known word for "whisky" (*samsboo*, thrice fired). Hence we have, finally, the two words *sam* and *sinmo*, which are less unlike than they at first appeared. It is quite as probable that the latter is derived from the former as that "eight" is from *ashtan*. By a similar process the two words for "four" become *se* and *sa*. In the Canton dialect "one" is *yat*, and "ten" is *shap*, which bear a closer resemblance to the Indian words than do the Mandarin. If we possessed all the dialectic changes and historic facts, as we have those intervening between Sanskrit and English, we might be able to prove these two sets of numerals almost identical, though not quite, for, as the reader will notice, the Indian has no single word for "eight," but uses "twice four" instead.

I have before me a list of thirty-six words, not including the numerals, in all of which the resemblance to the Chinese is marked, and in some approaches so near to identity that I fear I shall seem to prove too much. This is not the proper place where to give the entire list, and a few examples must suffice. Thus, do or make, Chinese, *tsó*; Indian *tseena*. Fire, *ho*, *oho*. Dog, *kinen*, *hiyu*. Log, *mu-teu*, *moosu*. Outside, *wai-teu*, *wayto*. Day, *jih*, *majih*. There, *na-le*, *male*. Say, *hwa*, *kwa*. Strength, *che-lih*, *cha*, etc. The Chinese locative adverbs, as "here," etc., all end in the syllable *le*; so do the Indian. The Indian for "this" and "that" is the same: namely, *mamo*; the Chinese for "that" is *na*. Here is manifestly the same radical, but the syllable *mo* is retained in the Indian, while it has been dropped in Chinese, except in the words for "thus" and "what," that is, *che-mo* and *shin-mo*. There is another Chinese root for "that," namely, *ki* or *ku* (now obsolete except in the book language), which has an unmistakable parallel in the Indian *ka*, also now no longer used except in composite or ag-

glutinated words, as *ámeka* (*amaka*), "Is that you?" (the common form of Indian salutation). But perhaps the most remarkable parallelism is found in the mode of forming the reflexive pronouns ending in "self." The Chinese adds the syllable *ke*, and the Gallinoméro *key*, which are pronounced very nearly alike. Thus, *wo* and *ah* are the respective words for "I," and from the first the Chinese forms *wo-ke*, "myself," and the Indian *chackey*. In the oblique cases the identity of these pronominal roots becomes manifest, as *wo-ki-tih*, "of myself," for which the corresponding Indian is *owkey*, the two letters of the root being simply reversed. This word *owkey* also denotes "mine," while the Chinese is *wo-tih*. The identity of the other pronouns is also easily shown. The Chinese for "you" is *ne*; the Indian is *ama*; in the accusative, *meto*. So also *ta*; Indian, *hamo* or *wemo*, "he." The Indian has retained the syllable *mo*, above mentioned, which the Chinese has dropped from all words of this class except two.

A few illustrations will make good the assertion that the Gallinoméro to-day utters now and then a short sentence which the Emperor Tung Chi could almost understand. He says of his arrow, *tseena owkey*, "I make it for myself;" the Chinese is, *tso tih-wo-ke*. The Indian says, *male bata moosu*, "There is a large log;" the Chinaman, *na-le ta mu-teu*. The Indian, *mamo hiyu owkey*, "That dog is mine;" the Chinaman, *na kinen wo-tih*. The Indian, *meto chadúna benta*, "I will see you to-day;" the Chinaman, *ne chausiün kin-tien*, etc. A close study of the Indian reveals Chinese analogues where they did not appear to exist. Thus, the Chinese for "great" is *ta*, while the Indian is *bata*; but in agglutinated words the true radical appears, as *atata* (*ata ta*), "great house," which is the Indian for "people" or "clan," the Gallinoméros being patriarchal in their social organization.

After all the verbal resemblances and analogies have been taken note of, there

still remains the more important evidence of grammatical structure. This part of my article must necessarily be very much abridged.

Nouns. The languages are alike in that there are no endings to denote either gender, number, or case. They are dissimilar in that every substantive in Indian has an independent meaning; but there is another California language, the Concow, which bears a very interesting resemblance to the Chinese in its dual system of nouns. I am not acquainted with it, but am told by a gentleman who understands it, that there are many words, as in Chinese, which are unintelligible when spoken alone, even to a Concow, and acquire significance only by being spoken in couples.

Verbs. As in Chinese, there are no irregular forms; no endings to denote mood, voice, number, or person (except in the imperative, which has three persons); and the tenses are indicated by the agglutination of another verb to the radical. There are only two oblique tenses, the imperfect and future, which are denoted by forms equivalent to the following expressions, "lovedo," imperfect, and "lovewant," future. The simple verb may mean either "to love," "loving," "love," or "lovely." The adverb "not" is interpolated into the verb, as if we should write "transnotgress."

Pronouns. There is a trace of the Chinese usage which requires a different form of the pronoun to be used, according to the social rank of the person addressed. The honorary syllable *me* or *jin* is prefixed to the name of everything or everybody belonging to the chief, and sometimes a different and longer word is used in his honor. The multitude of the pronominal forms also seems to be a relic of the same custom. The Indian uses expressions equivalent to all these: "Ihand," "my hand," "me-hand," and "myhand." He also has this form, "(I) strikeyou," and this, "(I) you love." A relative or participial clause is formed by agglutination, as in Chinese; thus, "manhousein," for "the man who is in the house."

Adjectives. All adjectives are really substantives. Thus, "good," "goodness," "well," "very," are all denoted by the same word. Comparison is made by means of particles.

Prepositions. As in Chinese, the preposition is incorporated into the verb, so that the same word, for instance, signifies "in" and "to be in." In adverbs proper this barbaric language is really richer than the Chinese. Of conjunctions there are none whatever.

The two cardinal principles which govern the Gallinoméro in constructing sentences are euphony and brevity. After no little diligent study of the language, I can discover no fixed order of words whatever which the savage will not at any time violate, if necessary, to construct a mellifluous and harmonic sentence. Sound rules as absolutely in the language as in Chinese, but in a different manner; in Chinese sound gives the meaning, in this language it gives the syntax. But there is another feature in which they agree more closely, and that is, in their love of dualism or parallelism. For instance, the chief will say to his tribe, "If we wish to build a wigwam, we must work. If we wish to build a wigwam, we must all work. If we wish to build a wigwam, we must work hard," etc.

What, then, are the final conclusions from the whole survey? Of fifteen or sixteen vocabularies and sets of numerals which I have taken down, that of the Gallinoméros approaches closest to the Chinese; and the resemblance shades away from valley to valley, from dialect to dialect, as you penetrate the State southward, eastward, or northward; and ceases abruptly near Mount Shasta, as you enter among those tribes which I have very imperfectly sought to prove

are the result of another and more northerly migration. Assuming a point on the lower Russian River, say Healdsburg, as the focus or seat of the original Chinese colony, we find the etymological lines radiating over the State in every direction, and the Chinese analogues constantly growing fewer as one goes outward. Let a few examples suffice. In the Canton dialect "one" is *yat*; at Healdsburg, *chah*; on upper Eel River, *elyhy*; in the extreme north of California, *chlah*. In Chinese "dog" is *kinen*; at Healdsburg, *higu*; at Red Bluff, *chumeh*; on the lower Klamath, *meo kumuh*; at Marysville, *shumeh*; on the upper Trinity, *shetel*, where it has almost lost its identity. The Chinese for "log" is *mu-teu*; at Healdsburg, *moosu*, in Potter Valley, *mahsoo*, etc. But the pronouns, which are perhaps more unchangeable than any other words, are so nearly alike in the various dialects of the State as to prove a common Turanian origin. Thus, Chinese for "you" is *ne*; at Healdsburg, *ama*; elsewhere, *me, mai, na, no, nine, nick*, etc.

As a final general proposition, therefore, which it does not seem too bold to deduce from the premises, etymological and other, above recited, we may set down Healdsburg as the approximate site of a Chinese colony planted in the far past, voluntarily or involuntarily, which spread into the interior, south, east, and north, meeting an earlier Tungusic migration near Mount Shasta, that is, on the southernmost of the great watersheds between the Columbia and the Sacramento. This would make the California Indians proper, and possibly also the Arizonian and Mexican Aztecs, of Chinese origin; and the Indians of Oregon, the Plains, and the Atlantic States, Tungusic.

Stephen Powers.

MOSE EVANS.

PART II.

I.

I WAS very busy in my land matters, here and there over Brown County, for some weeks after Mr. Robinson had told me of the disaster to Mose Evans from the unconscious hands — I should rather say eyes — of Miss Agnes Throop. I cannot recall how long it was after said conversation that I heard, as I rode into Brownstown one foggy day, of the disaster, in a more terrible sense, to the mother of Mose Evans. It was Dr. Alexis Jones who told me of it, nearly running me down as I floundered along through the mud, his “bright bay” in a foam under him, a portentous case of surgical instruments upon the pommel of his saddle. He told me the news without drawing rein, and Dick Frazier informed me afterwards that the doctor was only withheld by a good deal of profanity and physical force on the part of Frazier himself and others, from fleshing his maiden steel upon the dead woman by carving her to fragments in the interests of medical science!

“Mrs. Evans is dead! — yes, sir, — as a hammer!” Dr. Alexis Jones said it, as he joined me, with the keen satisfaction which we all have in telling news, bad as well as good; and as if, in some way, his personal importance was augmented thereby. “Broke a blood-vessel in a dispute with Odd Archer!” he explained. “It was about those cattle of hers he insisted were only strayed, and she knew had been run off by Dob Butler, that rascally client of his. What business had he to be on her place talking about it? The court room was the only place for any talk about that, with judge and sheriff to keep the peace. Primed himself, you bet, with some of Dick Frazier’s strychnine whisky before he went. You see, her son, Mose Evans, has gone down to the ‘Port’ with a load of cotton.

Odd Archer knew that, before he went to the house. But you must excuse me; *post mortem*, you see; glad of the chance!” And, with a cut of his whip, Dr. Jones added as he galloped off, “Nobody will ever know the facts. The coroner examined Archer, of course. Mere form; they did n’t pretend to believe the man even under oath. A gentlemanly fellow; but who would?”

From all I could learn, in the excitement that followed the painful event, Mrs. Evans flew into a violent passion during her conversation with Archer about the cattle, burst a blood-vessel in the torrent of her wrath, fell at his feet, the blood gushing from her lips upon the well-scrubbed floor, and died! The lawyer rushed for his horse, sending into the house an old negro man who was chopping at the woodpile, no woman being about the place, and put spurs for his — rifle! Not a moment of peace until he has that in his grasp, armed with two revolvers as he already was. Because, having caused the death of the mother, it is of the most pressing importance that he should kill, and at the earliest moment possible, the son also. The entire question, To be or not to be, was with him, To shoot or to be shot. Brown County would very cheerfully have cast an unanimous vote for the last alternative in this case. Odd Archer himself preferred the other, strange as it seemed for even the owner thereof to care for so miserable a life!

With the whole population, Archer included, my interest was henceforth in Mose Evans! Under the circumstances it was impossible to put off the funeral until the arrival of the son, and, Mr. Parkinson officiating, in those indefinite statements to which clergymen are compelled in many a like case, the burial service was duly performed. It was almost enough to cause Mrs.

Evans to rise in wrath from her coffin,—the confusion throughout her house, the very abode, during her life, of neatness and housewifely care. All the region round about, male and female, children and grown persons, flocked in to the funeral, bringing upon their feet specimens of all the varieties of mud throughout the county. They pressed to the coffin as if to the side of a panther, if I may so express the actual fact,—a panther long famous but killed at last. And this was the long secluded and dread mother of Mose Evans, he as universally liked as she was feared! No trace, however, of the wild animal—universal disappointment in that—in the face of the dead! A sudden return in the calm visage to something, even, of the girlish beauty, I suppose, which had won the heart of her husband from his books so many years before. Under the reading of the Scriptures and the generalities of Mr. Parkinson, there fell strange calm upon the crowd. Old New Hampshire led the singing with wonderful success, in virtue of the voices of the many negroes crowding porch and front yard.

We escorted the hearse, an ambulance of Dick Frazier's, stolen, we all knew, from Confederate supplies, to the cemetery in the outskirts of Brownstown; and, with the benediction over the heaped grave, the mind of every person of the crowd dispersing homeward ran into the same demand, "Mose Evans?" The men present would have consented to the hunting up and lynching of Odd Archer, Esq., with the greatest pleasure, if merely for the excitement's sake. But something more than the unpopularity of the deceased prevented that. Somehow, there was a unanimous conviction that the absent son would be anything but gratified thereby. The absent son! I doubt if a person at the grave failed, as he stood there, to say to himself, "Just room between her grave and that live-oak for Mose." I knew the man *had* to be shot as well as any there! I had been quartermaster, compulsory, in the Confederate service during the war, in a certain

city and, while there, had learned a lesson in human nature worth interrupting my narrative for a moment to repeat. A lady in said city was, or imagined herself to be, insulted by a Mr. Jackson. As soon as her letter detailing the fact arrived, and her husband could get leave of absence from building torpedoes at Savannah, he hurried home and shot his foe. Hastening rapidly across the city to the office of the dead man's only son, who had never even heard of the insult, he shot him also. It is true one of the flying bullets passed through the head, by accident, of a youth of fourteen, the only support of a widowed mother, who happened to be passing. "But then one *has* to be in a hurry at times," Mr. Archer, to whom I narrated the circumstance one day, explained. "When you and the other gentleman are both armed," he continued, "if you have a little difficulty, you are compelled to shoot at the earliest moment, because you know if you don't, he may; best to anticipate him, you observe; procrastination is the thief of time, and something over, in such a case! If you kill your man, of course you must kill his next relative; if you do not, you run the same risk from him; a fool could see that! We may kill a man or so, occasionally," Mr. Archer added, "but, thank Heaven, we do not lie and cheat and steal and poison people as is done elsewhere!" an emphasis upon the last word making his meaning sufficiently clear.

Mr. Archer would have admitted, however, that I had shown Yankee energy, at least, in my conduct following upon the death of Mrs. Evans. Leaving Brown County in going home from the funeral, I had ridden fifty miles down the river by daybreak of the morning after, to meet and warn Mose Evans on his way home. The truth is, I had come by this time to take an interest in the man, certainly far greater than in any other person native to that region. It was not merely our being thrown together upon matters concerning General Throop's new home, as well as land affairs generally. There

was a something in him I find it impossible fully to express by the phrases sincerity, frankness, genuine manliness. I had been used all my life before to people who felt themselves very thoroughly informed in regard to all things in heaven and earth, people who had read books, heard lectures, seen sights; people who, young and old, male and female, were like so many venerable Solomons, aged queens of Sheba, knowing everything, and impervious to surprise. I suppose it was the zest of this ignorant man for information, the freshness of his pleasure in all I told him of the outside world, as new to him, almost, and as wonderful, as if I was on a visit to him from the sun. But you can find inquisitive ignorance in Africa; it was the original ore of the race in Evans, something of the virgin gold of human nature in eye and tone and smile! I do not know wherein it lay, but General Throop, in his heavier way, was as much interested in him as myself.

And so I went to meet and warn him against Odd Archer, any letter or telegrams being out of the question. It was the noon after the funeral, on Friday, I remember, when I met my friend. He was on his way home from the Port, the money for his cotton in his belt. Just as I arrived he was finishing his dinner on the grass beneath a tree by the road-side, his horse grazing, roped to a swinging vine near by. I had planned, as I floundered along the miry road, what I would say. My well-arranged words were, as is always the case, never once thought of when we met. He rose to meet me, and had the whole story inside of five minutes. As I spoke, he stood listening to me, his full eyes in mine, erect as a statue, passing the palm of his left hand from his lips down his beard continually while I spoke. Singular contrast of my eager narrative to his quiet attention! I ceased my earnest admonitions as to the need of caution upon his part,—ceased, because they seemed childish before his grave composure. Beyond the first exclamation at meeting, I do

not recall his saying a syllable. As I finished, he mechanically drew first one and then the other revolver from its sheath by his side, saw that all the caps were in place, and then put them quietly back, and proceeded to coil in the lariat of his horse, untying it from the vine and hanging the coil by its thong behind the saddle. "Thank you, Mr. Anderson. If you will please ride on a little I will join you after a while," was all he said as he mounted. I confess I was almost angry, after all my most fatiguing ride, too! It was noon when we thus parted, and the night was almost upon me, riding slowly along in advance, before he joined me. I wish I knew whether the man had been weeping! I studied his face as closely as the gathering darkness allowed; there was deep sorrow, the simple bearing of a child in grief, but so little to say, beyond thanking me again for coming! He even asked me one or two questions about General Throop and our land matters. I mentioned casually that Mrs. Throop had been prevented from attending the funeral, but that General Throop and his daughter had been present. The fact is, to General Throop Mrs. Evans had always been "woman." With myself, as with Brown County, the phrase would have been wild cat, rather! We rode together, now side by side, then one in advance of the other, as the emergencies of the miserable highway allowed, through mud and darkness, and almost unbroken silence at last, until ten o'clock, when we reached the wretched roadside cabin in which we passed the night.

I remember eating ravenously of the pork and corn bread and "big hominy," which, with black coffee, formed our supper that night. In spite of my remonstrance my companion rolled himself up, as soon as supper was ended, in his huge Mexican blanket, and lay down upon the puncheon floor before the wide fireplace, his broad felt hat over his face. I did not hear him make the least motion through the night, and would be glad this hour to know if he really slept during that disusual time. As

to myself I was so worn out, that, in spite of pork and coffee, I slept like the dead, — slept, although, by some hurry in the making of the bed, the corn-cobs as well as shucks had been left therein!

"Archer is a gentleman," I said to Evans as we rode along next day, "and he will not fire upon you from ambush. If I was you" — "I think I know exactly what he will do, Mr. Anderson. Excuse my talking so little. I am by myself in the woods so much. I thank you for coming. Heartily. I don't know, but I hope it has saved the man's life. We will see now, any moment."

About four o'clock in the afternoon, our road running beside the very edge of the river, my companion broke the silence as we journeyed along, by drawing up his horse and saying with less excitement than when he had called my duller attention once or twice before to a deer in the woods, —

"Yes, sir. There he is!" dismounting as he said so. I was dreadfully excited, yet nothing could be more chivalrous upon the lawyer's part, for it *was* the lawyer. He had tied his horse to one side and stood in the centre of the road, rifle in hand. I suppose he had taken for granted that his adversary, duly warned, would have had a rifle. To my surprise, as soon as the man saw Mose Evans advancing upon him without one, he deliberately stooped to lay his carefully down upon a dry tuft of grass beside the way, and then stepped back into the open road, a revolver in either hand, a long knife held by its blade in his teeth. As General Philip Sheridan once told me of one of his battles, "It was beautiful!"

I caught my friend's horse by the bridle, thinking, a little nervously, of Helen and of coming bullets. The parties advanced slowly upon each other, during the whole affair neither saying a single word. When within sixty feet of Evans, Archer raised his revolver and began firing. I heartily wish it was more theatrical, but I can only add that it was all over, ignominiously over, in much less than the proverbial fifteen minutes of the battle of San Jacinto.

Mose Evans had not touched his own weapons. At the first report of the lawyer's revolver, he sprang forward! It was as if he was upon his enemy at one bound. Although it ruins what little romance there is in the matter, I believe Evans relied, unconsciously to himself, upon the unsteadiness of Archer's nerves, owing to his habits, in the aim he would take. In the instant he had seized his puny assailant by arm and leg, and hurled him into the river! I laughed aloud like an hysterical woman, — the man flying through the air, the splash in the water, was an ending so sudden; such bathos!

"He won't want to see me. You help him out," my friend said as he remounted. "Tell him the thing's over. He never *meant* her death, you know. Good afternoon."

Even then, it flashed upon me as Mose Evans rode leisurely away, and I said to myself, I suppose the self-mastery of this child of nature is what he has been learning his life long. In the woods? In his singular home, rather. From his father's long endurance. From witnessing, all his life, his mother's lack of self-control. How Homer would have loved and sung him! Leaving my horse untied, I ran to fish the lawyer out, and a dripping, bewildered, bemuddled wretch he was as he emerged, by my assistance!

I do not understand human nature half as well as I thought I did. I had counted upon his being utterly crest-fallen. Not in the slightest! Before he could get water and mire off his face he was laughing and talking as if intoxicated. Possibly he was. Then there was the reaction. Besides, he knew that the circumstances of the case would be known by all Brown County in two days, and that such knowledge would restore him to the good opinion thereof. "Laugh at me?" he asked and answered in a breath; "of course they will! It will get into the papers and be the joke of the State. Do you suppose I care? Not a red! No, sir. Why, sir, the thing will help elect me next time I run for office. Nothing

makes people like a candidate better, yes, and vote for him sooner, than having a good joke upon him!"

II.

"When I hate a man, he always sickens and dies," my disreputable companion added in irrelevant but unceasing continuation of previous remarks, as we rode into the outskirts of Brownstown. "What I mean," he explained, "is that I am particularly cared for; like Napoleon, I have a star. We had to enter town in our deplorable plight, and were fortunate in not reaching it until dark!"

We certainly would have been a sight to see, bemuddled, as we were, from head to foot, and far beyond the ordinary allowance even of that section. I hated it as the worst part of the adventure, having to pass the night with him; but there was no alternative, and so I dismounted with my associate at the door of the tumble-down house on the edge of the town, which the man called his home, and which he invited me to enter with the well-bred courtesy of a host to his guest, — a courtesy which had, absurd as it may seem, its charm. I did not see him drink anything worse than black coffee while we were there together. And, after eating supper, such as it was, we sat the night through, drying our clothes without taking them off, at the fire which he had hastily made in the desolate fireplace. I dare say it was merely the animal spirits of the man, the most amazing, I believe, I ever knew in any one, Harry Peters excepted; certainly he kept the same afire with the fuel of alcohol, — inferior to Harry Peters, his conversational rival, in that. Under the stimulus that night, possibly, of nothing stronger than escape from his "difficulty" with Mose Evans, his tongue ran like that of one insane. I was glad to sit and listen, if merely to escape getting with him into his one bed.

Yes, all night did we sit there, and you must allow my companion here the

same liberty I was compelled to yield him then and there. The fact is, he realized to me much that I had read of Aaron Burr. I wish you could see the man while you hear him. Slight in build, like his father, the eloquent divine; not without a sinewy grace of carriage and motion; with finely cut features and noble forehead, small but wonderful eyes; a fallen angel, worshiped and very heartily despised by all Brown County. One night some weeks before, General Theodore Throop and myself, seated unknown to him in an adjoining room in Dick Frazier's hotel, listened to his conversation for hours, as, drunk enough for it, he entertained a bar-room of loungers. Wit, wisdom, folly, filth, poetry by the page, deep metaphysics, anecdotes, pathos, bathos — it was wonderful! Suddenly the General and myself entered the room; the instant shame of the man, the intuitive gesture with which he consigned his companions to the mire beneath his heel, was equally amazing. The greasiness of his shabby suit of black pervaded his entire person; a perfect blackguard, a perfect gentleman! What perplexed me most was that a man with such memories could be so steadily and perfectly happy!

He spoke of his late antagonist at last, as we sat drying ourselves at the fire.

"Mr. Anderson, look here," ran his torrent of talk; "Mose Evans is certainly a splendid-looking chap, as far as that goes. I do not remember his ever being before the grand jury for stealing, gambling, or anything of the sort; although I do remember his serving both upon grand and petit jury, if only from the fact that he has so invariably found against me in my cases, and in one or two instances more personal. I always challenge him, sir, when offered. His mother was a violent person. The entire country side had looked for it for years when she broke a blood-vessel in that dispute with me about those strayed cattle. I learned, last night, before the boys took him out and hung him for those horses, that Dob Butler *did* steal her cattle as she said; but how was I to know then whether

Butler had done as she said? It is very curious, sir; a client may be the hardest of cases, may know it is impossible for you to defend him, know that his lawyer does not care a drink whether the man did the murder, or whatever it was, or not, and yet that client will make believe to the last, against dead evidence and to his own lawyer, that he is innocent! When it is a woman, I do believe, whatever it is she has done, she persuades herself through and through that she did *not* do whatever it was! Yes, sir, if it was the killing of her baby, or of her old and helpless father, she thinks she had such good and sufficient cause for it that she could not have done otherwise — is an outraged martyr for being troubled about it! I have been a lawyer for years, where human nature shows itself as it is I tell you, and I have learned this of my female clients, they have the least idea of the rights of other people, the clearest sense of their own, of any persons living. Upon the whole, you might have half the money if you gave me a male client instead, if it was not that the woman's lawyer always *has* the jury, yes, sir!" I am obliged to allow the incoherence and lack of punctuation and purpose upon his part, if the reader is to hear Mr. Archer as I heard him that night.

"I do not see," he resumed, "how I have got off the track so. As to Mose Evans? He astonished me as he will the whole county. I half thought, Mr. Anderson, the man an enormous fool. Look here, say, I was one day selecting a pair of boots, on credit, in New Hampshire's store. Miss Throop was shopping at the counter. I had merely bowed to her from the back room, — too much of a gentleman to soil her with shaking hands; what do angels know of what we devils really are! Evans had retreated into that den of a place with me, when she came in, buying powder I remember he was; went away, at last, leaving the package within a yard of a fire, hickory and sparking! The man was dazed, dared no more look full at Miss Throop than at the noonday sun! But

I noticed; we lawyers notice! I saw his eyes fasten, like a hawk upon a chicken, on a piece of brown paper she had unwrapped from some gloves and left lying on a bolt of calico upon the counter. Actually stood there, when she was gone, to gather up that paper in his hand, as cautiously as if it was gold and he stealing, and slipped it into his breast pocket!

"The fool, sir, walked away, leaving that package of powder under the flying sparks! Suppose it had exploded. Why, sir," — and I noted in the reprobate now, as at all times, the perpetual reference and return he ever made to himself, whatever the topic; as well as the unceasing allusion running, from force of training, through all his thoughts to things supernatural, — "why, sir, the projectile force of that powder! It would have blown some of us there into heaven, and onward in heaven forever and ever; one man there in exactly the reverse direction, and forever too. Hch? Oh, as to Mose Evans, he is — material! I mean for a drama, say. A sort of stuff, deep and strong and very rude, out of which Shakespeare, for instance, could make a hero. Books? I have in Brown County a library of men, and I never weary of reading them instead. Don't get sleepy, Anderson; what shall we talk about next? How will politics do?" And with what inexhaustible spirits the fellow proceeded to rattle on upon that theme! I heard little else all the time I was in that section, yet I appeal to the reader if I have not kept it out of these pages!

"But I would rather hear more in regard to yourself," I said at last, for I was curious about the man.

"About myself?" he replied. "Oh, as to myself. First. I plead guilty to all you, Anderson, all anybody, says against me. More. I am a great deal worse. 'Shysters' I believe lawyers like myself in the great cities are styled. Let us lump it and be done. I, Odd Archer, Esq., Mr. Anderson, stand here up to — down to, rather — anything the lowest lawyers ever do! I want to speak fact about myself as well as about

others. I am in that mood to-night. Next. I plead the extenuating circumstance of talent and temperament. From my birth I was regarded as a cherub. I am not, as you agree, Anderson, angelic in other than an infernal sense, now, but there are miniatures on ivory, — let me be rigidly truthful, a miniature on something, — proving my extreme loveliness of eyes, hair, brow, complexion then. If you were to compare child and man you would exclaim, ‘Such a harvest from such a seed? It is impossible!’ But, the fact shows it is possible. More. The very nature of the germ, as in all creation, is the cause of the result. Never mind about my physical beauty. That has a terrible deal to do with my after ruin, but, as is always the case, the very things one cannot say, nor people print, are the chief causes of matters! Matters, sir, perfectly explained by such things, but left otherwise wholly unexplained!

“If any ladies were here to-night,” the man continued, rising to his feet, as if from involuntary respect to the very imagination of such presence, “if I dared venture to say such things to the sex, I would remark to them—no, sir, not even in imagination! But as to all this talk about women becoming lawyers, sitting on the jury and the like, I will say it to you, Anderson; will you tell me how it would do to have them in the box, on the bench, in view of all the ugly matters necessary to be laid before them there? I am told they are going as doctors into dissecting rooms and hospitals, but the loathsomeness of heart and soul laid bare in the court-house is a thousand times worse! Now I am nothing, Mr. Anderson, but a blackguard lawyer, yet I can imagine a pure and beautiful girl, say my sister, or my betrothed. Do you suppose me such a villain as to be able to look her in the soft, innocent eyes, and state and develop and urge the vile facts which make up so many cases in court? If any man, lawyer or otherwise, tried it in the presence of a lady of my acquaintance, I would smash his jaws! I have been forced occasionally, by circum-

stances, such as the grand jury, judge, and the like, to drop my profession for a time; *that* would make me drop it forever! Yet stop a moment, sir! As darkness ceases only by presence of pure light, this occurs to me, possibly woman’s purity *must* come into such close contact with foulest darkness! If the darkness is ever to go! If so, woman’s purity must be intensely pure! I do wonder, Anderson, and I never thought of it before, if woman, in virtue of being distinctively woman, is the reserve remedy for the world! You Yankees, sir, laugh at Southern chivalry. It has gone out, sir, with the Confederacy. Five hundred thousand men were killed in the war. It has thrown up their value too much. Not in the eyes of the other sex alone. We men have come to rate ourselves too high. Now can it be, sir, that with a higher estimate of woman, upon other grounds, a nobler chivalry is to come in? Heh? But, how we have rambled in our talk! Fact is, I’m not a coward, but I’m glad that thing with Evans is over. I see day is breaking. I must have a drink. I will go to Dick Frazier’s and have him send your trunk, so that you can dress. It doesn’t matter about me. What a storm of curiosity and talk there will be over my fight with Evans! You won’t see him in town for days. I like it! It may elect me to the bench! That Evans, by the bye, has brain enough to go to Congress, if he knew it. For lack of education he is and will be a clodhopper all his life. What a splendid leap he made on me! I’m glad I did not hit him. I tried my best to do so, I assure you!”

III.

However much of an adept I may be in my jotting down field-notes while riding over our wild lands, and plotting them out accurately afterward for our company, I have no imagination. I dare say it would make me no better as a business man if I had. Any value in what I say lies in simple narration of

fact. Take, for instance, a certain rainy day I spent in the store of New Hampshire, my old postmaster, philosopher, and friend. That day forces itself upon my pen; I cannot get past except by recording it. I think it was some three weeks after the funeral of Mrs. Evans and the encounter between Odd Archer, Esq., and her son.

I am making out a map from field-notes for our company, in the back room, but the crowd in the store increases to such an extent, and the fun becomes so uproarious around Harry Peters, that I give it up. It was for men, land was made, and I turn from the lesser to the greater, going in and making myself at home among them upon a soap-box, which affords me also something to whittle at as I sit. My friend the postmaster is the only silent person in the store. I call him my friend, not merely because we are partners in land; somehow, as perfect an understanding exists from the first, between the old gentleman and myself, as between Odd Archer, Esq., and General Throop, our basis being business, theirs mere sentiment. I observe that the postmaster is doing up coffee, the supreme luxury there next to whisky, in pound packages, against a dryer and busier day. While he does this he is evidently deep in the interior counties of New England — deaf to all the conversation and laughter, very often quarrels a score strong at a time, and fast and furious, raging around the coast, so to speak, of his placid exterior.

There is Harry Peters as prime promoter of the laughter. He is only a poor planter, limp, lame, weighing under ninety-five pounds, yet Shakespeare was not more entirely monarch of his adoring friends at a revel than is Harry of his as assembled in the post-office. Odd Archer is present, of course, and as usual, whenever these two are together in a crowd, there is sure to be strong rivalry between them; the lawyer having plenty of talent, stores of knowledge, curve, so to speak, and trick of culture, reinforcement of alcohol, but all in vain against merest nature and genius in his

clod-hopping rival. It is, on their lesser scale, Ben Jonson as beaten by Shakespeare.

When I took my soap-box Harry was just finishing some tale of fun. If it was not a recital of the ducking of the lawyer at the hands of Evans, it was something, possibly, more grotesque still, the life of that member of the bar furnishing material ample and ever renewed. The incidents were very ludicrous, whatever they were, and Harry, judging from the effect, could not have told them better to save his life; but, amid all the shouts of laughter, the postmaster steadily puts up his pound packages as if there was not a soul in his store beside the owner thereof. No one addresses himself to my old friend, but I note a peculiar glancing at him, now and then, on the part of all. Something is in hand in reference to him, and I therefore observe more closely, as he is evidently unconscious of everything but coffee. And, now, Odd Archer launches into a narrative. It is of a peculiarly horrid murder which had come under his knowledge, described with wonderful power, and I forgot everything in the terror and wrath aroused in me as in all there by the narration, in which the lawyer evidently does his best. I observe, in the curdled silence which follows, a curious glancing, yet again, at the keeper of the store. Had he actually been in Brazil at the moment, gathering the coffee from the tree, he would not have been more unconscious of things, so far as the least movement of mouth or eyelid is concerned. After a disappointed pause on the part of the crowd, Harry begins the story of the loss of his children, two little girls and their brother, in the "Bottom." Of course those present know all about it, for it was, the winter before, the sensation of the county, but they listen with hushed eagerness to the wonderfully perfect narration of the father, as he lives over all the anxiety and agony of the mother and himself during those four days. I find myself with moistened eyes, as well as the rest, actually exclaiming aloud with the

others when the starved little ones are found! When we recover ourselves enough to do so, I observe that all eyes are glancing again, although covertly, at the postmaster, so far as outer appearances go as wholly unconscious of them and of all their talk as before. With his little, close-cropped, white head on one side, he is putting up bags of coffee, that and only that!

I understand why Odd Archer had stepped over to Dick Frazier's for a drink, when he begins again, with renewed energy. It is an assault upon the Bible, cool, argumentative, very able indeed at first, quickening into bitter, blasphemous, ferocious fury as he proceeds. I had heard before that of all men a minister's son, when wicked, had the greatest power of blasphemy known, an energy of moral effect therein terrifying the weaker among his wicked associates; because the entire belief and meaning derived from previous training is put into the oaths! By this time I have come of myself to understand that, by plan beforehand, regular assault has been made, for the last two or three hours, upon old New Hampshire; heavy bets pending, I afterward learn, upon moving him to do or say something, show in any way some emotion! The frantic violence of the lawyer as he ceases shows his consciousness of defeat. The old man has paused once or twice from scoop and scales and coffee sack, even looked full in the face of the reprobat while at the white heat of his harangue, but it was exactly as if the lawyer was not there at all; the pause was merely to tap his forefinger over his pursed-up lips, as, with eyes closed now and then, he was calculating profits, I suppose, his head to one side.

Odd Archer ceases, exhausted, and universal laughter and scoffing sets in at the defeat of the two champions. It is "in full blast," according to Brown County parlance, but there is instant hush thereof, and all movement, even, arrested, as Agnes Throop suddenly enters the door from the rain, and stands at the counter asking for letters. What heavenly beauty and purity and grace!

Nothing but a simply dressed young lady, with shrinking eyes, and cheeks in which the soul comes and goes, yet these men are painfully aware on the instant that they are scoundrels, boobies, louts! Every man, as soon as he recovers himself, manages to slip away. In ten minutes every soul of them is gone, really kicked out of her presence, and by himself! I tarry by her side, heartily ashamed of my previous company, with the usual salutations; but I curiously note that the postmaster is no more moved by the presence of this perfect jewel of her kind than he was by the men who have gone. As I pass out of the door on my way to the hotel, I notice that Miss Agnes has come to town in a buggy which waits for her at the sidewalk. Mary Martha Washington, who has driven her young mistress in, acknowledges my good-day with severe respect, bringing to my mind her confidences to my wife long before in Charleston.

"I was trained, Miss Helen, to believe the Bible is God's Word. If I know anything, it is that it is clear agen the abolitionists. Two things I never *can* stand, abolitionists an' free niggers. I'm too old now, to change! I *can't* give up my religion!"

"I was taught, Henry, as this old aunty was," my wife took occasion to explain at the time; "and slavery *was* no sin at all. But the Bible nowhere commanded us to hold slaves; no necessary connection between the two whatever."

"My dear Helen," I made reply, "a century or so ago one of the godliest ministers of New England sent a barrel of rum over to Africa and obtained a slave therefrom in exchange. No argument for the divine life of Revelation more self-evident than the way in which, slow and silent and steady, yes, and omnipotent and irresistible as God who gives it, the gospel purifies itself, age after age, from the merely human elements incrusting but wholly separable from it; elements which are part of the gospel only as my clothing for the nonce is part of me. No more, I should rather

say, than as the hindering vapors of our atmosphere are part of the sun. Plenty more of the human to be purged away yet from our skies, but I do not think it will endanger the sun!"

All this, however, is purely incidental. In the moment of speaking to the colored woman seated in the buggy, I observe Mose Evans standing off by himself near the door of the office through which Miss Throop has entered a few moments before. I turn to shake hands and say a few words about business. To my surprise he takes my hand mechanically, but seems scarcely to recognize me, although his eyes are in mine when he speaks; for that is a peculiarity of Mose Evans, the putting his entire self into his eyes full in yours when he addresses or listens to you. Hence I say to myself as I leave him, I wonder if the man can be drunk? But, looking back after I have gone a little distance, I see that he has walked steadily enough to his horse tied to the rack across the street, and is in the act of mounting. Then all that old Mr. Robinson had told me flashed upon my mind! Agnes Throop! The absurdity, stupidity, insanity of the man! I have to stop once or twice before I reach Dick Frazier's to think over what Mr. Robinson had said, I had so promptly and utterly rejected it all at the time! "I thought I understood human nature!" I complain to myself. "Yes, but this is the very sublimity of — of" —

IV.

I hasten to speak of the next time I saw Mose Evans. I am, in fact, eager to do so. The circumstances were so remarkable.

Some months had rolled by since the day I had seen him hesitating, as if in a dazed condition, at the door of the post-office. I had gone back to New York and Charleston since then. After settling up certain business there, I was on my way back again to Brown County, accompanied by Helen, my wife, who this time positively refused to be left behind. And thus it happened she was

with me that day I reached Bucksnot, a particularly unpleasant town, at the hotel in which our stage stopped on its way to Brownstown. It was in that hotel we found Mose Evans, and in what condition!

I recall perfectly how we came to know of it. Helen and myself had arrived an hour or so before supper. While seated thereat, the stage arrived from Brownstown, and the hungry passengers poured in upon us, seated at the supper table. I noticed the lawyer, Odd Archer, among the rest, and very drunk. I do not know whether he recognized me, but it would have made no difference. I suppose it was a continuance of what had been going on in the stage before, but I observed that he, in a drunken way, forced the possession of the seat next a modest-looking country girl, one of the passengers, nearly opposite Helen and myself. Even before the touch of Helen's elbow, I fancied the animal was insulting the shrinking girl, who was too diffident to do more than draw as far away from him as possible. I hesitated to believe that the man could have degenerated so rapidly from what I had known him to be in reference to women, as to be guilty of any disrespect to a female even in his deepest drunken degradation. A fleshy old man who had come with them was seated at my side. As he was whispering to me, "I would not notice him. He's been drunk all along," I observed a gross insult toward the girl upon the part of the lawyer. I grasped a tumbler of milk to hurl it, and was grasped in the same moment by my own cooler sense in the person of Helen, my wife, barely in time! How very much better! A whisper on my part to the negro handing me the wholly indigestible biscuits, a hasty exit of the same, the hurried appearance of the landlord, himself guilty of worse things every day. Sober during that special half hour, so as to make no mistake in taking the money for supper, the landlord saw the situation at a glance, and was filled with virtuous wrath! One good grasp upon Odd

Archer's collar from behind, and he had dragged him off his seat to the side door, and hurled the limp wretch like a half-filled bag of meal out of the entrance and far into the night! It is often so much better to have certain things done for you by others than to do them yourself! You can remain quiet, and they can do them so much more thoroughly, too! And but for this, I should not have known Mose Evans was in the house; would have gone on to Brownstown,—Mose Evans to another city, too, quite another, neither Brownstown nor yet Charleston! It was from the landlord, after thanking him, supper over, for his conduct, that, in the course of conversation, I learned Mose Evans was upstairs.

"Mighty sick, Colonel Anderson, I tell you!" The colonel being instant brevet for my thanks; and my friend wiped the honest sweat of his late exertion from his exceedingly red face, as he told me this, hearkening, with his bushy head a little on one side, for any groans from the direction in which the ejected man had disappeared through the night, as assurances that he had not been actually killed by his fall from the battlements of light.

Yes, there in the corner of an upper room lay Mose Evans! Wrecked like some huge Spanish galleon, and upon the most dismal and desert of all inhospitable islands! Too short and too narrow, at least for him, the unpainted bedstead creaked and threatened to tumble at every turn of the writhing sufferer; its cords so loose that the thin mattress bulged downward to the floor; no possibility of lying in it unless coiled up like a serpent in a bushel measure. Although the sick man is consuming with fever, no one has thought to lift a window to assuage his burning, by letting in the at least milder fever of midsummer which is upon the world without; has not cared, even, to move the bed out of the corner between two walls without a window. And there lay my poor friend with hair, beard, parched lips, delirious brain, a St. Lawrence upon his

gridiron; rather, a soul in hell for the pencil of Doré and the pen of Dante!

But, in God's mercy, there is ever a Beatrice, too, for sufferer as for poet. I had, of course, told my wife the whole story long before, so that I had but to take her into the room and say, "Helen, dear, Mose Evans!" for her to understand the entire affair. She had entered the western wilds with me, burning silently for some opportunity to show how heartily she could do and endure toward the making with me there of the immense fortune in lands which I had in view.

I must add that, largely to her clear intuition in business, we have done, by the bye, very well indeed, ours being considerably more than the six feet by two of soil usually assigned by moralists, with the three score and ten of years, to mortals.

Amazing, the despotism of a young and lovely woman, especially if in the interest of the sick! In two hours Helen had revolutionized this "Bucksnort Travelers' Rest," as our hotel was misnamed. Such obedience our landlord, rapidly returning to his condition of normal drunkenness, had never shown to his pale-faced and miserable wife. The two or three pert mulatto women about the hotel sufficiently explained, apart from the drink, the pallor and emaciation of the nominal mistress of the house. Wives have like experiences the world over, but I dare not say a syllable here as to the effect upon a Southern wife of a negro concubine; yet I will record how I loathed that Helen should even superintend the labors of such helpers for the sick man! But she did not know; and at last we had the sick man bathed, clothed in clean linen, with hair and beard combed, upon the best bed in the coolest corner of the only decent room in the house,—our own; and in consequence, he was soon sweetly asleep. "He looks like a dying lion, Henry," my wife whispered, as we rested at last by his bed, "Say a wounded gladiator," she continued. "A woman might envy him those masses of beautiful hair. But,

have you not romanced a little about him?"

"Listen to the simple facts," I said, "and see if it is not nature itself, like Chevy Chase and the Vicar of Wakefield!" and I went over again the story of his parentage, utter seclusion in the woods, amazing ignorance, termagant mother.

"Ah, Henry, it is his desperate falling in love with Agnes Throop which interests you so in him, and I don't blame you!" said my wife. "I dare say she was to him as the first European woman was to the savages of America when she landed. Ever read, dear, that old story of Inkle and Yarico? The amazement of wonder and love with which the savage girl adored and clung to the god in flesh from Europe?"

"Yes, and, if I am only a land agent, I remember, too, that the god was a dastardly scoundrel, sold the girl"—

"Never mind about the rest," Helen adds hastily. "As to Agnes Throop, you are right; the thing is too preposterous even for romance, the man is deranged. Agnes Throop! And such a person as this! Insanity! Besides, you forget there is another lover, 'a priory attachment,' as Mr. Weller said."

"Yes, Mr. Archibald Clammeigh," although I doubt if that gentleman would care to be announced to an audience, say, as the next speaker, in exactly the tones in which his name was now mentioned.

And so we sat comparing the two men in silence. I dare say the long and singular suffering of the one lying before us helped our illusion, for such a colossus comes down with a crash when it does fall. The poor fellow was sadly reduced in flesh. Of course it was all imagination on our part that the traces of suffering upon his face were softened by a purity and patience greater still. Romeos and King Lear, Cordelias and Ophelias, never had, you know, any more existence than the Ariels and the Pucks! Or, if they did have, they have gone out forever with Shakespeare and stage-coaches. Or, is it so?

"But, you observe," I thought aloud

to Helen after a little, "that is the trouble with this poor fellow. He has never lived in Mobile, or wintered at the Pulaski House in Savannah, to say nothing of the lesser civilization of Fifth Avenue, or Boston. The man," and I pointed to him as if he were that far off, "actually lives in the age of—Elizabeth? Why, Helen, he is a contemporary of Abelard. For anything he ever saw, or knew, I do not see why Mose Evans is not of the age of Achilles, even Abel." I frankly confess here that I did garnish my conversation when with my wife more freely from such reading as I have had than I thought expedient generally and elsewhere. She liked such things, you observe, at least I supposed so: one should not be forever and everywhere merely a land agent.

"It is all because you think he is so desperately in love, dear," she now replied, "nor, even then, would he seem so much to others. We have n't been long married, you know!" She said it, but didn't mean it, of course, my wife.

"And Mr. Archibald Clammeigh, we are under no illusion as to him, genial, generous soul of honor that he is!" I say. "What a singular coincidence, the conflict of two such opposites for such a woman," I add, saddened by the moan of the sleeping man. "Everything," I continued, after a pause, "birth can do for a man has been done for his Grace the Duke of Clammeigh; no birth at all, hardly, in the case of this hap-hazard native of the wilds. Thorough education, and no education. European travel, and never out of a cypress swamp. All that wealth and society can do for the one, and this man as ignorant of civilization even as Hercules!" I lower my voice, under the finger of Helen laid on my mustache, to add, "I may be romantic, being lately married and to a witch, but, think of Agnes Throop, of her Charleston betrothed, and—look at this man!" Because, there *was* that in Mose Evans which deeply impressed us! As to Mr. Clammeigh, he would have passed out of my mind like the dead, had he not been our company's Charleston lawyer.

But it was his relation to Agnes Throop which brought him, at this singular juncture, so vividly to mind.

At this moment the invalid stirs, moans, murmurs, without opening his eyes.

"Cologne, if you please."

"Can you guess why?" I whisper to my wife as she bathes with cologne brow, hair, beard; "the silliest thing in the world!"

"Agnes?"

"And he had never even heard of it before."

"How do you know?"

"As *you* know it! The mother in me, I suppose."

But here the Bucksnot doctor enters the room, bringing an aroma of whisky and tobacco. He has heard of matters, and is a little awed by the change of things, in the scrupulously dignified stage of intoxication. From him we learn that Mose Evans has been sick three weeks, consumed by fever, would not take the physic, not the least hope now of his recovery.

I could not but be struck, as the doctor spoke, with one thing which I had observed often before; here was a regularly educated physician, and, I dare say, from the East years before, yet he had fallen into the jerky dialect of the region as completely as had Dob Butler, or Odd Archer, Esq. I sometimes fear my long association out there with such people has affected even my manner of speaking. But then, you know, Paris has its peculiarity of speech, so has Edinburgh, possibly Boston.

"Has he talked much in his delirium?" I ask. The bloated Galen looks at me with curiosity, and replies, "Not one word! Can you explain it? Old friend, I see. It relieves nature, talking does, like weeping, for instance. Not one word! So much the worse for him! Very remarkable case! The man evidently has some trouble, but has bottled himself up, hermetically sealed himself! I wonder what it is? Killed somebody, I suppose! Humph! He'll soon be out of the reach of the law, or Judge Lynch!"

I assure the doctor, as we converse, after a while, in the hall outside the room, that he is mistaken in his conjectures, as I tell Helen afterward that I will myself make the doctor false in his prophecies! Please Heaven!

"I said he did not talk, I mean about himself. One queer, very queer insanity he had," the doctor proceeds to inform me, and the remembrance seems to sober him a little. "He got some of the young fellows hanging round to read his Bible to him when he first lay sick. Grown man, fine-looking man like him, and I suppose can't read" — great contempt.

Simple truth obliges me to repel this last assertion. Months ago Mose Evans had acquired that useful art, and had been engaged a goodly part of every day, as well as far into the night, in devouring, as the old postmaster told me, all the grammars, geographies, histories New Hampshire could obtain for him from the East by mail. Giving to the work the energies of manhood, as well as an intellect far beyond the average, it was incredible, old New Hampshire told me, the progress he made. The sick man had his visitors read to him for *their* benefit; even had he been strong enough for the exertion, they would have howled at the suggestion of having the Bible read to them by him, or by any other man.

"Preachers are scarce articles in this region!" the doctor continued. "It was very kind in the young fellows to read the Bible to him. They got so ashamed of it at last, however, everybody laughed at them so, you know, that they could not stand it, gave it up! And that poor fellow would persist in saying his prayers, sometimes kneeling in his bed when he could not get up, clasping his hands over his beard so, and saying them to himself when he could n't kneel even in his bed. The room had always been full of men smoking, playing cards, before, to keep him company, you see. Oh, they left; could n't begin to stand it!"

"Was that his insanity?"

"Not so much *that*. This. He made

me promise him I would let him know in time before he died. 'What for?' I asked after I had promised. 'You are a hard set about here,' he said. 'I know you won't care for anything I can say now.' 'I do believe,' the doctor added, 'the man's intention was to have in all the people about the place and give them a regular sermon. Singular notion, was n't it? Actual fact, sir!

"The only way I can explain it," the doctor continues, opening, as he speaks, the door of the room across the hall from which we had rescued Mose Evans, "is that it was in this room, his room till you moved him, that it all took place!"

"What took place?"

"You have n't heard? Why, this! There had been a wonderful time of it at a camp-meeting out of town, ever so many of the boys up at the altar. Some of the men here said it was time to stop it. So they held a regular sacrament service in this room, singing, praying, preaching, tobacco for the bread, whisky for the wine, just for devilry! At the close of it, the make-believe parson's revolver went off by accident, shot the next man through the heart! He was laughing when he fell, and the bother was, they could n't get the laugh out of his face! A laughing corpse in his coffin! It broke that crowd up quicker than any benediction *you* ever heard. It was the day your friend got here. I suppose he meant that! Only, he was crazy from fever and his trouble, whatever it is. But won't you go down town and take a drink? The water about here is limestone, and will be sure to derange your bowels; come!"

To a degree wholly beyond my control, my experiences were, as you have been pained to observe, chiefly among the lower elements of the Southwest at that day. If you suppose, therefore, that the same are other than the weaker and lesser, as well as worse, portion of the population there, you are greatly mistaken. No more cultivated and thoroughly excellent people in every sense, than are to be found even in the Brown Counties of the Southwest; pure jewels,

the brighter for their very setting, in many cases. I have had wide experiences, and must add that, if driven to choose between the log-cabin and the brown stone front for sterling goodness, I regard myself as safest in selecting, like Portia's lover, the less imposing casket of the array.

V.

Helen agrees with me, when we talk over those days at the Bucksnot Hotel, as we often do, that it was the most remarkable thing we ever knew! You are thoroughly informed in regard to Ignatius Loyola lying wounded to death in his tent, with his volumes of the *Lives of the Saints*? Well, you know what came to him, and to the world up to date, of that! Joan of Arc among her sheep, Mohammed in his cave, are but the same story over again. So of the remarkable revolution in this Titan of ours, this prehistoric savage. I abhor mere rhetoric, but I would like to speak, if I could, of the soul of this child of nature, seething and surging in him as fresh and wild and forceful as did the conflicting elements of chaos when God first began to move upon it. The fact is, the awakened nature of the man had so wrought upon his body, even, that the backwoodsman was but a huge infant, exhausted as by crying—for the individual in question is too matter-of-fact to be at all rhetorical about! I do believe another day, possibly hour, and Helen and myself would have been too late. But we understood him, handled him, saved him as a mother would a child! May I be allowed to remark that we have both had, in consequence, a firmer faith than before, in a providence as special to us as is our care toward and over our little children.

"The boys there at Brownstown used to say old New Hampshire was so mean he'd weaken his well water before he'd give a feller a drink, and it was a lie: well, I'm as weak as *that* water!" Mose Evans said to us, as his good morning, about ten days after we had

taken him in hand. "Take a patent as a scarecrow, heh?"

And he *was* a sight to see! Like all his comrades out West, wont to sleep on the prairie, or upon a blanket spread out on the puncheon floor of the cabin before the fire, Mose Evans used no pillow or bolster — lay perfectly flat upon his back in bed: a cause, by the bye, of his erect carriage and open chest, some of us narrow-breasted men and women would do well to remember. Very prostrate he was, the yellow beard flowing like an inundation over the blanket drawn up, out of respect to Helen, to the chin. Set like a picture in the mass of hair and beard, his emaciated face — eyes large and hollow, brow broad and white — resembled rather some medallion of a former age. "I am alive!" It was gravely announced by him that morning after certain hopeful salutations and suggestions on our part. "I intend to live! I am going to get well. I am going to live more than I ever did before. You will see." It was not merely the child-like gravity of the statement. I am far from denying that Mose Evans was grateful to Helen and myself. I do not remember his saying so, we all took it for granted. But there was this as part of the amazing change in the man since I had last seen him. He had been simply an intelligent, kindly disposed Newfoundland dog when General Throop and myself had first met him, long before, at his cabin and elsewhere about Brownstown. You would have had the idea of him then, as of a magnificent ox that would not hook. Once or twice General Throop had rested his rifle, for the General's hands trembled those days a good deal, upon Mose Evans' oaken shoulder to shoot, when we were out early of mornings after wild turkeys, and he was nothing on earth but a log, a walking stump, to us and to himself then, at best merely "noble material for the making of a man," as the General had often remarked to me. Then! not now!

"Old New Hampshire often talked to me that way," Mose Evans continued, the morning of our conversation with

him, but without a particle of explanation. "Not when any of the boys were about. No. When I sat on a nail-keg by his counter, Saturday nights, every soul drunk and gone home. He had his little bit of a Bible in an old desk of his in the back room. Boys called that room New England, — fully as big, they said. That Saturday night special! Yes, locked up and had me back there! Never laughed in his life, they say. How that old man's tears did run down, that night! Hailstorm? Yes, he can pray some. Two good miles, if the wind lies, or is in your direction, they say. The postmaster only whispered. But it sounded to me louder than Hailstorm!"

"Don't you think you are talking too much? You know you are very weak. You can say all you like another time." It is Helen's soothing suggestion. And let me uncover part of this photograph by adding, for what it is worth in the interest of simple truth, Mose Evans had eaten his breakfast just before! Lest that is not understood, I will add that breakfast meant, with Mose Evans, coffee! Coffee, without milk, and more cups than I like to say. As in every cabin in his region, Mose Evans' old black and battered coffee-pot never was cold day or night, the year around. Vilely inhospitable the meanest there, if they did not offer you a tin cup of coffee before you had been in the cabin or camp twenty minutes. Oriental hospitality in two senses of the word. It strikes me as a question here, whether coffee had anything to do with the death of Mose Evans' old schoolmaster of a father; with the terrible temper and final bursting of a blood-vessel on the part of his mother? I do not know. Nor do I know whether it affected Mose Evans in his feeling and talk that day. I only mention it as a part of the evidence for the jury, as a lawyer would say. Coffee, too, is one of the implements made by Infinite Love for its uses, as much so as wheat.

"'You get converted, Mose, and get New Hampshire's property' the boys said," our patient continue saying

attention only by resting his hollow eyes upon my wife's face whenever she spoke; and then, turning them away, he persisted in looking toward the future, and altogether over our heads. "They were mistaken! What did I want of his money? What did I want to buy? Land? It belongs to me now up and down the river so far I never even try to stop people splitting their rails off of it, making their clapboards, and the like; squatting on it, for all I know. Stock? I never get a chance, even with my brand, at half my colts or calves. Nothing I wanted out of his money, that I know of! Then, I mean.

"Strange how it all came, like muscadine grapes, in a bunch," our sick man continued after some minutes of thought. "There is Mr. Parkinson. My father, too, *he* must have talked to me when I was a child. Pre-haps. And Hailstorm. Only there was too much thunder for the lightning. Then he always cried so at the end, washed you away like, a fellow would run for shelter. Little I could understand of Mr. Parkinson when I first knew him. He was like that fool, Alex Jones, with his doctor's talk, every word a yard long. Green from their school, both of them. I managed to understand as he got warm, toward the close, moonshine done and day come. When he stopped preaching, began talking to me, I could understand. I do believe that parson went hunting with me, camping out at night on purpose. Never mind about all that!" I had never heard the man talk as much in all our intercourse before. It may have been his physical weakness, the transition state, the desperate emergency of the poor fellow!

"And, then" — Mose Evans got so far after a silence, only to stop. You will say I write romance, a thing I detest. Suppose you had seen the color suffusing his face, the light breaking in his eyes and over his entire manner as he lay there, the man so small yet so large!

"Then, she came." Helen said it for him after a pause. "Agnes Throop. I have known her for years," my wife added. "And, although Agnes is a

lovely girl in some respects, I do not believe in her as some people do!" Quietly and firmly. I suppose Helen said it as a medicine. Sincerely thought it, for no woman is deluded about any other than a man. The Martha of Goethe was no more infatuated about Margaret than was Mephistopheles.

"Yes, ma'am, she came," Mose Evans said after a long pause. I cannot describe tone or manner. It would have hurt Helen if it had not amused her so, the man's utter folly, that her eyes filled with tears of pity, respect, affection, for the sick simpleton! In Agnes, Helen felt it was her sex this Scandinavian of thousands of years ago so adored. The woman's eyes rested a moment on me, saying, Ah, Henry, if you but believed in me like that! But then, I am of this nineteenth century. I have business that drives me like a mule from morning to midnight, — occupies my time so. This Mose Evans had nothing whatever to do, had no more idea of time than people had in earlier ages, than a Bedouin has now. And it was his first love.

"Yes, she came, ma'am." A contempt for all my wife could say or know of Agnes Throop, as he repeated the words, which was simply perfect.

If there had not been a sort of grandeur as matter of course as morning in it, I declare I would have been irritated at the way in which this man ignored Helen and myself! Had Helen and myself been but a brace of babies, he, lying upon his bed, could not have had less reference to us in all his words and manner. The man spoke, felt, certainly afterward acted, as from depths in himself with which we had nothing to do. There was a look in his eyes as entirely over our little heads and far away as if we were weeds about his feet!

"It all came together," he added after a while. "I was, before it all — What was I? I was like a bear asleep all winter in a hollow tree. Worse. Never mind, it all happened together, like spring! Old New Hampshire. Mr. Parkinson. Perhaps my mother's going; I never thought of that before. I never knew there was a world we are

going to live in after this!" turning his eyes upon us, with peculiar emphasis upon the I; "a real, sure enough world after this, and one that's going to last forever and ever. An actual, sure enough God, a real person, mind, like you and me. Greater, of course, than us, as the sky is greater than a prairie. I never once thought of such a thing! As to what they tell me that God Almighty did, coming into this world on purpose for such a thing, say, as I was, living here, dying here — never mind! That is just the thing I can't talk about, for one. But, it was the finding *myself* out, as well as him, I look at! It is the coming all on a sudden to know who I am! What I may be yet, here in this world. And in that other world forever and ever! This man, *me!*" and he lifts his eyes solemnly to us, quietly pressing his hand, already lying there, upon his bosom as he speaks.

"My dear Mr. Evans," my wife endeavors. "If you talk so much you will have brain fever again. You are as weak as water; you said so yourself. Do stop and go to sleep a little."

"Let me tell you, ma'am," Mose Evans said, slowly, after listening with his large eyes. "Once, — why that is another of the things that came together. I'd clean forgot it! About a year ago, a tree fell on me. At night. I had cut it down for the bear in the top. It pinned me down in between some rocks, no man with me, nor like to be. I was held down flat, could n't stir, like I am in this bed. My mind was that much the more quick. I thought more and brighter than for years, all in the six hours before Harry Peters happened along, going to a wedding in the Bottom. I know I am — as weak! But if ever I had horse sense, it is to-day. Oh, well, I won't talk. But I have laid out on the prairie August nights, a coal or so of fire down in a hole by me, and my coffee-pot on that, for fear of drawing Camanches, — laid flat on the grass looking up at the skies, thinking what a tremendous creation it is, who made and keeps it going, all he did and is doing for me, who I am and what I may yet be! And

then, yes, she came! I had been months studying such matters, never dreamed of anything of the kind before. That Sunday at church, the day Hailstorm preached. I was sitting there! I'd no more idea! She was coming in. I looked up just as a horse would do from his trough. The moment I saw her she — she *proved* it all!"

It is a pity, the reader may have said before this, that the Mr. Anderson who tells us this story could not make his fiction more probable. How is it possible, you say, that a man born and living all his life in a swamp, and unable to read, could use the language put in Evans' mouth? Mr. Parkinson, Helen, and myself have discussed that objection, for the manuscript has been read aloud at my house of evenings, while Mr. Parkinson was East soliciting money for his church in Brownstown. We have altered and corrected our statements in so many ways, to secure even verbal exactness, as to weary me to death, for one, of the whole undertaking. In the very nature of the case we did not take down the exact syllables from the lips of any of the parties of this simple narrative. Yet we have put their meaning, their intent, in words as near those they used as we can remember!

But how little can you, reader, understand of Mose Evans lying there, not seeing his face, hearing his voice. I cannot help if facts seem improbable to you because I am not Dickens in the delineation thereof. As a commonplace man of the world I will say this, however, that I, who personally knew Mose Evans, understand better than before the revolution befalling, say, Luther in his cell. Heaven uses not coffee nor wheat nor the other agencies to which I alluded merely, it uses every one of us for some purpose; why not this Agnes Throop, as a force silent as that of the magnet, if you say so, for the lifting of this inert mass of a man? I do not think that the run of a year's transaction, of our land company for instance, either embraces or explains the entire universe. Things happen! The life of Saul of Tarsus before and after proves

that something must have taken place during his trip to Damascus, — something out of the common! Poor Sir John Falstaff, to change the illustration exceedingly, learned whether or no Prince Hal's coming to the crown left said prince as he was before; some change between Gadshill and Agincourt! I did not mean to tire you with all this; surely you have known instances convincing you that a man is capable of a revolution, as well as France.

"Mr. Evans" — my wife begins, during the conversation from which I have wandered.

"Mose Evans," that invalid corrects her, very respectfully.

"Mr. Mose Evans, I want you to listen to me," my Helen proceeded to say with the firm sweetness which will characterize, I suppose, the entire faculty of woman physicians and surgeons coming in.

"Yes, ma'am." For the patient is perfectly powerless, big as he is.

"I do not want to pain you," my wife proceeds, "but my husband here

has told me the whole story of your infat— your fool— your mistake. So far, I mean, of course, as Miss Agnes Throop is concerned. A great, strong man like you should be ashamed of yourself! If this goes on it will de-range, or kill you. I would not be a baby if I were you! Now I want to cure you. I can cure you of your madness. But you have talked too much to-day. We will speak about it again to-morrow, when you are stronger. Good-by, now. Come, Henry."

"As you please, ma'am," our sick man says, we rising to leave, and says it very composedly.

"It is positively provoking!" Helen remarked to me that afternoon in our own room, when I had come in from a little business I had down street. "That Mose Evans of yours is a perfect fool! Agnes Throop is no more an angel than I am. I'll cure him! But it provokes me, how set he is in his ignorance. Did you notice how cool he was when we left, as if it did not matter what I could say?"

William M. Baker.

WINTER EPITHALAMIUM.

If happy greetings could but fly like birds,
And pour our feeling out, devoid of words,
Then shouldst thou hear as sweet a caroling
As though thy bridal day were in the spring.

If every tender thought but had the power
To mold itself into a beauteous flower,
As rare the breath and beauty at thy side,
As though June's heart were throbbing near the bride.

Charlotte F. Bates.

OWEN BROWN'S ESCAPE FROM HARPER'S FERRY.

ON the eastern shore of Put-in-Bay Island, in Lake Erie, quite out of the way of the summer pleasurer at the great hotels of the northern shore, stands the two-story frame farm-house of John Brown, Jr. It rises out of a fair landscape of sunny vineyards, the path to it from the main road leading through a tangle of grapes. A natural lawn slopes prettily from the house down to the water, across which, seven or eight miles away, Kelley's Island and the Ohio mainland look dreamily, in the half-tropical manner of most Lake Erie scenery. All these wine islands, indeed, see one another dimly and drowsily, as if drunk with the mellowness of their own vintages.

In this quiet place, after fighting his enemies in Kansas, and being driven by them in chains till the iron had worn its way into the flesh, after being hunted from place to place for the attempt at Harper's Ferry, although he was not there; and after having to leave the company he led to the late war on account of a disease contracted in the first battles against slavery — in this quiet place, I say, lives John Brown, Jr. He moved here nine or ten years ago when these pleasant vineyards were wild land; and now so modest and peaceable is he that you would never imagine he had fired a gun in his life.

When I called at this house and inquired for Mr. Brown, the plain, motherly-looking woman who came to the door, asked which Mr. Brown I wanted, John or Owen. This mild-voiced matron, as I afterward found, was John Brown, Jr.'s, wife, who had shared the dangers and hardships of Kansas border-life with her husband; and it was from her, then and there, that I learned Owen Brown was on the island. She told me the two brothers were mowing in a neighboring field. And there I found them: John, a large, well-made man; Owen, slenderer, though some-

what above the middle height, and of the two looking the more like the old hero of Ossawatimie. They each have bushy eyebrows and wear a full beard, sandy, as their father's was once, and beginning to whiten as his did at their ages. Owen shows, perhaps, all his forty-nine years, while John looks younger at fifty-two. They were both in their hickory-shirt sleeves, and wore trousers of blue drilling; but I have seen no handsomer men, among the throngs who have come and gone at the fashionable hotels, in the course of my summer's sojourn on the island. Certainly I have met no one, at Put-in-Bay, or anywhere else, who had to a higher degree that subtle quality which can make the texture of any given attire gentlemanly.

There, coming up to the fence to salute me, was the eldest of old John Brown's sons, the quiet, genial, warm-hearted farmer, amateur geologist, and land surveyor, John Brown, Jr. And there, leaning on his scythe, was Owen Brown, the sole survivor of the little party he led through the mountains, in that marvelous escape of his, and — if, as is supposed, Osborn Anderson, the mulatto, is dead — the only one living of all the company that went with Captain John Brown to Harper's Ferry. There was a gentle courtesy in the talk and manner of both these men that I cannot write down for you; and I surely never met more thorough, genuine modesty. At that first interview, I could get them to say little of themselves. They had heard somewhat of my own wayward story; and with the curiosity, not of ignorant, but of well-read, well-bred men, they questioned me back, so to speak, into some of the by-ways of my early experience. They were particularly curious about certain rarely visited places beyond the sea. I tell this, because it may help you to see the picture of these two men as I saw it, look-

ing back after parting with them that summer afternoon. They stood leaning against the rail-fence, their scythes on their shoulders, gazing silently after me; and as the slanting sunlight fell upon their honest faces, I could see as plainly, it seems to me, as I ever saw anything, not the stern lineaments of historic warriors, who have gone back to their farms, but an artless aspiration, like that of the village boy for the sailor's adventurous life. These men, unmindful of the part they had had in deeds which, well or ill advised, have sent the world along, were modestly putting my pigmy story ahead of their heroic one, in the eager wish that fate had sent them wandering among strange people and in far-off lands.

It was not till after we had met very often that Owen Brown consented to tell me the story of his escape, or that John told me enough of his father's plans to give a dignity to the attempt at Harper's Ferry, which I confess it had never before seemed to me, in my ignorance, to have. John Brown, Jr., was at home in Ashtabula County, Ohio, at the time of the attack. He had just returned from Canada, where he had been organizing the pluckiest and most trustworthy of the escaped slaves, at some of the border towns. He would have been at Harper's Ferry, if his father had not been driven to begin operations before the appointed time. The reason for striking the blow so soon was that he had been betrayed to the government. Moreover, the people in the neighborhood had begun to suspect him. John Brown's entire plan has never, I think, been published. His object, as his friends know, was to make slave-holding so unsafe and unstable as to render it unprofitable, and so lead to its abolition. He and his company had already in effect driven slavery out of Kansas, and lessened the value of slaves in Missouri and the Border States to the amount of at least a million dollars. This had been done by a handful of men, with the combined power and influence of the government against them. John Brown remembered that

the Seminoles were never fairly conquered, and had, twenty years before, while surveying in the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry, resolved to make the Alleghany and Cumberland Mountains and the Dismal Swamp his everglades. The least he expected the government to send against him was an army of twenty thousand; and his plans were so laid that they could never capture over one hundred of his men at a time, and of these all but two or three should be fugitive slaves. The risings were planned to take place in a dozen different directions in a night, the companies to be kept separate. The slaves were not to be taken to the North, but drilled and taught to conquer their homes in the South. They were to be officered by men who had proved worthy, and who were to restrain them from acts of violence. The slave-holders were to be taken prisoners where they stood in the way, and injured personally only if they resisted. It was John Brown's desire to show the slave-holders from the first the humanity of his intentions, that caused him to delay his escape from the engine-house at Harper's Ferry until it was too late. Hundreds of men were sworn to be there, and if he could have waited till the time in the spring agreed upon for the attack, it would probably have been successful. The courage and fortitude of the wonderful old man have been allowed even by his enemies. It was hard for the Virginians, as it would have been hard for most men, to whom every black man counted a thousand dollars, to recognize the right of revolution in four millions of human beings, but they did acknowledge that John Brown was all through the stuff of which his answers were made when Governor Wise and Senator Mason questioned him, wounded and bleeding upon the engine-house floor; and that was just the sort of insanity, it seems to me, that heroes and reformers have been made of ever since the world began. He had waited twenty years; he was too old to wait twenty years longer. The blow, he thought, must be struck then or never. To him and his men

life was nothing in comparison with what had been so long the one absorbing object of it. Even as it was, if he had cared less for the feelings of the wives and children of his prisoners, and had gone to the mountains when he could have gone, — and he accused himself of the mistake, without implicating his friends at the North, — the war would certainly have lasted longer, and would not have closed so disastrously. This last statement could have, I believe, no better confirmation than is in the fact of the remarkable escape of Owen Brown and his little band, with thousands of dollars upon their heads, and hundreds of thousands of people eager to catch them.

In his father's will and published letters, Owen Brown is spoken of as a cripple. He injured his right arm in throwing a stone when a boy, and has since had only the partial use of it. He is a bachelor, and it was in his one-roomed shanty, a little way from his brother's farm-house, that I wrote down, from his own lips, the following account of his escape from Harper's Ferry. Upon the wall just above my head hung an overcoat, once worn by his father; and on a bench beneath the window at my side lay the gun used, I believe, by the old warrior at the fight of Ossawatimie. The place, indeed, was full of mementos. Most of the homely furniture was, I think, heroic in its way, like the whole family. "None of us," said Owen Brown, with his usual deliberation, stroking his full beard and looking at his father's gun, when I interrupted his narrative to ask if he were not afraid on a certain perilous occasion, "none of us ever made much pretension to being scared."

He had not told the story before, he assured me, in twelve years. The honesty and modesty are so ingrained in the man that any one, I imagine, who had listened to him, would have been willing to swear that Owen Brown was telling what he believed to be the truth. Where he did not know of his own personal knowledge, and even when a statement had the authority of trust-

worthy record, he would invariably say, "I have heard; I do not know, I have heard." Names of men and places he had strangely forgotten; in their hungry wandering in the mountains, he and his little company had even lost their reckoning of the days of the week; yet so strong is the woodsman in him, that he gave me not only the direction and probable extent of every mountain and valley he passed, night or day, but the nature and quality of the timber almost everywhere in his way. I found him entirely free from malice, even against the bitterest of his old enemies. He passed over the most dangerous and dramatic parts of his story without the least emphasis, giving them to me often by way of parenthesis. In his deliberation and tones and look there were qualities that evaporate entirely, of course, from the written narrative. The only substitute I can think of for the reader is, that he shall bear constantly in mind what kind of men old John Brown told the Massachusetts legislature he wanted with him, — "men who fear God too much to fear anything human." And Owen Brown was one of them.

The last time I saw my father [that is the way Owen Brown began the account of his escape from Harper's Ferry] was on the Sunday night of the attack, the 16th of October, 1859. It was about eleven o'clock that night when he and his little company started from what we called our boarding-house, on the Kennedy farm, five miles north of Harper's Ferry. The Kennedy farm, you will remember, was rented by father under the name of Isaac Smith. He left Barclay Coppoc, Frank J. Merriam, and myself to guard the arms and ammunition stored on the premises, until it should be time to move them, either to the school-house, a mile from Harper's Ferry, or to the Ferry itself. Barclay Coppoc was a brother to Edwin, who was, you recollect, hanged soon after my father, at Charlestown, Virginia. The mother of the Coppocs was a Quakeress; their father was dead. Before they joined our company, they lived at

Springdale, Iowa. They came originally from Columbiana County, Ohio. Barclay Coppoc, the one who was with me through so much hardship, was a medium-sized young man, not over twenty-two or twenty-three years old. He did not look very healthy, but could stand a great deal, as you shall see. Still he was not so well educated or so energetic as his brother who was hanged. Frank J. Merriam was of the wealthy Massachusetts Merriams. He was twenty-eight or thirty years old at the time. He had easy, unassuming manners. The only thing very positive about him was his hatred of slavery.

Well, such were the two men my father left with me that night as he marched away into the darkness. Neither of them had been with us in Kansas, and so I thought best to stand guard all night myself, letting them sleep. No echo of the events which were happening reached me in my long watch. But towards six o'clock in the morning, we all heard firing in the direction of Harper's Ferry. The rain, which continued at intervals all that day and the next night, had already set in. About eleven o'clock that forenoon, a slave of Col. Lewis Washington, whom with others my father then held a prisoner, came up with a four-horse wagon after a load of arms. One of my father's men came with him; I forget now who it was. They knew little more about the details of the fight than we did. While they put their team under shelter and fed it, I got dinner for them. I had almost always been the cook for our company at the boarding-house. Then we loaded the wagon as quickly as we could with powder and boxes of revolvers and Sharpe's rifles, which father had managed to have shipped to him under the name of John Smith & Sons. The wagon drove away to the school-house, before mentioned, where the arms were to be stored. Between two and three that afternoon, we heard a great deal of firing in the direction of Harper's Ferry. Later in the afternoon a black man came up on horseback, and asked us to go over to

the Ferry and help in the fight. I don't know that he had any authority but his fears; for I think he must have come from the school-house where some of Washington's and Alstadt's slaves were congregated. At any rate I put things in order, feeling somehow as if we were never going to get back there again. I told some of the neighbors where they could help themselves to the provisions and things, if they wanted them, and I tied to the rude stairway, so that he should not follow me, the pup, which I have heard grew to a great, ferocious dog, in the accounts of the people who afterwards captured the vacant boarding-house. Then, arming ourselves well with rifles and revolvers, we started toward the Ferry through the rain, Coppoc, Merriam, and myself on foot, the negro riding his horse. We had got about a mile on our way, when we saw three men approaching us briskly on mules. It was getting towards night. I ordered them to halt, which they did with frightened readiness. We soon learned that they were not looking for us. All they knew about affairs at the Ferry was that folks were shooting one another down there, and they wanted to get home as soon as their mules would carry them. We let them pass, and pursued our way. Shortly after we saw coming towards us in the dusk, an armed man. I ordered him to halt. He hesitated, and I don't know whether he would have obeyed or not, if we had not just then recognized each other. It was Tidd, one of my father's men, — Charles Plummer Tidd, a large, strong, determined fellow, in the prime of life. He was once a lumberman in his native State of Maine. He had been with us in Kansas, and was a great friend of Stevens, my father's gallant lieutenant, who was hanged at Charlestown. Tidd had been on duty at the school-house. He told us that our men were all hemmed in at Harper's Ferry, that many of them were killed, and that there was no chance for any of them to escape. "The fact is, boys," concluded Tidd, "we are used up; the best thing we can do is to get away

from here as quick as we can." "We must n't desert our friends," I said, and proposed to go on to the school-house, collect the slaves left there, and then cross the ravine up through the forest on to the point of rocks upon the mountain opposite Harper's Ferry, where with our long-range guns we might divert or frighten away the enemy, and let our people escape. Tidd thought the case hopeless, but consented to go with us to the school-house.

We had not gone on together over a mile farther, when we saw another armed man approaching us out of the dark. We ordered him to halt, and he replied by pluckily ordering us to halt ourselves. We recognized the voice of Cook, — John E. Cook, the same that was with us in Kansas and hanged in Charles-town. "Our men are all killed but seven," said Cook. "Your father was killed at four o'clock this afternoon." He did not know whether my two brothers — Oliver and Watson — were among the dead or not. Then he told us particulars, how the little band of seventeen whites and five blacks had surprised and taken the town and the armory, and held it, fighting all day long, but how at last companies amounting to eight hundred men had come in from surrounding towns in Maryland and Virginia, guarding all the bridges and every route in or out. The best and only thing for us to do, in Cook's opinion, was to make good our escape. I was opposed to deserting any friends who might want to escape with us, and we argued the case hastily there in the dark and rain. I prevailed on Cook to go reluctantly as far as the school-house, for provisions, and to see what had become of the liberated slaves. Cook had been exchanging shots with the enemy not far from the school-house, and now expected to find it occupied by hostile Virginians. When finally we came near it, Tidd and I left the others concealed in a thicket. Approaching nearer, we whistled and called for the black men, but got no answer. This seemed to confirm the idea of enemies there. Tidd

hesitated, — but perhaps I ought not to tell you this about a comrade, — and I had difficulty in getting him to go into the school-house. He followed me, though, at last, revolver in hand, and I lit a candle and found the school-house — deserted.

There was in a corner nearly a barrelful of a kind of sweet biscuit which I had made myself, and I hurriedly thrust as many of them as I could into a bag. I took about twenty pounds of sugar in another bag — the common seamless bag. There lies one of them now under the bed, — the same one, I think. I'll get it out. You see it has on it "J. B.," father's initials. We had it in Kansas, too. That's all the provisions we took. Knew that we dared not build fires in our flight. Coming out of the school-house and joined by Cook, Merriam, Coppoe, and the negro, we lingered in the neighborhood perhaps an hour, calling the black men. The only answer that came to us out of the rain and darkness was the firing at Harper's Ferry, but a mile away. We saw no more of the liberated slaves. They probably went back to their plantations. It was plain now that we could not get to the top of the mountain opposite the Ferry before morning. Then our retreat would be cut off. I hated to give-up the idea of helping our friends to escape, but I had to. We might have shown our good-will by killing one or two of the enemy; still it would have surely cost our lives. We finally decided to go back to the boarding-house on the Kennedy farm, and get our India-rubber blankets and other necessary things. I put the bags of biscuits and sugar across the negro's horse, and on the way made up my plan of escape. I had had some experience as an engineer on the underground railroad, and I had been a woodsman almost all my life. I told the boys if they stuck by me I felt pretty sure I could get them safely through to the North, and to Canada, if necessary.

The firing by this time had spread gradually over the country, showing that the people were thoroughly aroused

and on the alert. We took a hasty supper at the boarding-house, and hurriedly seized what things we could carry away, resolving to sort them over by daylight in the woods, the next morning, and bury what we did not absolutely need. I took an empty shot-bag, I remember, to put salt in, but in my hurry forgot to put any salt in it. That bag will appear again further along in my story. We resolved to camp on the mountain, as near the farm-house as we dared, so as to aid in the escape of any other stragglers who might find their way there. In point of fact, as I afterwards heard from one of them, two of our men who had escaped from the Ferry did reach the house the next day after we had gone. They were Hazlett and Anderson, the mulatto. Hazlett, as you know, was afterwards taken above Chambersburg, and hanged with the rest. Osborn Anderson made his way into Canada. I saw him the next July in Ashtabula County, Ohio, and at North Elba, New York, where my father is buried. Anderson, it is said, has since gone to Liberia, and if he is living,—which something I have heard gives me reason to doubt,—he is the only other survivor of all my father's company at Harper's Ferry.

When we began to ascend the mountain I ordered the negro to turn his horse loose. "Why," exclaimed he, "dat horse is worth more'n a hundred an' fifty dollars!" and he didn't like to part with it. I had hard work to convince him that his life was worth more than the horse. Up the base of the mountain about a mile from the boarding-house, we halted in the laurel, and made our beds. It was raining, and very cold. We had not all learned, as we did afterwards, to keep warm by sharing the same bed. We spread an India-rubber blanket upon the earth, then a woolen blanket upon that, to lie on; then a woolen blanket for a cover, and an India-rubber blanket on top of all. Thus two men, clubbing together, had furniture for a good bed in the wettest weather. Here I told the boys my plan,—here in this camp, dark as

only a laurel thicket can be on a starless, rainy night, the firing still going on at intervals, sometimes towards Harper's Ferry, and sometimes nearer at hand in the neighboring valleys. I explained that the mountains there extended in a northeasterly direction, which was also for a while our best direction towards our friends, or Canada. We must therefore follow the mountain ranges, making to the northwest when we could; traveling only at night upon the edges of the clearings; sleeping and hiding by day in the thickets on the uninhabited mountain-tops; shunning all traveled roads at all times, except as we were obliged to cross them in the night; building no fires; buying or stealing no provisions; in fact, not speaking aloud till we should, at least, get beyond Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. About this time the negro, who had been despondent all along, began to complain of rheumatism. He was afraid he could n't go with us. I told him simply that he was certain to lose his life if he went back, and that I felt reasonably sure I could get him his freedom if he kept with us. Then the boys went to bed. Although I had had no sleep in two days and two nights, I sat up against a tree and watched. I began to feel suspicious of that negro, and I thought I had better keep an eye on him. He knew my plans, you see. He knew, also, that if he left us, his only hope of saving his life would be in divulging them. The beds were, for safety's sake, four or five rods apart. After a while the negro began to groan and complain of his rheumatism; said he could n't lie comfortably, and wanted to sit up. I arose, and walking past him sat down on the nearest bed. I may have fallen asleep five or ten minutes, or more; I don't know. But when I came to look for the black man again, he was gone. I hunted and hallooed for him in vain. Then I roused up all the boys in a great hurry. They agreed with me that we must move at once, and change our plans as much as possible. All we could do to mislead pursuers was to make for another range of mountains

which would take us in the same direction. There was a new road—just done that month—three miles north of us, across the mountains from the valley where our boarding-house was, to what I think was called Pleasant Valley. Our lives seemed to depend upon our getting across to the north of that road before daylight.

So we hastily sorted our property there in the dark. The two guns intended for the negro, and which he had not taken with him in his flight, we buried with many other things. We each took two long-range guns, with one or two revolvers apiece, besides a full heavy cartridge-box to a man. More than this, I carried that night about fifty pounds of provisions. The others were opposed to taking so much to eat, and one way or another, as you shall see, I carried the food almost all the time of our wanderings. We started up the mountains diagonally. It was very hard work getting through the laurel and up the steep places with our loads. We had to stop often to rest. While sitting on my pack I would sleep for two or three minutes. I had had so many chances to practice that I could always do that then. My father used to sleep when riding horseback. He got a good deal of his rest in Kansas in that way. Well, we did n't reach the top of the mountain we had to cross till after daylight. The rain had stopped, but it was foggy. We could see part of our boarding-house two or three miles below; there seemed no one around it. We still heard occasional firing toward the Ferry and in different directions about the country. We traveled the greater part of a mile, perhaps, along the rocky mountain-top before we came to the road which we were so anxious to get safely across. The fog was rising a little now with the sun. We could see no one on the road in the short distance open to view in both directions, and so we ventured across. We were not quite out of sight in the thicket on the northern side, when we heard the sound of horses' hoofs upon the wet ground, and lo! eight armed men rode briskly past

over the mountain. We kept still till they had disappeared, and then we stole farther into the thicket, where we all five of us hid away in one bed for the rest of the day. Of course they did not see us. If they had seen us we would probably have had a desperate fight. We had determined never to be taken alive. Did the negro betray us? I can't tell for certain.

For all our narrow escape, I slept very soundly that day in the thicket. We awoke in the afternoon, and ate some of our biscuit and sugar, and discussed our affairs in a whisper. And by the way, I can give you no idea how tiresome and painful whispering becomes after two or three days. It is about as unnatural and soon grows as hard work as hallooing at the top of the voice. Another thing that became very wearisome was keeping my head in the position to watch the North star. Carrying the provisions over my shoulder, and looking up in that way night after night, guiding the party, got to be very painful indeed. Well, we discussed our affairs, as I said. Cook, in his fiery, quick-thinking way, was always proposing bold, hazardous measures. He to some extent carried Tidd and Coppoc with him; and so they were in favor of stealing horses, and riding right into death, which was lying in wait for us at every bridge and on every highway. Was there a reward on my head? Yes, I believe so. How much? Well, *I've heard* that it was twenty-five thousand dollars in all; more than it was worth, perhaps, but then I suppose I had done, slavery more than that amount of damage in Kansas and around. Cook's wife,—he was the only married man in the party,—his wife was then in Chambersburg; and he was bent on going there. So were Tidd and Coppoc. Merriam always abided by my decision. Poor fellow! he soon saw he could n't get through without me; he began to show symptoms of giving out, only a day or two after leaving Harper's Ferry. I waited for him and helped him along, especially in steep or rocky places; and after four or five days, I

carried his luggage in addition to my own. Now, it was not in my original plan to go to Chambersburg, but I had to consent to go that way. They were all younger than I was, and any one, almost, except themselves, could have seen that they alone would lead themselves into destruction. Why, while we were lying there arguing in a whisper, a gray squirrel, attracted perhaps by the blue color of our blankets, mounted the tree right over us and chattered; soon after he was joined by a black one, and they both, chattering, approached within a few feet of us, and I had all I could do to keep Cook and Tidd from shooting them. Cook was probably the quickest and best shot with a revolver that I ever saw, and the temptation, I suppose, was very strong just then. Having prevailed upon the two men to spare their own lives with those of the squirrels, I could not keep them from going down to the edge of the clearing before dark. It was cold, and they *would* be moving. I insisted upon going ahead, as I always did afterwards in such places, the others being too apt to shoot whatever came in their way, men or animals. I told the boys if I saw any one I would make a signal, and they should all drop down. Just as we were approaching the clearing where we could see Pleasant Valley extended before us, I beheld a man coming along the path through the woods. He was carrying on his shoulders what seemed to be a sack of flour. I made the signal, and we all dropped down, not far from the path. I think the man saw us, but he saw also that there were five of us, with two guns apiece, and with wonderful presence of mind he walked on without speaking or turning his head. That askant look of his, however, I have reason to believe, cost a sleepless night to the inhabitants of at least ten miles of territory. I had no difficulty now in prevailing upon the boys to wait till later in the night, before attempting to cross the valley. And when finally we did start, we were no more than half way through the first field, when we saw and heard a horseman at full run upon

the nearest road, and making the most hideous, terrible noise I ever heard come from mortal lips. He was alarming the valley. We afterwards heard that he startled the quiet denizens of that region by shouting to them that Cook's men were coming down from the mountains to massacre them all. Cook, you see, had been in the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry, teaching school, for the last year nearly, and that is why they knew about him. So, as I have since heard, the inhabitants of Pleasant Valley fled for their lives precipitately across the Potomac, away over into Jefferson County, Virginia, and some of them as far as Winchester.

In the face of all this dreadful noise there was nothing for us to do, but press right on across the field toward the next mountain range east of the valley. Reaching the mountain, we pursued our journey along its side just above the clearings. Towards daylight, we went up to the top and concealed ourselves, eating our sugar and biscuits, and sleeping. This was our usual plan, and of course, we traveled very slowly. When we woke up in the afternoon, I had to argue myself hoarse, restraining the impetuosity of some of the others, especially Cook. He wanted to travel by the roads, and when the provisions began to get scarce, he insisted upon going to buy more. At last, to restrain him, I offered and he took all my share of the biscuits and sugar; so that I commenced a day and a half or two days before the other boys, to live upon the dry, hard Indian corn which we found still standing in the fields. I would occasionally pull a hill of potatoes and eat some of them raw. When the biscuits and sugar finally gave out, and we were all reduced to the same diet of raw, hard corn, in order to restrain the boys from going after other provisions, I promised to share my money with them, as soon as it was safe to travel by roads. I had about forty dollars in gold; the others, excepting Merriam, had merely two or three dollars apiece. Thus we had passed perhaps five or six days, going up the mountains to sleep, and coming

down to the edges of the woods to travel, when one night a cold rain set in. Towards morning it changed into snow; all day long the trees sagged with it, and our bed was covered with it — the one bed into which the whole five of us crawled, as I have told you, to keep warm. We slept beautifully. Starting on after dark, we came to where the mountain gave an unexpected turn too much to the east, and we had to cross a valley to the next range. This entailed the half-wading, half-swimming of a bridgeless stream, and a journey of at least five miles through the snow and wet, before we reached the mountains again. A little way up on the border of the forest, we found some pitch-pine shavings and some wood, and here, in spite of all I could say, the boys made a fire. We were all wet and cold and exhausted by want of food, and I suppose the temptation was pretty strong. It was not yet daylight. Our fire, a very bright one, had been burning but a little while when we were visited and startled, for a moment, by — an owl. He took his seat on a neighboring tree and hooted at us. In the course of half an hour, while we were munching our corn — we had no potatoes or we might have roasted them — we heard what were unmistakably human voices, calling to one another, it seemed, in the valley below. Soon after we heard the baying of hounds, evidently in pursuit of something, as any one used to dogs could tell. Now we had just crossed this valley, leaving our tracks, of course, in the snow, and the idea that we were followed immediately flashed upon us. We were not a minute in putting that fire out, scattering and covering every stick and ember in the snow and earth.

Then we hurried farther up the mountain into the thickets. We could hear all the time that the hounds were approaching us. On we pressed till after daylight. All of a sudden we came upon a clearing with a house on it, and a road running along the summit of the mountain, and a man driving a span of horses with a load of wood,

along the road, — but a few rods away. Though the noise of the hounds was increasing and coming nearer and nearer, we had to wait till the man and team were out of sight. He fortunately did not see us. We traveled on perhaps a mile farther through the woods and laurel, until the day was so light and the hounds so near that we made up our minds it was time either to camp or fight. I counseled the boys, however, not to shoot the dogs, unless there were men with them. If you understand dogs, there is n't much danger from them. I never saw one that would bite me. Dogs, you see, are like men: if you pretend to know them, they are not sure but you do, and at least believe that a certain civility is due to the doubt. The fact that you are n't afraid of them, too, has to both dogs and men a convincing, peace-making mystery about it. And so we stopped and waited for the hounds. In a little while there was a light crackling of the brush, and a red fox with his tongue out, showing that he was much blown, broke past us down towards the valley. Soon after came the hounds. They stopped and stared at us a moment, then went on after the game. Had they been put on our track? Of course I cannot say for certain. If they were, they pursued the fox, instead, being no doubt more used to that sort of hunting. Some of us believed that if it had not been the little animal's struggle for life, it would have been ours. At any rate, the boys were not so prone to build fires after that. It was many days and nights, cold and wet ones too, before they attempted it again. We went on a mile or two farther, well out of the way of the dogs and fox, and there we camped, seeing no more of them or of any one else that day, or indeed the next two or three days.

There is a gap in the mountains on the pike below Boonesboro', leading from Hagerstown to Baltimore. That I knew would be a place of great danger; there was nothing like safety for us till we should get across that pike. We had no other practicable way of getting

out of Maryland. And we heard enough firing both day and night to show us how thoroughly the country was aroused and after us. Already the want of salt, the scarcity of food, the change of night into day, the fatigue of carrying Merriam's luggage besides my own, and the bag of dry corn for all of us began to make me dizzy. I noticed that the others staggered sometimes. We would almost always every one of us fall asleep, when we sat down to rest, and we would sleep soundly, no matter how frosty it was. Finally, one night, we became aware that we were approaching this perilous gap in the mountains. When we came in sight of the pike in question, we heard the baying of hounds, in nearly every direction, — big hounds and little hounds and all sorts of dogs. I never heard so much barking before in my life. At a sudden trend in the mountain, the gap was opened up before us; and what a sight it was! There must have been a hundred fires in view, flaring out of the darkness, — alarm fires, we took them to be, of those who were watching for us. They had heard, as you know, that Cook had a large party of men, and they had, I presume, gone in there to head him off. Their hounds, probably, had followed them to camp, and had got after game in the neighborhood. There must have been a host of warriors, if there was any reasonable proportion between the men and dogs. I saw that our chances of getting out of that were very slight indeed. I did not say it to the boys, though. I told them very promptly that was no place for us. They were quite ready to follow me. We retraced our steps half a mile or more, came upon a road, and followed it, right past a tall log-house. Though a dog rushed out and barked at us, we thought best to keep straight on. We followed the road down the mountain till we came to a spring, where having hastily drunk and washed our faces, we turned off down to what we supposed was Cumberland Valley. Our object was to get across that Baltimore pike at some place out in the open valley, away from the gap and the people

watching for us there. It was already as late as midnight. We could not tell exactly, for there was no time-piece in the party. It was plain to every one of us that our safety depended upon our getting across the pike and valley to the mountains beyond, before daylight. Nothing but the excitement of this fact enabled some of us — especially Merriam — to accomplish what we did that night.

Imagine our disappointment when, clambering down the rough mountain-side, using our guns to lean upon, as we generally did, we found that we had reached, not Cumberland Valley, but a ravine, with a steep mountain towering right in our way on the other side. There was nothing to do but climb it, and we buckled to it for our lives. It was nearly morning when we finally got down into Cumberland Valley. We hurried on, and in a large field bordering upon the pike, we were brought to a sudden standstill by an unearthly noise, which soon resolved itself in my accustomed ears into the frightened snort of a horse. The horse rushed away at the top of his speed, leaving some of the boys more scared than he was. Pursuing our way toward the pike, we were startled again with some cause, for we found we were marching straight upon a toll-gate. Sheering quickly to one side, we crossed the terrible pike about forty rods farther on, just as the first light of morning appeared. The baying of the hounds had not yet wholly ceased. A few moments after we were obliged to wade quite a large creek. We were hurrying on from that toward the mountains, when I happened to look back and found that Merriam was nowhere to be seen. Hurrying back to the steep bank of the creek we had crossed, I discovered him, poor fellow, unable to climb it. I tried to help him up, but was too tired and weak. I called Tidd and he took hold of Merriam rather impatiently, and, in pulling him up together, we bruised him against a projecting root. It was getting lighter all the time. We rushed on through a lately plowed field. The traveling of

course was very hard, and our tracks would be very plain to our hundreds of pursuers. And there we were in the middle of that field, when clatter, clatter along the pike came forty or fifty armed horsemen, galloping by in plain view down toward the gorge in the mountains. We dropped and watched them out of sight. Then away we struggled for a hiding-place. When at last we reached the woods, we found them too sparse for our purpose, and went on and up the mountain, still finding no safe camping-ground. On the summit we came upon a sort of monument, or perhaps an observatory, in the shape of an unfinished tower. A white rag was flying from a pole at the top of it. Satisfying myself that no one was about, I went up the winding stairs to take a view of the surrounding country. The others were too much fatigued to go with me. I could see what I took to be the outskirts of Boonesboro', and enough of the valley we had crossed to give me a vivid idea of the danger we had escaped. Horsemen were scampering hither and thither on the highways, and the whole country, it seemed, was under arms. Descending hastily, I had little difficulty in impressing upon the boys how necessary it was that we should be in concealment. And still we followed along the ridge of that mountain-top for as much as three miles in broad daylight without finding a safe place. We at one time passed not far from an inhabited house, — fortunately unobserved. Finally, as we were about to sink under fatigue, we came to a large fallen tree, and made our bed in the forks of that. Tired as I was, I spent an hour cutting laurel bushes and sticking them into the ground at distances from one another. Laurel you know, will not wilt; and so with care the shrubs were made to conceal us, and look as if they grew there naturally. We were soon all fast asleep, and got through the day safely.

In our next night's travel along the top of the mountain it was so rough that one of Cook's boots gave out. You see I have plenty of pins sticking here in my shirt now. Well, I had a

needle and thread with me then, and I stitched up Cook's boot as well as I could, using my knife-blade for an awl. It was this or the next night that Cook fell down a steep, rocky place. I heard something snap, when he fell, and thought it was his leg. It was the limb of the tree which had broken with him. He was not yet over the effects of a similar fall near Harper's Ferry. The other time he was taking aim at an enemy who was also taking aim at him, and got the first shot; for the branch upon which Cook steadied himself was cut off, just above his hand, by his enemy's bullet. He was now, therefore, pretty badly bruised; but we helped him up and he limped on with us.

It was only a day or so afterwards, I think, that we walked, besides all night, the whole forenoon, and into the afternoon. The woods were then so thick and extensive on the mountain-top that we thought it safe. The mountain range, after a while, swerved out of our direction, which now lay across a valley. Leaving Cook, Merriam, and Coppoc in the timber, I took Tidd and went to see if we could prudently cross that valley by daylight. We had gone on, Tidd and I, about a mile and a half when we came in sight of a road with teams going and coming on it. Farther on we could see a farm-house. While we were discussing the matter, and deciding that it would not be safe to cross the valley by daylight, there came wafted to our keen, hungry nostrils, from that farm-house at least forty rods away, the smell of something like doughnuts cooking. Never before or since has anything so boundlessly, bewilderingly delightful fallen upon my sense. It was too much for poor Tidd's endurance, and, indeed, that smell of distant cooking, as you shall see, did in effect cost a life. We were both weak and faint enough to stagger. Tidd vowed he would n't go a step farther without food. "You'll be all winter," he said, "and never get through after all; you'll starve and freeze to death. It is just as well to expose ourselves one way as another," and he took a long breath of the distant

frying. I had the two arguments to withstand, Tidd's, and the lard-laden air. The latter was the more powerful, but I withstood them both. I promised him, as I had promised the others, that as soon as we got three nights north of Chambersburg, I would steal all the chickens, milk, and apples we needed. It would not do, I contended, to go to buying or even stealing provisions now. I am not in the habit of stealing, by the bye. But antislavery men would have been glad to give what little we needed to the cause, and proslavery men certainly owed it that much. That was the way I argued. Tidd, however, clung to the delightful, maddening odor, and his determination to go and buy food. As a great favor, I at last prevailed upon him to go first with me back to the place where we had left the other boys. And every one but myself agreed with Tidd. I had a large red silk handkerchief with white spots in it, given me by Mrs. Gerrit Smith. Well, this with the empty shot bag for salt, mentioned before, I gave to Cook, and told him, if they insisted on having food bought, he could wield the glibbest tongue, and tell the best story; he should go. Still I didn't want, — and I feel just as agitated now, almost, when I tell it, — I didn't want him to go. I needed food, I told them, as much as any of them; and if they *would* go and get it, it would be foolish in me not to help eat it. So, as I had more funds than the rest, I made him take my money to pay for it, begging him to the last not to go. In Cook's confession, he says we sent him for food. That is the way it was.

Cook was gone two or three hours, perhaps. He came back with a couple of loaves of bread, some salt in the bag, some good boiled beef, and a pie. He had had a splendid visit, he said. He had stayed to dinner — which happened to be a little late that day — with the people of the farm-house; had made himself very agreeable, and told them the story we had concocted beforehand about our being a hunting-party, too far from home to get back to our dinners.

If you have never been a great deal more than half-starved you can form no idea how marvelously good that feast was that day. I felt more or less gloomy about it at the time, keeping it to myself, though. But the shadow of the danger hanging over us did not seem to affect the other boys, who were exceedingly merry. And after dinner we all went to sleep for an hour or so.

Before sundown that same afternoon our lives were imperiled in what seemed to me at the time a most wanton manner. Cook had brought with him an old-fashioned, one-barrel horse pistol, once carried by General Washington. Cook got possession of it, when he and Stevens made Colonel Lewis Washington prisoner at Harper's Ferry. Well, Cook took this old pistol and strolled off, shooting it around in the neighborhood. This enraged Tidd, who ordered him peremptorily to stop. Cook said he knew what he was doing and would not take orders from him; "I am carrying out the story of our being hunters," Cook said. The quarrel was going on loudly and angrily. They were fast coming to blows and to pistol shots, when I rushed between them. Coppoc assisted me. Merriam lay quietly on the ground. It was not easy work to separate Cook and Tidd, but we finally got them still. They were both fearless men, and had faced many a gun; they agreed to have it out when they could do it without endangering others. There is really no knowing whether one or both of them would not have been killed in this feud, if it had not been for the events of the succeeding day.

In the course of that night we came to a wide creek which we had to ford. Cook's boots came off so hard that I offered to carry him across, if he would cling to my boots and luggage. His weight, the two bundles, four guns, revolvers, and ammunition, upon my bare feet on the sharp stones were unendurable. I told Cook I must drop him, and drop him I did, about two thirds of the way across. He got wet, but kept the guns and ammunition dry. We crossed two valleys and a mountain and got into

the woods of another mountain before day. I was especially anxious to get as far as possible from the place where Cook had bought provisions. The forest now seemed so extensive that, after resting a while, we thought it safe to go on by daylight; and we traveled on in what we considered the direction of Chambersburg till the middle of the afternoon, seeing no traces of inhabitants. All day long, whenever Cook and I would get a little in advance of the others he talked to me about his quarrel with Tidd, making threats against him. His anger seemed to increase rather than decrease. He talked also a great deal about the prospective meeting with his wife and boy in Chambersburg. I remember as if it were yesterday, I told him his imprudence would be so great that he would never see his wife and child again.

We stopped at a clear spring that afternoon, and ate the last of the provisions bought the day before. Then the boys said it would be a good time to go and get a new supply. More earnestly than ever I tried to dissuade them, but to no purpose. They outnumbered me. Coppel wanted to go this time. I said, since they were determined that somebody must go, Cook was the man most fitted for the mission, and I gave him money, and the same red silk handkerchief. He left everything but one revolver, and took his leave of us, as nearly as we could judge, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. As I have told you before, we had no time-piece in the party. I don't know whether it was before or after this, that we lost all reckoning of the days of the week. That will be my excuse if I have got them wrong in this narrative, and that, too, will give you some idea how bewildering fatigue is, and hunger, and a couple of States on the lookout for you, eager for your blood. Cook had not been gone long when two ravens flew over our heads, croaking dismally. You may think it queer, but it struck every one of us as a bad omen. We waited till dusk, but Cook did not return; we waited till dark and starlight,

still he did not come; we waited till nine o'clock, till midnight, and still he did not come. He might have got lost, we thought; and we lingered about, calling and watching for him till at least two o'clock in the morning. Cook never came.

We knew nothing of his fate till more than a week afterwards, when, as I shall tell you farther on, we got hold of a newspaper one night at a Pennsylvania farm-house, and read of his capture. I have heard since, that, going along in a clearing, he came upon two men chopping wood, and told his hunting-party story to them, asking where to buy food. They appeared very friendly, offering to go and show the way; and they walked along talking socially, one on each side of him. The report says—but I do not believe it—that Cook told them who he was. At a given signal they rushed upon him, seizing him by the arms. They must have taken some such advantage of him, for if he had had half a chance, he would have killed them both. He was, as I have told you, I think, already, the quickest and best shot with a pistol that I ever saw. Anyhow, poor Cook was taken that night to the Chambersburg jail, fifteen miles away. We knew we were about fifteen miles from Chambersburg, because Tidd had gone—very recklessly and without consulting us—down to the road that afternoon, and asked a man who happened to be passing. The nearest village, the man said, if my bad memory of names does not deceive me, was called the Old Forge. The name of one of Cook's captors I have forgotten,—the name of the other was Hughes. They got the heavy reward offered for him, and drank it up in bad whisky, as I have heard, and were both killed in the rebel army.

Daring to wait no longer for Cook, we made a bold push for the road. It was a little odd, and I hope it was in relenting, but Tidd, his mortal enemy, took most of the things left by Cook; we all took some. This belt here, now, to carry a Sharpe's rifle in—that was Cook's. By the way, there hangs the

coat I escaped in. Do I keep it here in this shanty as a relic? Oh, no; I wear it sometimes yet. The fact is, I have always been very saving ever since that hungry trip. From that day to this, I have never seen the least morsel of any kind of food wasted without pain. I shall never get over that, I suppose.

Well, we risked traveling for a while on the public road, to see if we might in some way find Cook. It was quite a while before we reached the village which I have mentioned, doubtfully, as Old Forge. We walked straight through it, whatever its correct name, taking the middle of the street. Only a few lights were burning. We saw one in the bar-room and one in the barn of the tavern. We thought we heard voices, too, in the barn as we passed. A half mile or more beyond the village, we struck through a corn-field, helping ourselves to the dry, hard corn, to which we were again reduced. My purpose was just to touch upon the outskirts of Chambersburg. I didn't approve of going there at all, you understand, but the others insisted upon it. They wanted to go to the house of a Mrs. Ritner, a kind-hearted widow lady, whose husband, a son of ex-Governor Ritner of Pennsylvania, had been a conductor on the underground railroad, as well as upon a real railroad. All of us had been at Mrs. Ritner's before. Father had boarded there, and so had Kagi, who was killed, as you know, fighting so splendidly at Harper's Ferry. I consented to go to Chambersburg also, because I did not know but Cook might meet us at either of two hiding-places on a stream; one a half mile, and the other a mile from the town. I had told him about them. I had discovered them, conducting to Harper's Ferry recruits who had been slaves once and were going back again into danger to help liberate their friends and relatives. Shields Green, who was hanged, was one of these.

Just across the corn-field before mentioned, we came upon a wide public highway, evidently leading to Chambersburg. Here Coppoc and Tidd as-

tonished Merriam and myself by announcing that they would have to leave us. They said Merriam, in his weak state, could not get into Chambersburg before daylight; it was at least fifteen miles away. They knew that I had pledged myself never to leave Merriam behind. And so, leaving a gun or two extra for us to carry, and promising to meet us the next night at one of the hiding-places beyond Chambersburg, they started off, on the public highway, as fast as they could walk.

It was a wild, desperate thing for them to do. Weak and worn as Merriam was, he saw as well as I did that they were exposing us as much as they were exposing themselves. Two could make little resistance in case of attack; and, we argued, our safety depended upon keeping up with them, and preventing them, if possible, from running more foolish risks. So, picking up the guns they had left, we started after them, in the belief that it was a walk for life, and I have no doubt it was. On we went, unchallenged, through toll-gates and past farm-houses. For the whole fifteen miles, Tidd and Coppoc never got over six rods ahead of us. During the race, some time before daylight, Coppoc left his things with Tidd, walked up to a house, waked the inmates, and asked the way to Chambersburg! He felt pretty sure, he said afterwards, that this road led there, but he was not certain whether we were going towards or away from the town. Tidd was sitting in a fence-corner waiting for him as Merriam and I came up. I charged Tidd hurriedly, if at any time on the road he and Coppoc saw anybody, to conceal themselves; if halted, or in any way shown that arrest was meant, we should be ready to make a desperate fight; if merely spoken to they should let me answer for them. I had hardly said this, and Coppoc had not yet come out to us from the house, when a man came riding along the road. He had a fine horse, and looked like an officer of some kind. In the light of what I have since heard, I think he was. It is strange how we all felt like killing that

man. We had been chased and hunted, and had lived like wild beasts so long that we felt blood-thirsty. We never knew for certain if he saw us. He did not at least think it prudent to speak, and rode on out of sight.

Coppoc came out to us, and we rushed on—in the direction we had been taking all the time. As we drew nearer and nearer Chambersburg, I told the boys, as I had told them before, that it was not fair to expose Mrs. Ritner. She had probably disavowed any knowledge of us, and it would be very easy to get her into trouble, without benefiting ourselves; but they would go. In the outskirts of Chambersburg, finally, we stopped by a house on the corner of the street which led to Mrs. Ritner's. Merriam, who had over-exerted himself, dropped down in the middle of this street, and lay with his luggage for a pillow. It was just before the break of day. As Tidd and Coppoc left us, I charged them, with all the earnestness I had, to come right back if they got no answer, and especially to make no alarm. They knocked at the door, but received no reply. Then Tidd went down into the garden and got a bean-pole and thumped on the second-story window. Mrs. Ritner put her arm out of the window and motioned him away. At which he said, "Mrs. Ritner, don't you know me? I am Tidd."

"Leave, leave!" came back in a frightened whisper.

"But we are hungry," insisted Tidd.

"I could n't help you if you were starving," she whispered back again. "Leave; the house is guarded by armed men!"

Tidd dropped his bean-pole, and the two came back to where we were lying in the street. It has always seemed to me next to a miracle that they were ever allowed to get away from that house. They were pretty well frightened and utterly discouraged. "What shall we do? What *shall* we do?" they asked in despair. Merriam, stretched motionless on the ground, said nothing. "I will tell you what to do," I said, picking up my

bundle; "but you'll follow me this time!"

We could just see the first streaks of daylight. Telling Merriam to come on, we started. After we had gone some distance I turned to look for Merriam, but he was nowhere to be seen. I went back to the street-corner and found him still lying in the road. I jerked him up, and told him his life depended upon his walking a half mile or at most a mile farther to a hiding-place. Poor fellow! he must have been fast asleep. I never got a chance, I believe, to ask him; events were so hurried and exciting after that. We went out a suburban street till we came to a railroad which we followed as long as it went in the direction I wanted to take. Before we reached the thicket I intended to hide in, it became too light for safety. We would certainly have been caught, if it had n't been for a cold mist that hung low upon the land after daylight. We went of course to the nearest hiding-place, a partially wooded field in the outskirts of the town. The falling of the leaves had made it much more dangerous than I had expected to find it. I had seen the place before in summer. We finally found a patch of briars in the middle of the field, and crawling into it, made our bed there. We could have been easily surrounded, as you see: so here almost all day long we did not dare even to sit up; and, notwithstanding the extraordinary fatigue of the night before, we had not time, even if we had thought it safe, to sleep. A railroad ran by one side of the field, and we could distinctly see the trains pass during the day. Our field was bounded on the other sides by traveled roads and the suburban streets of Chambersburg. It was a cold, frosty morning, but I had no difficulty in making the boys lie still. Indeed, ever after that, they oddly enough were always cautioning *me* to be prudent. A little before noon we heard martial music steadily approaching us, — not at all a pleasant sound under the circumstances. Then after a while it stopped; and, in perhaps five or ten minutes more, a train went shooting by

on the neighboring railroad. The martial music then started up again at what we supposed afterwards to be the railway station, and gradually marched out of hearing. It was, as I have since heard, the escort that took poor Cook from the jail to the depot: and the train we saw was the one that bore him away to Charlestown, and, as you know, to death.

We of course were not aware of this at the time. We had some expectation, as I told you, that Cook might try to join us at this hiding-place; and when, shortly afterwards, a man appeared in our field, we at first took him for Cook. The man in question soon made for the edge of the timber, and began firing a gun. We thought that a bold signal, but were really astonished at nothing from Cook. So we raised ourselves as nearly to our feet as we dared, in order to watch his movements. He was aiming his gun at the tree-tops, evidently at squirrels, and coming around to where we got a better view of him, we decided it was not Cook.

A cold rain, with snow and sleet, set in about noon. This was no doubt a greater protection to us than the briers, — so near to a populous town as we were. There were three or four yokes of oxen running loose in the field. An ox came browsing near our thicket, and by his disturbed manner called the attention of the whole drove to us. They would stare at us, then start off and come back in a way that would give warning of something wrong to any one knowing oxen. We dared not move, or speak to them; and oxen and dogs know as quickly as anybody when people are acting strangely. At last, to our infinite relief, they seemed to have settled the matter among themselves, or at least satisfied their curiosity, for they went away of their own accord. While we were lying there we had determined that in the exhausted condition of Merriam, it would be best to run the risk of sending him on by rail. Extended on my back, I mended his overcoat, which had been torn, in our mountain travel, to a state of what I considered suspicious

shabbiness. Being a bachelor, you know, I had a pair of scissors with my needles and thread; and so when the tempest got worse, and it was safe to sit up a little, I clipped off his beard as close as I could shingle it. What was especially fortunate for Merriam just then was the fact that he wore a glass eye; and this glass eye fitted him so well that he could turn it, or at least seemed to turn it nearly as well as he did the other one. That and his beard gone, Merriam was pretty thoroughly disguised. We discussed Merriam's leaving, more or less, all day long. Coppoc wanted to go with him. I whispered myself hoarse, trying to convince him that he ought not to go. I was glad when, in the afternoon, a high wind arose as an accompaniment to the storm, and we dared speak aloud. We shivered with the rain and sleet as we argued. I told Coppoc he would excite suspicion if he went with Merriam. "We need you with us," I said, "and you need yourself with us, — for defense, and especially to keep warm nights. We have lost too many already; we shall freeze if we lose any more now. When it is safe, you shall be the next to go." Merriam, poor fellow, was so weak and worn that there was not much warmth in him. He was, you understand, no use in bed or out of it, and besides, he could n't have walked any farther anyhow. The snow and sleet stopped for a while as we were still arguing, and as I turned over on my elbow and looked at Coppoc, I could see that great tears had fallen and hung quivering on his waistcoat. He was thinking, perhaps, of his Quaker home in Iowa, and of his widowed mother there; perhaps of his brother whom he supposed killed; or maybe, he was in utter despair. I never knew; I never asked him. None of us spoke for a long time. The wind blew more violently than ever, and the rain and sleet came down again, and washed away the traces of the man's weakness, — if it was weakness.

Towards night a boy came riding a horse into our field, evidently in search of something. He rode clear around

our brier-patch, passing within sixteen feet of us. As I lay on my back, I turned my head just enough to keep my eye on him. He was not over ten years old. Suddenly his face brightened, and he began hallooing at the oxen, of which I suppose he had just caught sight. He had come after them, it seems; and getting them all together he took them and himself from the field. I did not think the boy saw us. Some of the others thought he did; and so we had added to the fatigues and dangers of the day, the uncertainty whether he had not gone to give the alarm to Chambersburg.

It was my plan now to keep on still in a northwesterly direction, which would take me, I felt pretty sure, toward Meadville and some old friends in Crawford County, Pennsylvania. If it were not safe there, that was also in the direction of Ashtabula County, Ohio, where brother John was; and that, if unsafe, was as good a way as any toward Canada. We thought best to leave in this brier-patch all of Merriam's arms except a pistol and such ammunition as he could conceal and carry with him by railroad. We three, who were to continue the journey afoot, left also, in the same place, three Sharpe's carbines, three heavy full cartridge-boxes fitted with belts, and everything in the way of arms, in fact, except our navy revolvers and one heavy gun each. Merriam had furnished a good deal of money to the cause. He would take only five dollars from me when making his preparations to part with us. He said he had money enough to get through with. A driving snow set in that night, and it was as dark as I ever saw it in my life. We could see almost nothing at all. We started together for the road bordering the side of the field opposite the railway. In this road Tidd and Coppoc bade Merriam good-by and God-speed. Leaving them in a fence-corner, I took Merriam by the hand—it was so dark and he was so feeble—and led him to the railroad. Then I walked a little way on the track with him, so that he would be sure to

take the direction away from Chambersburg, and reach the first station outside of that town before taking a train. Our plan was that he should thereafter go north as directly as he could. So I left him on the track—I will not tell you of the affecting leave-taking—and found my way back to Tidd and Coppoc, through the darkness and blinding snow-storm. Perhaps you would like to know that Merriam got safely back to his friends. The next I heard of him was some years afterward, out in the far West on the plains, with a hunting-party. He returned, and was one morning found dead in his bed in New York.

Tidd, Coppoc, and I, leaving the public road, now started across the country. The first creek or mill-race in our way we got over well enough, for we trusted ourselves to a regular ford. After a while, however, we came to a creek swollen by the recent rain till it was at least five rods across. There was nothing to do but wade it. Somehow we could see the stream much plainer than we could the snow on its banks. The water was very swift. We got in up to our hips. When I reached the other side, I could not feel my bare feet on the snow, they were so numb. Getting up the steep bank we were greeted by the boisterous barking of a dog. A road passed along this bank with a farm-house on one side of it and a barn on the other. We went right on, following this road till it forked, and then taking the left hand, which we thought our direction. It was so very dark that of course we were not sure, and so, after going about a mile on this left-hand road, we decided to return to the barn and seek shelter in defiance of the dog. We made our bed in a shed at the end of the barn nearest to the road. The dog got tired of barking when he found we paid no attention to him, and sought shelter too. We heard some chickens in the barn. I went in there and climbed all around, but it was so dark I could not get them. They sounded as if they would taste well. Even hard corn had been scarce with us lately; and we should not have waited

to cook them. We slept two or three hours in the shed — slept beautifully, our blankets and ourselves steaming with the wet and warmth. Then it stopped snowing and the stars came out. The same left-hand road we had turned back from we found to be the right one, when we resumed our way. We walked on briskly in a northwest direction, passed a house with a larger and even more boisterous dog, and kept up our speed for the rest of the night. We could see the black line of the mountains in the distance, and saw, too, that we could not reach them before daylight. The snow was two or three inches deep. We could readily be tracked, and should be obliged to stay all day in the midst of a thickly-inhabited country, where we could be easily surrounded. Finally, just before sunrise, we passed a farmhouse and followed a series of gullies about a mile, till we found a brier-patch, in the midst of which we spread our blankets, and cut other briars to cover ourselves with, and went to sleep.

About noon that day the sun came out, melting the snow and waking us. Cows and sheep passed us occasionally. After a while a boy came along, leading a dog. It was very lucky for us that the boy *was* leading him, for the dog got scent of us, and tugged at his rope to get to us. Jerking him along, the boy cursed the animal for his stupidity in wanting to hang himself. He probably came much nearer hanging us, as we thought at the time. In the open country that way, with such enormous rewards upon our heads, our lives, you understand, may be said to have hung on that dog's cord. About dusk two pigs came wandering near us, and I sallied stealthily forth, hoping to catch and smother one of them. I tried for as much as an hour, and failed. It was an imprudent thing to do, I know, but I was very hungry and the pigs were very fat. So I stole up into a neighboring field and gathered what had become our somewhat irregular rations of dry, hard corn. Then we lay still in our brier-patch till night. It was very dark, but I could see the dull line of the mount-

ains in the distance, and we made for them with all possible speed and directness. Within a few miles of the mountains we brought up on a road leading straight towards them. Risking ourselves upon the highway, we after awhile came to one of those Pennsylvania barns, which we were sure was red without being able or needing to see the color. I went groping clear around this barn twice before I found the door, at which Tidd and Coppoc then stood guard while I went in to search for chickens. I caught an old Jersey Blue hen and a rooster, and wrung their necks without allowing them to make any noise. Putting them into the provision bag, — the one that is under the bed there now, — we hurried on. Suddenly we came upon a village. Tidd and Coppoc were in advance, and I was trying to catch up with them, when right in the heart of the village I met three or four men. I had got past them, when whisk! away went my hat in the wind, and I had to run back with my bag of poultry, to pick it up. These men were so absorbed in talking about the "powerful exhortation" of Brother Somebody, that they did not take much notice of me. I suppose they had been at some prayer-meeting. It might have been Sunday night, too. Catching up with Tidd and Coppoc, I remonstrated with them upon the danger of separating so, in such a place.

On the mountain, at last, we came upon a gorge, where we built a fire and went to dressing our hen and rooster. As soon as Tidd had picked the leg of the hen, he cut it off and began roasting it. It was nowhere near done when he began upon it, crunching the bones, and swallowing everything. After we had had a taste none of us could wait for the old hen to cook. We ate her almost raw. Tidd, burning the bones, ate them, too. Putting the dressed rooster into the bag and burning the feathers, we started farther up the mountain to a good hiding-place. It was a very thickly settled country. Men and teams passed not very far from us during the day. The next night, as we

were crossing a pleasant valley, we heard voices along the road on which we had ventured. We hastily crouched in the shadow of a fence-corner, and there walked by, in the bright moonlight, two pairs of young people, with locked arms and leaning affectionately on each other. We could see their faces as well as hear what they said when they passed. Each couple was far enough from the other to speak confidentially. They were evidently returning from some late country merry-making.

This same night we surprised an apple-orchard and helped ourselves plentifully, and filled our provision bag. Not till the second or third night after eating the hen did we dare build a fire to cook the rooster. It was a pleasant spot where we roasted him; beside a spring in a little hollow surrounded by beech and hemlock, the mountain-top towering just above us, and bristling against the sky with pitch-pine. We had salt! Tidd, besides eating perhaps too many apples, also ate the burned bones of the rooster. A night or so afterwards, I had the luck to catch four or five chickens in a barn. These of course went better, when we got a chance to cook them. That was not till we came to a little shanty in a wild place on the mountain-top. It had been built, we could see, by people who had been there to peel hemlock bark for tanning. We came to this shanty just before daylight one rainy morning. It was a mere hut of logs, covered with bark. Some stones were laid up in a corner for a fire-place. The bare earth was the floor. We knew that the bark-peelers work in the spring, and so we felt comparatively safe and happy, — all but Tidd, who had been complaining ever since he ate so many hen and rooster bones. We built a comfortable fire in the hut, and cooked a couple of spring chickens, and ate what apples we had left. It was the first house we had been in for many a day and many a night; it seemed several weeks, — I shall not attempt to tell you how many it really was, for I should make some mistake. Coppoc and I slept splendidly as the rain poured

down on our bark-roof. Waking up in the afternoon we found Tidd still complaining. Coppoc and I, wandering out on the mountain saw a flock of wild turkeys, but could not get a shot at them. When we reached the hut again we found Tidd groaning and unable to go on that night. I left Coppoc to nurse him, and after dark went down the mountain for more provisions. About three miles away, I discovered an orchard, and filled my bag with apples, climbed back again, and found Tidd pretty sick. We did not any of us sleep much that night, for watching and taking care of him. It was almost providential that we had a roof and a fire for the poor fellow, or he might never have recovered. It rained the next day, and we stayed at the hut with Tidd, who began to get better. Late the next night he felt able to travel, and we started. Our course to the northwest, now, and till we left the mountains altogether, took us from one range to another, instead of along the tops and sides, making our work much slower and more tedious. Still, by way of compensation we helped ourselves pretty freely to the chickens and apples of the wealthy Pennsylvanians as we passed; occasionally milking their cows for them, too. One night I got hold of a guinea-fowl, and she made an infernal noise; but we cooked her, nevertheless, in the neighboring mountains. Once an old cow would not stand to be milked, and I went after some corn to persuade her. The granary was within a few feet of the house where the people were sleeping; I could not reach the grain from the outside of the granary, and so I had the temerity to open the door and climb in, and fill my pockets with corn. The cow yielded now, and we milked her dry. One night a red fox came around our bed and barked at us, in the way foxes have, circling off and coming back six or eight times. It might have been dangerous for him, if he had been good to eat; as it was, he finally disappeared, unharmed.

We ventured after a while to travel in the public roads by night. This had become our regular practice, when I had

that terrible sick headache. It is strange that none of us seemed to have any ailments, on dry hard corn, — except a little dizziness from being so weak; but as soon as we got the luxuries of chickens and guinea-fowl, apples, and salt, this sort of trouble commenced. It was about midnight when I crawled up into the woods, and lay down, telling the boys I could go no farther. I slept one or two hours, got up perfectly well, and walked on with the others. I never cured a sick headache so easily before or since.

We did not know where we were, except that we were somewhere in the State of Pennsylvania, and we at last thought we would risk the roads by daylight. So one sunny morning, beside a clear spring, we made our toilets for that purpose, putting on clean shirts and mending our clothes. I cut both of the other boys' hair. We rolled our shoulder-straps and ammunition into our blankets, and drew our woolen covers over our guns, and started. Our first encounter was with a man on horseback, riding the same way we were going. He looked suspiciously at us, we were so gaunt, besides carrying guns. We talked him out of his suspicion, however, and into so friendly a mood that one of us, I think it was Coppoc, rode his horse as much as a mile for him, while the stranger walked along with us. I had heard there were Quakers at a place called Bellefonte, and I hoped we might be somewhere near there. Quakers, you know, were always our friends, being great antislavery people. I thought one or more of us might hire out to some Quaker, assuming a name or names, till the heat of the pursuit was over. The man told us that Bellefonte was a good way on, he didn't know how far. We were, he assured us, about ten miles from the Juniata River. We were aching to ask about Harper's Ferry, but dared not, and finally our informant mounting his horse, turned up a lane and disappeared.

We shortly afterward went into an orchard in plain daylight and helped ourselves to some apples, — a feat which

was thought nothing of in that country of abundance. Then we resumed our journey to the Juniata. We bought some doughnuts of the woman who ferried us over that river, and some bread and butter. We now took our way along the tow-path of the canal, which we came to on the other side of the stream. We kept on till long after dark, when a canal-boat overtaking us, we asked the captain where he was going. He said to some falls, — Hamilton Falls, I think, — about seven miles away, and invited us on board. We got into the place where the hay for the horses was kept, and had a comfortable bed, the captain joining us there in a friendly way, and eating most of our apples for us. He refused to take money for our ride, and we left him at the town (whatever its name was), before daylight, so that he never knew how shabby and haggard we were.

We walked on six or seven miles upon the main road toward Bellefonte, and then camped away from the highway, near an old farm-house, occupied only by a couple of horses. We stayed there till about dark the next night, and starting upon the public road again, we had gone hardly a mile when we saw a nice little farm-house on our left, a short distance from the road. The light of the blaze in the old-fashioned fire-place came out through the curtainless window with so cheery an invitation to us, that we could not go by. We knocked at the door and obtained permission of the honest, simple-minded farmer to stay all night. The stout, Pennsylvanian woman, the farmer's wife, when we were seated, gave the logs in the fire-place a vigorous punch, which sent the sparks up the chimney in the glad way you have seen them, I suppose, before now; and it was not long till the fumes of frying flap-jacks went up after them. If she had not been so good-natured, her suspicions might have been aroused by the ravenous appetites with which we devoured what she put before us, when she bade us be seated at supper. Towards the close of that meal, the farmer in a casual sort of way men-

tioned Harper's Ferry, and then we asked him for news. We had already in some indirect manner learned from our host that it was the 4th of November. Thus we had been about three weeks in our houseless wanderings, without positive knowledge of the fate of our comrades,—it seemed at least six weeks; and I can never get over a queer impression that it was longer than it really was. We told our host that we had heard something about the fight at Harper's Ferry, but not all the particulars. This surprised him greatly, for he said the country had not been so excited about anything in twenty years. He added that his weekly newspaper had just come that afternoon, and we could read it. Perhaps you can have an idea how painful was the suspense, waiting till we could decently rise from the table and lay hands upon that paper. Tidd's stoicism broke down first; he arose and caught up the paper and began reading aloud. The first thing that caught his eye was the account of Cook's capture. You can imagine how eagerly Coppoc and I listened to the first we had heard of Cook since he had left us in the mountains. Our host interrupted the reading to assure me that one son of old Smith, who had proved to be old Brown of Kansas, had escaped with Cook and others, and was supposed to be still at large somewhere. Old man Brown was not dead, as we had heard. No, he was just severely wounded; it was not certain yet whether he would live to be hanged, for he had been tried and found guilty. To me, who had so long thought my father dead, this somehow had the effect of good news. In the mean time, Tidd had gone on, silently devouring the paper. I could see that he was much moved by what he read. He was probably reading how his friend Stevens was shot down while going on an errand of mercy and bearing a flag of truce. Coppoc sat gazing thoughtfully into the blaze of the great fire-place, and I happened to be looking at him when our host went on to say that the very latest news was that the man Coppoc had been tried, too, and

found guilty. That was his brother Edwin, and the ruddy glare of the fire did not paint out the deathly white of our poor Coppoc's face. He did not speak, but a little while after, he stealthily brushed away a tear from one of his cheeks, and sighed in a half-choked way.

Somehow my two brothers, Watson and Oliver, had not been mentioned. It might have been a presentiment—I don't know what it was—I did not have the heart to ask about them. After a few moments of silence, Tidd handed the newspaper to me. I began reading aloud for Coppoc's benefit. I saw my own name in large letters somewhere near the middle of the page, and I began on that. Before I was fully aware what I was doing, I was half-way through a minute description of myself. Then I dared not stop. Finishing that paragraph with the extravagant rewards offered for my capture, I turned and read from the beginning the account of the fight—how the little band had taken the town and held it all day against the States of Virginia and Maryland. But when I came to read the well-known passage from Governor Wise's speech: "And Colonel Washington said that he—Brown—was the coolest man he ever saw in defying death and danger. With one son dead by his side, and another shot through, he felt the pulse of his dying son with one hand and held his rifle with the other, and commanded his men with the utmost composure, encouraging them to be firm and sell their lives as dearly as possible"—well, that told me too much; my voice trembled so that I passed the paper to Coppoc. He read how our relative, Thompson, was butchered when a prisoner, and how my brother Watson was shot while carrying a flag of truce, and, though mortally wounded, fought till the gun fell from his hands. The farmer's wife, detecting the tremor in my voice,—with the quick sympathy that women have,—paused in her domestic work until the reading was over, though, as she said, she had read it all before. The 4th of November is my

birthday, and certainly that was the most memorable one of my life.

We sat by the fire and talked of the dead and wounded as long as we dared, and then went to bed. After breakfast the next morning, having paid our host, we asked him the direction to Bellefonte, and for Quaker families along the road. He told us of a Quaker by the name of Benjamin Wakefield, who lived some twenty miles off, not in the direction of Bellefonte, but, as I surmised, more nearly in the line of Townville, Crawford County, Pennsylvania, where I had an old schoolmate. I resolved, without, of course, telling our host, that we would go to Wakefield's. We had before this determined what names we should assume; mine was Edward Clark; Tidd's was Charles Plummer; Coppoc's was George Barclay. It was a bright, cheerful day, and we walked on by the road through a village, where I let Tidd go into a store and buy a pocket map. Neither he nor Coppoc had been seen much about Harper's Ferry, so they were not described, as I was. With the people we met or who overtook us during the day, we talked freely, telling them we were wood-choppers looking for work. When they offered us a job, we could n't agree about wages, or made some such difficulty. Our guns, however, were always against us, attracting too much notice. When Harper's Ferry became the subject of our talk with strangers, we never of course seemed to know any more than what we had read in the paper.

This was, if I am not mistaken, Saturday, and about sundown we came to a private lane leading, as we were told, from the public road up to Mr. Wakefield's. We thought best to have Tidd go ahead to the house. He found Mr. Wakefield and his son loading wheat. He told the benevolent-faced old gentleman that we had heard of him as a kind, neighborly man, and that he and two more friends would like to put up with him for the night. "Thee and thy friends may come," said the Quaker. But when we appeared with our guns, he held up his hands in awe, and told

us we could not bring our guns into his house. It may have been contrary to his church rules, I don't know; but we argued the case a while and then hit upon the lucky compromise that we should take the loads out of the guns. We had hardly got inside the house, however, when he startled us by saying, in his calm way, that he knew who we were, — we were from Harper's Ferry. We asked him how he knew that. He said we were so gaunt. He knew we were hunted like wild beasts, and that fact and our cause were a short cut to his heart. We found the house a nice, cleanly one, and the two trim daughters who were the housekeepers (the mother I think was dead) soon got us a splendid supper. While that was preparing we went out and helped load the wheat. After supper we talked long about slavery and the struggles and losses of our family in Kansas. He made us stay over the next day — Sunday, if my impression is right — with him, but told us to keep ourselves out of sight. He said that we had better travel for a while again only by night. He knew that we were hotly pursued. He stocked us with provisions enough to last two or three days, and would take no money for them or our entertainment. He showed us our way on the pocket-map, — this one here open before me now. We were to go about forty miles to a cousin of his, a Quaker living a mile out of a place called, I think, Half-Moon.

We parted with our good host on Sunday night, and traveled on two or three nights slowly as usual and as far as possible from the highway. Having eaten all our provisions we took to apples and corn again. Venturing once more upon the road, our guns excited so much suspicion that we were forced back into the woods and hills. Making a descent upon a hen-roost, we were pretty nearly betrayed by the squawking of our prey. Finally, late one night we approached what we knew to be the village indicated by Wakefield, as being near his cousin's. We had the good fortune to meet a man just outside the little town, and he showed us our way

to the Quaker's. We walked boldly through the village out to the farmhouse, and aroused the inmates. I have forgotten this Quaker's name, I am sorry to say. We told him as he leaned out of a window that Mr. Wakefield had sent us to him, and he seemed disposed to let us in; but at this stage of the interview another window, apparently in the same second-story room, opened and three night-capped heads were thrust out. No, we could n't come in, any such thing, they cried in chorus. They knew who we were; we were traitors; and our lives were forfeit. We said that we had merely risked our lives for the freedom of millions of helpless slaves. They replied that they were not in favor of slavery, themselves, but they were also not in favor of putting it down by force. And there we had it with the night-caps. The man was on our side, but when he said anything in our favor it seemed to go worse with us than ever. His arguments excited more fury in the night-caps than ours did. We offered to pay them twice any sum they would ask. What was money to them when we were traitors and carried wicked guns, besides? We offered to give them up our guns. At this the voice of what I took to be the old lady said, "Oh," and one night-cap disappeared; it might have been in terror, it might have been in consenting. Then the two younger voices said, "Well, father, if you want to take in murderers, you may, but don't ask us to wait on them!" and the two other night-caps disappeared, and the windows both went down. It seems an amusing scene to you, yet it was pretty serious to us; and we stood there wondering what was to be our fate with three female tongues ready to betray us, and the man of the house not daring to take us in — when the door opened and the Quaker told us we might enter. He showed us promptly to beds.

At breakfast the next morning, the mother and her two daughters would not eat with us. The man would not take any money for his entertainment. So we all went out into his field with him,

and fell to husking corn. At dinner-time the women folks seemed to be somewhat mollified, and we prevailed upon them to take some curious silver coins we had. Tidd and Coppoc went back to work in the field in the afternoon, while I went into the village and made my preparations for getting rid of our guns, and of sending Coppoc home by stage and railroad. I bought a carpet-bag for each of us. Here's mine, now. I went to two or three shoe-shops before I could get a box that would do to store our guns, cartridge-boxes, and all the little things once Cook's, which we wanted to preserve. Returning to the Quaker's with the box on my shoulder, I proceeded to pack it. I put in these bags, with the rest, and the pistol formerly carried by General Washington, the one that Cook had, as I told you before. By the way, Colonel Washington next year wrote to Thaddeus Hyatt, I think, pleading for that ancestral relic. We sent it to him, asking for some things of ours, but we never got them.

Well, our box was shipped by stage and rail with Coppoc for Salem, Columbiana County, Ohio. The next morning Coppoc very joyfully took the stage and arrived safely at his old home among the friendly Quakers. In the fall of 1861, he enlisted a squad of men to join the company of W. R. Allen of Jefferson, Ashtabula County, for Lane's Brigade in Kansas. While on the way with his men, and while passing over the railroad between Hannibal and St. Joseph, Missouri, he was killed by the falling of a part of the train through a bridge, the timbers of which had been nearly sawed in two at night by the bushwhacking rebels of Missouri.

The Quaker women were still more friendly at supper-time, and got up quite a sympathy with treason before we parted. The Quaker himself yet persisted in taking no money from us. Tidd and I started afoot with our carpet-bags, the same morning on which Coppoc took the stage. We kept away from railways and telegraphs as much as possible, traveling right through

towns and stopping at farm-houses, lest I should be recognized by my description. We still pretended to be wood-choppers, looking for work. We each had a good navy revolver with cartridges, and were resolved not to be taken alive. This here now is the one I had. I carried it in Kansas. Our plan was to go directly to my old friend's at Townville. That too was about as straight a way as any to Ashtabula County, Ohio, where my brother John was. We went by daylight, averaging twenty-five miles a day, although it rained or snowed most of the time. At Brookville, I remember, Tidd wrote a letter and I mailed it to some of his people. It was some time after this that father, in Charlestown jail, heard of my safety, and sent me money and that opera-glass there.

Passing through Clarion and Ship-pensville, we came after a while to Franklin, the present centre of the coal-oil region. We stopped at a country tavern in the outskirts of the town. The oil business was just begun at that time. From Franklin we went up Sugar Creek to Randolph, where we stayed a day or so with old Mr. Gilbert, who helped my father build his first tannery in Richmond, Pennsylvania. One afternoon we walked over to Townville, and into the store of Mr. George B. Delamater, the old friend I have told you of. Mr. Delamater was not in, but his partner, Mr. Orange Noble, now of Erie, Pennsylvania, whom I had never seen before, took me aside and told me who I was, recognizing me from descriptions he had seen. He whispered to me that I might feel perfectly safe; and when Delamater came in he knew me, although we had not met in twenty-five or thirty years. He took us both home, and under assumed names we went to work. Tidd, in the course of a week, was sent

somewhere down on Oil Creek, where he stayed a long time. It is strange that the poor fellow should have lived through so much, to die with fever at last in the war of the Rebellion. I stayed at Townville several weeks, till suspicious persons came about looking for me, and then began a series of flights from one place to another, for myself and brothers John and Jason. Jason lived at Akron, Ohio. I went to Oil Creek, thence to Elk Creek, and finally to Ashtabula County, Ohio, for none of us for months dared stay very long in one place.

On the 4th of July, 1860, the first one, you know, after father's death, all of our family, and all of father's company, then living, — except Tidd, who was still in the oil regions, — came together at North Elba, New York. Through the instrumentality of Miss Kate Field, and the liberality of herself and others, the North Elba farm has been bought and given to our family; to no one individual member, you understand, but to all of us, as the place where father's body is buried. That 4th of July was the last time that our family has ever been together. John and I have been here on this island for some years. My step-mother, with my half-brother Salmon, and three half-sisters—one of them married—lives at Rohnerville, Humboldt County, California. My brother Jason lives at Akron, Ohio; and my sister Ruth, married to Henry Thompson, lives in Wisconsin. Thus, you see, there are still eight of us children. Father's was the last death in the family. We would all of us, probably, have been long-lived if we had only been allowed to live,—that is, if we had n't been murdered in Kansas, and shot and hanged in Virginia.

Ralph Keeler.

RALPH KEELER.

"His memory scarce can make me sad."

IN this number of *The Atlantic* we print a very remarkable contribution by the writer whose tragical death is so out of keeping with his character, that one still takes refuge in the mystery involving it, and half refuses to accept it as a fact. He had survived so much that it can hardly be but he escaped that last danger, and will come back yet to tell the public of his adventure, and make his friends laugh with him at those best points that can never get into print. His friends will each imagine how he would do it, with just what humorous consciousness, what accent and what gesture, — a hand gayly flirted in the air, a dramatic touch on the listener's shoulder, — for Ralph Keeler was too vivid a presence in every way not to have left a most distinct impression of himself in the minds of all his acquaintance.

But if he is really gone — if he fell overboard from that Spanish steamer on the coast of Cuba, or, as is more likely, was stabbed and thrown into the sea by the Spanish officer who doubtless believed himself dangerously compromised in his confidences to him, when he found that he was not a Frenchman but an American newspaper correspondent — if we must accept this as the last of him, still it is not easy to think of him with other than a smiling regret, the whole cheerful tenor of his life so prevails over any single fact of his career. He and fortune, as the readers of his autobiographical sketches know, were never great friends, but he took hardship and privation so lightly, that they scarcely seemed adversity in their relation to him; he espoused poverty with such bravery that you half believed her prosperity in disguise.

The salient facts of his adventurous career were these. He was born in Northern Ohio, and was early left an orphan in the family of a relation in

Western New York, from whom he ran away while still very young, and went to seek his fortune as cabin-boy on the lake steamers. A little later, he became the attraction of a band of negro minstrels, appearing now as dancer and now as *danseuse* in the burnt-cork ballet of the period. He was rescued from this sad celebrity by the good Jesuit fathers at Cape Girardeau in Missouri, and invited to enter their school. Afterwards he went to Kenyon College in Ohio, and graduating there, he rested from his studies long enough to earn one hundred and eighty-one dollars, on which he spent two years in Europe, chiefly at Heidelberg University. In his wanderings and his necessities he began to write for the magazines and newspapers, succeeding at once with *Chambers's Journal*. He found himself next in California, where he taught school, and made his first appearance as a lecturer. In 1867 he came to Boston with a sufficiently poor novel, which, being duly rejected by various editors, he courageously printed at his own cost, out of the proceeds of his lecturing and other industries; and witnessed its failure with philosophic calm.

In the mean time he had written out his experience of a very curious sort of real life in the sketch *Three Years as a Negro Minstrel*, which appeared in these pages, as did afterwards his *Two Years in Europe* on \$181 Greenbacks. These sketches, with an account of his boyish escapade printed in *Old and New*, were made into a little book called *Vagabond Adventures*, which met with fair success and merited greater, though it lacked somewhat in simplicity and other prime qualities of good literature. However, it showed growth, and I hoped that it would prove the germ of an American novel in the manner of *Gil Blas*, for writing which its author gave distinct promise. He often

talked of such a work, and he confirmed belief in his powers in this direction, by a study called *Confessions of a Patent Medicine Man*, which got little notice in the magazine, and yet, so far as it went, was of the best kind, racy, graphic, and realistic in singular degree, though the author was not altogether able to forget the magazinist in working out his dramatically conceived personage.

He went abroad again and was at Geneva during the sittings of the Alabama Conference, and wrote some very clever papers about the Genevan neighborhoods, for *Harper's Magazine*. In December last he went to Cuba as correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, and so came to his end.

Of course, he did nothing of permanent value, unless his *Three Years as a Negro Minstrel* is to remain in some sort as a memoir of the only species of histrionic art, the only drama, that America has invented. He never quite released himself from those early influences; something of the *End Man* clung about him still, and tempted him into a flourishing expression where he easily saw himself that a simpler utterance would have been better. We are ready to speak too largely and hopefully of the dead; but it does not seem too much to say of Ralph Keeler that he seemed in a fair way at last to outgrow not only the evils of his early want of schooling, but the more serious evils of the subsequent conditions of it. He had been a hard student, and he could not hold lightly what had cost him years of hunger and cold. But even his error in this direction is pathetic and respectable; his later sketches showed that he was correcting it, and betray little of his earlier anxiety to get in all that he knew, all the time. His letters from Cuba to

the *Tribune*, hastily and interruptedly written, fairly rose from the level of journalism to that of literature. He was getting rid of that inartistic uneasiness of which he was comically aware, and which sometimes seemed to present itself as anxiety to know what were the feelings of men who had *not* been negro minstrels in their youth. Not that he was ever meanly ashamed of that part of his past. He accepted it, laughed at it, let it go. He never was meanly proud of it, either, or of any of the squalor and suffering that he had survived.

He was not a perfect character; but he had qualities that, in better adjustment, go to form the highest character, as good-will, kind-heartedness, sensitiveness, and a sort of Oriental submission and American amiability under the strokes of fate. He had a gay philosophy, not new but newly formulated, of which he was full when I saw him last, a few days before he went to his death, and which he expounded joyously: "Put your finger on the present moment and enjoy it; it's the only one you've got or ever will have!" It is imaginable of one so subtle as he that in his extremity, to come so miserably soon, the sad irony lurking in this creed might receive an instant's recognition.

In many ways his life seems to me heroical — more heroical than he was; which is apt to be the case with men and their lives; and though it is not an example, it is full of lessons of patience, perseverance, and honorable aspiration. He had done everything for himself; he had even made the friends who helped him; and he accomplished a good deal more than most men who succeed more spectacularly.

Peace to his most kindly spirit!

W. D. H.

RECENT LITERATURE.¹

WE asked a friend, out of that constant doubt we have of the taste of any one generation, whether the poem, *Rose Aylmer* (in those Cameos which Messrs. Stedman and Aldrich have selected with so much judgment from the works of Landor), did not probably affect Charles Lamb through his own or his contemporaries' mood, and perhaps by some charm of melody or movement, rather than by the appeal of any veritable poetic substance in it; for otherwise we did not understand his extravagant admiration of it. When our friend answered, No, he did not think so, — he but confirmed our first impression and quite undermined our good opinion of him. It is with the belief that no reader of ours will deal himself a like fatal blow, that we give the poem here.

ROSE AYLMER.

Ah, what avails the sceptred race!
 Ah, what the form divine!
 What every virtue, every grace!
 Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
 May weep, but never see,
 A night of memories and of sighs
 I consecrate to thee.

Pretty, very; very delicate, very graceful, very sweet; but upon the stainless conscience of a book-noticer, nothing more. Yet on this slender diet the good Lamb professes (to be sure, in a letter to the author) to have lived for days; and an emulous American essayist of like stomach declares to the editors of the Cameos that he did exactly the same thing. In these cases, however, as in those anomalous instances of people subsisting for a long time upon nothing at all, we should like to make sure that some sort of nourishment was not covertly taken; say that this American essayist had not sustained fainting nature with secret draughts from the Helicon of Percival or of

George P. Morris. For in this poem of *Rose Aylmer*, we do not find even the attenuated nutriment of suggestion; but for the fact given by Landor's biographer that it refers to a lady of Lord Aylmer's family, whom he regarded with a very tender sentiment, and who died very young, how could this melodious trifle move one? There are many other fancies in the present book, quite as slight, which have the real poetic life and root; this seems at best but a tuberos blossom skillfully wired for a bouquet. Compare it, coinciding reader, with certain bits of Tennyson or Emerson; or with such expressions of pure feeling as Longfellow's *Aftermath*, and *Changed*; and its lack appears. Here, we foresee that the lovers of *Rose Aylmer*, who have been waiting to disable us, will come out with "Obtuse!" and "Dull-witted!" Whereupon we retort that the danger of liking a poet not generally liked is that you fall into willfulness and affectation, and like everything he has done, simply because other people do not. The world, after all, is a wise old head, and does not overlook its good things. It knows which are its most interesting cities and finest mountains; its noblest statues, churches; its most beautiful pictures; it also knows which are its truest and greatest poets. Possibly, then, if Landor has been the least enjoyed of his contemporaries, he is really the least of them in genius, and the present fashion of crying out, "Oh, Landor, — yes, indeed!" is only a fashion, after all.

We should say of the present collection, so full of exquisite colors and precious forms, that the value was never so much in the quality of the thought, as in the skill with which it is wrought; and we doubt if any reader coming newly to these gems here, without prejudice in favor of their author, will receive a lasting impression from them. A vague pleasure will remain in his mind, a

Cameos: selected from the Works of Walter Savage Landor. By E. C. STEDMAN and T. B. ALDRICH. With an Introduction. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

Satan: a Libretto. By CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1874.

Verses. By H. H. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1874.

The Life of John Warren, M. D., Surgeon General during the War of the Revolution; first Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in Harvard College; President of the Massachusetts Medical Society, etc.

By EDWARD WARREN, M. D., author of the *Life of Dr. John C. Warren.* Boston: Noyes, Holmes & Co. 1874.

The Women of the Arabs. With a Chapter for Children. By the REV. HENRY HARRIS JESSUP, D. D., seventeen years American Missionary in Syria. Edited by REV. C. S. ROBINSON, D. D., and REV. ISAAC RILEY. New York: Dodd and Mead. 1874.

The Harvard University Catalogue. 1873-74. Cambridge: Published for the University, by Charles W. Sever. 1874.

memory of intellectual delight, a sense of graceful attitudes and gleams of color; but his heart will not have been deeply stirred or often touched, though his fancy will have been constantly charmed, not his imagination, — these little, lovely things are always, we believe, fanciful, and never quite imaginative. The limpid rill of rhyme runs on and presently sparkles into a bewitching conceit, or glows with some brilliant image; but it does not diffuse any strong influence, or haunt the mind afterward with any very fertile thought. One might say indeed that these Cameos were mostly only a more exquisite kind of *vers de société*; some of them hardly rise above the ordinary *vers de société*; but it must be understood that such verses are of the most difficult to write well. Take this, for example: —

IN NO HASTE.

Nay, thank me not again for those
Camellias, that untimely rose;
But if, whence you might please the more,
And win the few unwon before,
I sought the flowers you loved to wear,
O'erjoyed to see them in your hair,
Upon my grave, I pray you, set
One primrose or one violet. . . .
Stay . . . I can wait a little yet.

This is deliciously playful and freakish, but it is not more; and Under the Lindens, which every one knows and loves, is scarcely more. Here is another trifle, elegant, perfect, so finely cut and subtly tinted that it seems the furthest art can go in its way, — which is the way of nearly all the others: —

DEFIANCE.

Catch her and hold her if you can. . . .
See, she defies you with her fan,
Shuts, opens, and then holds it spread
In threatening guise above your head.
Ah! why did you not start before
She reached the porch and closed the door?
Simpleton! will you never learn
That girls and time will not return?
Of each you should have made the most;
Once gone, they are forever lost.
In vain your knuckles knock your brow,
In vain will you remember how
Like a slim brook the gamesome maid
Sparkled, and ran into the shade.

The opening picture in this is heavenly fair; the closing image is happy enough for a while to lure back one's youth; but the whole thing is merely a graceful fancy, and all these Cameos — with the exception of some such fine painting as An Evening Picture, and some personal tributes, to Brownings, to Julius Hare, to Lamb and others — are conceits, neither more nor less. This gives a certain monotony to the collection, which is relieved by the variety of

mood expressed in them, though the mood is hardly ever entirely serious. It is most serious, we should say, in this, which is perhaps less than any other a conceit: —

ON MUSIC.

Many love music but for music's sake;
Many because her touches can awake
Thoughts that repose within the breast half dead,
And rise to follow where she loves to lead.
What various feelings come from days gone by!
What tears from far-off sources dim the eye!
Few, when light fingers with sweet voices play,
And melodies swell, pause, and melt away,
Mind how at every touch, at every tone,
A spark of life hath glistered and hath gone.

It is most winningly tender in this hinted drama of passion in a young girl's heart: —

MARGARET.

Mother, I cannot mind my wheel;
My fingers ache, my lips are dry;
Oh if you feel the pain I feel!
But who could ever feel as I!
No longer could I doubt him true,
All other men may use deceit;
He always said my eyes were blue,
And often swore my lips were sweet.

But an arch gayety is the temper in which most of the pieces are conceived, and with that their touches of melancholy and regret do not discord, of course.

"It seems to us," say the editors, "that peculiarly the amount of benefit which a familiarity with the antique models can render to a modern poet is discernible in the greater portion of our selections. Their clearness and terseness are of the classic mold, but the language, thought, emotion, are Landorian and English." This is reasonable, and we think all refined readers will be glad of the proof of it in this very fortunate little selection. But a poet, sick and poor, comparatively little learned, and dying very young, could be more Greek in what is worth having, as well as more English, than the rich, well-born, erudite student who died rather obscure at eighty years of age: nearly every line that Keats wrote has affected English poetry since, and we are anxious not to lose a word of his; Landor may be said not to have affected it at all, and we gladly forget whole epics that he wrote. Such trifles as these Cameos will perhaps constitute hereafter Landor's chief claim to remembrance amongst English poets. He had a real poetic genius, no doubt, but his temperament undid him; he could not or would not see himself in his real relation to things.

Turguénief wisely says that nothing great is accomplished outside of nationality, that one is great only as one is of one's own

country; and he might have gone further and said that a man achieves little who refuses to be his own contemporary. Landor was not content to be an English poet of the nineteenth century; he was a dreamer, as great poets never are; he would be a Greek of the polite time of Aspasia and Pericles; consequently he has not yet found a secure place in the English heart, and the Athenians, besides not knowing English, have been dead so long that they cannot conveniently receive him into theirs.

— The tendency of modern liberalism to ignore the chief of the fallen angels has been one of the most painful spectacles which conservative theologians have had to contemplate; and but for the consoling reflection that these liberals were destined to be very much astonished at the last day, their behavior would have been well-nigh insupportable. Flattered out of all semblance to himself the Evil One has been in his most distinctive characteristics; but it is not merely a question of little personal traits; the horns and the hoofs went long ago, and even that unmistakable evidence of identity, the forked tail, is no more to be found in the demons of our time, than the like appendage which, in our own race, marked a stage of progress from the Ascidian (if the impostor so lately convicted of wearing its dorsal cord in front may be cited in this connection) to the free religionist, is now to be found in people of culture. It is a question of far greater importance, a question of the very existence of the power which had so long frightened mankind into being good, and must thus have been largely instrumental in bringing us to our present millennial condition. This power has been gradually stripped of its attributes; its force as an active principle has been taken away; and it has been reduced to a purely negative state, relegated to its primordial jelly, its original diabolic nitro-glycerine, as it were. It is in this forlorn situation that Mr. Cranch finds the common Enemy, whom he attempts to rehabilitate to the imagination in his little poem, or libretto, called Satan. The poem is in dramatic or operatic form, and after the overture we hear a chorus of World-Spirits who witness the spectacle of creation and the fall of man, and whom the angel Raphael tells that these events took place in the remote past, and only now reach them

— "with the beams of light
That left long, long ago those distant worlds,
And flash from out the past like present truths.

. . . . 'Tis yours to unfold the mythic form
And guess the meaning of the ancient tale.
. . . . Men and angels can conceive
Through symbols only the eternal truths.
Through all creation streams this dual ray,
This marriage of the spirit with the form,
The correspondence of the universe
With souls through sense."

From the darkness Satan now vaguely appears, and when the spirits at Raphael's bidding challenge him, he declares himself:

"I am not what I seem to finite minds; —
No fallen angel; for I never fell,
Though priest and poet feign me exiled and doomed;
But ever was and ever shall be thus, —
Nor worse nor better than the Eternal planned.
I am the Retribution, not the Curse,
I am the shadow and reverse of God;
The type of mixed and interrupted good;
The clod of sense, without whose earthly base
You spirit-flowers can never grow and bloom.

. . . .
I am that stern necessity of fate,
Creation's temperament, — the mass and mold
Of circumstance, through which eternal law
Works, in its own mysterious way, its will.

. . . .
Naught evil, though it were the Prince of evil,
Hath being in itself. For God alone
Existeth in Himself, and good, which lives
As sunshine lives, born of the Parent Sun.
I am the finite shadow of that Sun,
Opposite, not opposing, only seen
Upon the nether side.

. . . .
Nor happy I, nor wretched. I but do
My work, as finite fate and law prescribe.

. . . .
No personal will am I, no influence bad
Or good. I symbolize the wild and deep
And unregenerated wastes of life,
Dark with transmitted tendencies of race,
And blind mischance; all crude mistakes of will
And tendency unbalanced by due weight
Of favoring circumstance; all passion blown
By wandering winds; all surplussage of force
Piled up for use, but slipping from its base
Of law and order; all undisciplined
And ignorant mutiny against the wise
Restraint of rules by centuries old indorsed,
And proved the best so long it needs no proof;
All quality o'erstrained until it cracks, —
Yet but a surface-crack: the Eternal Eye
Sees underneath the soul's sphere, as above,
And knows the deep foundations of the world
Will not be jurred or loosened by the play
Of sun and wind and rain upon the crust
Of upper soil.

. . . . So hate not me. For I
Am but the picture mortal eyes behold,
Shadowing the dread results of broken laws
Designed by Eternal Wisdom for the good
Of man, though typed as Darkness, Pain, and Fire.

. . . .
His name is Love. He wills no curse on men
Or spirits, who condemn themselves, and hide
Their faces in the murky fogs of sense
And lawless passion, and the hate and feud
Born of all dense inwoven ignorance.
Man loves or fears the shadow of himself.
God shines behind him. Let him turn and see "

These passages, in which the thought of the poem culminates, present a conception of evil which is perhaps not quite new. All the liberal sects, no doubt, would claim some part of it, and it represents most of the benevolent desire on the subject which moves the world now. New or not, or true or not, it is here very adequately uttered, and will doubtless please people who fancy themselves in no need of a Prince of the Powers of the Air, an arch-enemy and rival of God, a conscious and sentient tempter of men's souls. It is not our office to pronounce them right or wrong, but only to recognize the artistic success of Mr. Cranch in embodying their opinions. In the minor virtues of musical verse and fine diction, the poem is not less fortunate; though it seems to us that a nobler close would have been in Satan's closing words, if it could have been contrived to have him appear after and not before most of the dialoguing and chorusing. It might be said for those who consider Satan necessary to the scheme of creation, that even in Mr. Cranch's rehabilitated figure, there is fearfulness enough, and that whether we call him Devil or call him Disorder, we still have the old serpent among us for all practical purposes.

— H. H. has considerably increased in a new edition the volume of her Verses, noticed in these pages some years ago, and has brought into stronger relief, by the greater number of the pieces, a characteristic which was prominent enough in the smaller collection. There are now about a hundred and forty poems in the book, all of which, save some half dozen, are allegories, parables, or downright riddles. The allowance is large even for a people who like one gravy and a hundred religions. We imagine that the highest office of poetry is to give an elevated pleasure, and sometimes H. H.'s verses do this; oftener we suspect ourselves of receiving the elevation without the pleasure. Though a thing may be very wholesome and nutritious, we do not like to be guessing so much what we are eating, and H. H., with her continual allegorizing and parabling is too apt to say to her reader, —

"Open your mouth and shut your eyes
And I'll give you something to make you wise."

Wise — that is well enough; but not all the time, please. Nobody wants an intellectual Sunday every day in the week.

There are two little poems in H. H.'s book worth all its lessons, and one of the

two is this — we are not sure whether it is the better of the two: —

POPPIES ON THE WHEAT.

Along Aiconia's hills the shimmering heat,
A tropic tide of air with ebb and flow,
Barthes all the fields of wheat until they glow
Like flashing seas of green, which toss and beat
Around the vines. The poppies lithe and fleet
Seem running, fiery torchmen, to and fro
To mark the shore. The farmer does not know
That they are there. He works with heavy feet,
Counting the bread and wine by autumn's gain,
But I — I smile to think that days remain
Perhaps to me in which, though bread be sweet
No more, and red wine warm my blood in vain,
I shall be glad, remembering how the fleet,
Lithe poppies ran like torchmen with the wheat.

Here are first a lovely picture and a fine emotion, then a very subtle poetic thought, springing from a freshly noted and intimate yet universal fact of human experience. This fulfills the office of poetry; but to preach is not poetry's office. The other poem which we like so much better than all the sermons is one that is more purely sensuous than this; one may say that it is hardly more than picture and emotion: —

OCTOBER.

Bending above the spicy woods which blaze,
Arch skies so blue they flash, and hold the sun
Immeasurably far; the waters run
Too slow, so freighted are the river-ways
With gold of elm and birches from the maze
Of forests. Chestnuts clicking one by one
Escape from satin burs; her fringes done,
The gentian spreads them out in sunny days,
And like late revelers at dawn, the chance
Of one sweet, mad, last hour, all things assail,
And conquering, flush and spin; while to enhance
The spell, by sunset door, wrapped in a veil
Of red and purple mists, the summer, pale,
Steals back alone for one more song and dance.

Yet this is something more than picture and emotion; the true imagination is in it, for the thought of summer stealing back for one more song and dance appeals to something deeper than fancy in us; and by the way, in *Poppies on the Wheat*, there is in a little space a very pretty exemplification of fancy and imagination.

"The poppies lithe and fleet
Seem running, fiery torchmen:"

That is fancy.

"I shall be glad, remembering how the fleet,
Lithe poppies ran like torchmen with the wheat:"

That is imagination.

H. H. could not do better than make a study of the fortunate qualities and forms of these exquisite poems.

— In the memoir of his father, Dr. John Warren, Dr. Edward Warren has not only gracefully discharged a filial duty, he has also collected a mass of material with regard

to the hardships of the Revolution and the confusions of the succeeding years, which it is always well to have brought up clearly before the minds of the present generation. John Warren was born in Roxbury, Massachusetts, July 27, 1753, the youngest of four sons. His father was a prosperous farmer, who died when John Warren was a child; his mother, who seems to have combined all those qualities which now it is customary to call old-fashioned, had the care of bringing him up. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1771, and soon devoted himself, with such meagre aid as he could get, to the study of medicine. In order to practice his profession he went to Salem. The Revolutionary War soon broke out; he saw indeed its very beginnings at Lexington and Concord, and he heard the roar of the cannon at the battle of Bunker Hill. Soon afterwards he offered his services to the government, and was given the charge of the hospital at Cambridge. With the army he went to New York and into New Jersey in the darkest days of the war. In 1777 he was married to a daughter of John Collins, the governor of Rhode Island, and returned to Boston to take charge of a hospital. In this city he remained until his death in 1815, during which time he acquired a large practice, and occupied several positions of honor. The reader derives from the book a pleasing, if not over vivid, impression of the man. After the war came all the confusion about the new molding of society; everything had to start afresh; those times were by no means the easy-going days when there was nothing extant but virtue, as we are often told; and we have a good view of much of this turmoil in this volume. Dr. Warren's claims to notice for his professional success are well known; in his day, medicine could be studied only with great difficulties, and he was one of the first to help form the present admirable system.

— Most non-believers in Christianity, and a great many professors of it, sneer at foreign missions,—the former because heathen or Moslem nations have not in one day been transformed, the latter perhaps because they do not want to give to them, and so quiet their consciences by saying that "there is missionary work enough to be done at home." Neither of these classes of persons is likely to read Dr. Jessup's book about the Women of the Arabs, but it is a pity that they should not do so. Here we see women at about the point at which they were

originally found by Christ, and those who will compare the position of women in heathen and Moslem countries with that which they occupy in Christian, and particularly in Protestant nations, will find it impossible to admit that the civilization and elevation of that sex, as far even as they have gone, are fundamentally due to any other influence than that of Christianity.

To such a comparison the book before us is an excellent help. As regards the social estimation in which women are held in Syria, it is almost sufficient to state that, when a girl is born, it is the custom for the female acquaintance of the mother to come in and weep and condole with her over her great misfortune, and that "in most parts of Syria to-day, the murder of women and girls is an act so insignificant as hardly to deserve notice." The Koran holds out the reward of Paradise to obedient wives, but it declares the superiority of men to women, and commands husbands "to chide those whose refractoriness ye have cause to fear . . . and scourge them." This last injunction, says Dr. Jessup, is "carried out with terrible severity. The scourging and beating of wives is one of the worst features of Moslem domestic life," and women are often kicked and beaten to death and "no outsider knows the cause." The women of the wealthier classes are sometimes taught to read the Koran, but that is the limit of their instruction, Moslem men in general being bitterly opposed to the education of women, and contemptuously skeptical as to their mental capacity, or the possibility of their moral elevation.

Nearly fifty years ago, the first attempts to teach the women and girls of Syria were made in Beirûth by Mrs. Bird and Mrs. Goodell, the wives of American missionaries. These schools were interrupted, and Mrs. Sarah S. L. Smith began the work all over again in 1834, with four scholars. In a letter of hers dated February, 1836, she gives, as Dr. Jessup says, "a vivid description of the 'average woman' of Syria of her time, and the description holds true of nine tenths of the women of the present." But "great changes have come over Syria since that description was written. Not less than twelve high schools for girls have been established since then in Syria and Palestine, and not far from forty common schools, exclusively for girls, under the different missionary societies,"—English, Irish, Scotch, Prussian, Jesuit, and American. Dr. Jessup gives a list of twenty

three girls' schools, "now or formerly connected with the Syria Mission" of the American Board. In the British Syrian schools alone there are over fifteen hundred girls. Public opinion in the towns of Syria is undergoing a great change with regard to the value and necessity of educating girls, and one or two Arab women are themselves most eloquently pleading their own cause in this direction.

With so much of exceeding interest and value as there is in this book of Dr. Jessup's, it is to be regretted that in compiling it he did not more remember that book-making is an art also. The middle third of the volume is taken up with tedious extracts from missionary journals, in which dates and places and persons "cross over and figure in" in the most bewildering manner. No real stories of Calvinistic conversions edify those large bodies of Christians who are not Calvinists. To inaugurate a system of education among a wholly degraded and ignorant population is a momentous thing. We confess to a shudder at a course of study for these ignorant daughters of poor and densely ignorant parents which, beside the usual elements, and a knowledge of the principal personages and events in the Old and New Testaments, requires also all the dates belonging to these latter, and *verbatim* recitations of the Westminster Assembly's longer and shorter Catechisms, and, for the advanced classes, "Watts on the Mind," "an abridged work in Moral Philosophy," and "the whole of D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation," read aloud! What undigested masses must these remain in the intellectual system of the Syrian girls! The Bible, a simple but *consecutive* history of mankind in narrative form, needle-work, drawing, and singing, and, if possible, some idea of the literature of one language beside their own, should be the superstructure of the "three R's" for any first generation of educated youths and girls. For *their* children let the abstractions of theology, philosophy, and mathematics be reserved. Surely, above all men, the foreign missionary should study the German Art of Pedagogy.

—The catalogue of Harvard University, which has just appeared for the second year in its enlarged and improved form, gives the reader a very complete history of what has been done during the year 1872-73, as well as of what is doing in the present. As a manual of information it leaves nothing to

be desired; under the head of the Courses of Instruction, it gives an outline of the work in each department, and in the list of examinations at the end of the book there is set before the reader the means of testing more thoroughly what is required of the students. It would not be easy to find a better method to enable outsiders to get a complete comprehension of the work of the university. Visiting committees do much better in theory than in practice; they are unable to determine how much the success of a recitation at which they are present is due to the glibness of some few who are unabashed by new faces, or its failure to the embarrassment of the students. The examinations give a fairer test on the whole, and there will be more care given to the preparation of papers when it is known that they are to be exhibited to the public. To get a complete notion, the answers of the students should also be seen, but the public will of course have neither the desire nor the means of taking so much trouble.

There are certain changes in the way of advance in the academical department, but it is to the law and medical schools that one looks with the greatest interest, for it is in them that the most important improvements have been made. The numbers of the students, one hundred and thirty-eight and one hundred and seventy-five, respectively, are encouraging, and we can be sure that the changes which have been introduced into these two well-known schools will have, before long, the result of modifying for the better the conduct of other professional schools throughout the country.

Graduates of the college will see with interest the modifications made with regard to the master's and doctor's degrees; we confess it is with some surprise that we find so many candidates for these degrees.

On the whole, the volume marks cautious but steady improvement, and it well deserves the attention of all the friends of education throughout the country.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Harper and Brothers send us their illustrated library edition of Wilkie Collins's novel, *Moonstone*; A Princess of Thule, a novel by William Black, author of *Strange Adventures of a Phaeton*; Harry Heathcote of Gangoi, a Tale of Australian Bush-Life, by Anthony Trollope; the revised edition of Albert Barnes's *Notes on the Epistles of Paul to the Ephesians*,

Philippians, and Colossians; and William Swinton's School Composition: being advanced Language-Lessons for Grammar Schools.

From Macmillan & Co., New York, we have Storm-Warriors, or, Life-Boat Work on the Goodwin Sands, by Rev. John Gilmore; and The Sources of Standard English, by T. L. Kington Oliphant.

We have also received the following books: From the American Publishing Co., Hartford, The Gilded Age, a Tale of To-Day, by Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner. From A. D. Worthington & Co., Hartford, Ten Years in Washington: Life and Scenes in the National Capital, as a Woman sees them, by Mary Clemmer Ames. From J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston, the first volume of George Henry Lewes's Problems of Life and Mind. From D. Appleton & Co., New York, The New Chemistry, by Josiah P. Cooke, Jr., Erving Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy in Harvard University. From Porter and Coates, Philadelphia, In the Days of my Youth, a novel by Amelia B. Edwards. From Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York, A Very Young Couple, by the author of Mrs. Jerminham's Journal. From Edmonston and Douglas, Edinburgh, Business, by a Merchant. From J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, An Introduction to the Study of Practical Histology, for Beginners in Microscopy, by James Tyson, M. D. From D. Van Nostrand, New York, Our Naval School and Naval Officers; a Glance at the Condition of the French Navy prior to the late Franco-German War: translated from the French of M. De Crisenoy by Commander Richard W. Meade, U. S. N. From Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago, Landscape Architecture, as applied to the Wants of the West; with an Essay on Forest Planting on the Great Plains, by H. W. S. Cleveland, Landscape Architect.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.¹

The æsthetical heretic who has written twelve letters in book-form is a very bitter foe of certain appearances of modern art; in fact, he is a confirmed grumbler: but many of his lamentations are well founded, the

general drift of the book is excellent, and one cannot help applauding the manner in which some of the most dangerous and most popular theories of the present time are attacked. Ruskin, alike with his praise and his blame, has been almost without effect on modern art, and, according to our heretic, it is the way in which we let our thinking be done for us, that injures our power of appreciation and comprehension. We read serious books on art, and get from them rules rather than principles; we adopt their conclusions and consider ourselves cultivated. Hence, he says, in Germany, while music has advanced so far, Thorwaldsen has been declared equal to the ancients, and Cornelius a rival of Michael Angelo. The frequenting of galleries is the favorite antidote to such crudeness of thought and neglect of taste, but, the heretic goes on, the pictures are ill-arranged, without regard to the places for which, and for which alone, they were painted, they crowd one another before the spectator's eye, and how little they serve may be judged from the meagre results they help to produce. We know what we have to admire, and to what extent; the author contrasts our conventional admiration of what we have learned deserves it, with our uncertainty before anything new. Then comes a letter on the realism of the present time, the effect of a reaction against the classical revival. The general ignorance of what is really artistic makes us admire qualities which it is easier to detect than genuine artistic excellence. Reproductions in miniature inspire the writer of this book to fresh outbursts. What he hopes is that some man may come along, strong enough to break from the misleading theories of nowadays, and able to take up the traditions of the past; who will in spite of opposition make his influence felt, as has been done in literature by Goethe, and in music by Beethoven. A great deal of what this author says is worth reading. Every one will find an attack upon some favorite hobby of his own, but he will also find ample compensation in the abuse heaped upon his sinning neighbors. The following extract may serve to show the author's manner of writing. Speaking of the connoisseur, he says,—"He is the slave of the subject; in Rubens he dislikes the flesh-tints; in a picture of

¹ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schönhof und Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston. *Zwölf Briefe eines ästhetischen Ketzers.* Berlin: Verlag von Robert Oppenheim. 1874.

Les Religieuses Bouddhistes depuis Sakya-Mouni jusqu'à nos Jours. Par MARY SUMMER. Avec une

Introduction par Ph-Ed. Foncaux, Professeur au Collège de France. Paris: Ernest Leroux. 1873.

Lettres à la Princesse. Par C. A. SAINTE-BEUVE, de l'Académie française. Paris: Michel Lévy frères. 1873.

Piloy's or Gérôme's he is attracted by the story, whether tragic or comic, that it tells. But that is open, above-board interest in the subject. The hidden sort is much worse. In the first place one hunts after 'expression,' then after wit or sentimentality; afterwards art becomes moral, Christian, heathen, or even national, all of which are things with no importance to art, and which only show that in the plastic arts we are on the same level as were our great-grandfathers with regard to literature when Gottsched and Breitingers disputed whether poetry ought to be allegorical, moral, didactic, or descriptive; all forgetting that poetry should be above all things poetical. . . . Every great work of art is at the same time both objective and subjective in the highest degree, as Goethe's *Faust* or Dante's *Commedia*. This subjectivity is the expression, and not the cheap representation of pain, emotion, wrath, devotion, maternal affection, etc., which our modern expression-painters, like Ary Scheffer, conceive in the abstract, and try to give again *ad hominem* in a concrete form. The joy of the Philistine is certainly great when he has understood the expression or made out the story. That such an expressive figure, however, is no real person, but only the representation of an emotion, a lay figure clothed with certain moral drapery, is of no importance to the Philistine, nor does he care whether the figure which stands before us, frightened, angry, or tender, as the case may be, is represented so that we could easily imagine it under the influence of another emotion, or so that its personality strikes us more than the abstract passion which animates it."

Then he goes on to point out the evident evil effect such a course must have on the painter who is forever seeking novelty for his pictures, and who loses, moreover, the right method in his search for surprising effects. There is a great deal that is good in the book, besides this, which, to some of our readers, may be old, but the faults it attacks are still older. Any book which tends to make the public capable of forming an opinion that shall be original as well as sound, and not merely the echo of popular rumor, is a book worth reading.

— M. Foucaux, the professor of Sanskrit at the Collège de France, has written an introduction to a readable little book by Mrs. Mary Summer, called *Les Religieuses Bouddhistes depuis Salgya-Mount jusqu'à nos Jours*. It will be remembered that Buddhism, although in most respects very tolerant,

and notably so in comparison with the religion of the Brahmans, is exceedingly severe in all that it has to say about women. According to its complicated theology, no living being, with very few if any exceptions, starts so unfairly in the series of existence tending towards Nirvâna, as does a woman; her only hope is at some future birth to be born a man. When Buddha became a preacher and went out into the world making converts, he urged the men to retire into monasteries; about five hundred women, led by his nurse and his former wife, presented him with a request that he establish convents for them. He refused absolutely at first, and in order to escape from them left that part of the country. The women, however, shaved their heads, covered their raiment with dust, and followed him, still urging their prayer, but Buddha still refused to give them the permission they desired; at last he declines giving any answer to their entreaties. On meeting that obstacle they, with some willingness, approach Ananda, one of Buddha's favorite disciples, a young man, and persuade him to intercede for them. He is successful and Buddha finally gives his consent. The life in the convent was very similar to what it was in that of other religious bodies. The women were admitted after a novitiate, and the residence within the walls was not very different from that of other convents. There was this exception, however, that married women could enter if they could obtain the consent of their husbands. The principal occupations of the nuns were instructing children, begging, and meditating. For a time all went smoothly, but after a while the laws began to be neglected, the dress of the nuns gradually assumed greater gaudiness, and more or less corruption appeared. At the present time convents are much rarer than they used to be, but they still afford protection to defenseless women. In Birmah, Monseigneur Bigaudet found two Buddhist convents; in one were seventy nuns, in the other about fifty. The women of the country resort to these places as a religious retreat; others again — generally, we are told, women past their youth — shave their heads and wear the peculiar dress of the nuns. With but few exceptions their conduct is exemplary.

In Siam few of the nuns are under fifty years old. They dress in white, observe the commands of the law, listen to daily preaching, and pray for hours in the temples. They also visit the poor and the sick.

In China they are less highly praised. Convents are also found in Thibet and Ceylon.

The book itself is interesting; the introduction by M. Foncaux is the least important part. In it he undertakes to disprove the resemblance so often found between Buddhism and Protestantism; he shows that many of the customs introduced by the Buddhists were exactly those which were the especial objects of the reformers' attacks; such were auricular confession, the worship of relics, and the very monasteries and convents we have been writing about. While so far as he goes he is right, it is to be remembered that the points of similarity are much greater and lie much deeper; they are to be found in the various modifications in the way of reform introduced by Buddha into the older Brahman religion, which was for a time supplanted. In each case it was the exaltation of the individual which was accomplished, or perhaps more truly, aimed at. The old system of castes was done away with, and the hold that priestcraft had

on the people was weakened. In this way there is a certain amount of resemblance, and M. Foncaux's argument goes for very little. Still, it is to be said that he acknowledges that Buddhism is a reform; it is the mint and anise and cummin which disturb him; he does not see the weightier matters of the law.

— The end of a notice might seem hardly the place in which to make even tardy mention of a volume by Sainte-Beuve, but the Letters to the Princess are hardly of enough general interest to demand more especial consideration. They are for the most part short, and about little events of the day, the elections for members of the Academy, and such trifling matters. There is but very little light thrown on the writer's character, except so far as the book shows the kindness of his heart, and the agreeableness of his manner. Some of the gossip of the day must be of interest for the survivors, but there is little that one of us outside barbarians will care to read.

ART.

THE Boston Art Club opened the first of its winter exhibitions in January, with a muster-roll of nearly one hundred and fifty pictures and sculptures, about one third of which were the productions of foreigners, the rest of American artists.

As for the pictures, one scarcely knows what to begin with, as usual in looking at collections. The first glance into the two galleries makes us aware of the large canvases only; and we discover a number of these. From the end wall of the second gallery a late twilight of gray-yellow stares out at us under the boughs of a great, dusky tree, with the stamp of some foreign hand upon it; and beside that there is a fresh and rather hot-colored Spanish scene, *The Billet-Doux*, by C. Becker. Nearer, there is something from Koeckoeck, Jr., — a lugger dragging over a rough and muddy sea, under a useless spread of feebly stormy cloud. There is also to be found a *Sunset in Damascus*, by E. L. Weeks, in which the artist seems rather to have masked any sentiment he may have begun with, in the heavy layers of paint through which he has attempted to express it. The sun has just

gone to rest behind the Mosque of the Dervishes, which sits in the background, with one large dome and a brood of smaller domes around it. But the sun at Damascus must have a strange trick of color which it never exhibits in these latitudes, for on either side of the big dome, just where the luminary may be supposed to have sunk out of sight, there is seen a faint rosy glow, while all the rest of the sky, up to within a short space of the frame-top, is suffused with an intense, motionless yellow, partially graded off into blue. Now, in this country and in Europe, it is customary, we believe, for the sun to produce quite a different effect when it has this sort of still, cloudless sky to work upon. The rose could never come next to the sun, for there would be gold, and it could not come next to the gold, for there orange would appear; so that it is commonly forced into the third place in the scale that leads into blue somewhere at the zenith. A road comes out from the right background into the left foreground, and along this a caravan approaches, which fatally resembles in its unreality of appearance the triumphal entries of domes-

tic circus troupes we are familiar with. The riders seem scarcely to have been drawn from lay figures, even, — much less from the life. And the horse in the foreground has either only been allowed three legs, or else he is lifting two legs on the same side at once. Under a sticky and bruised tree on the right, squat some figures in blue and red, which are reflected at hap-hazard in a little pool just below them. On the whole, the large canvases do not attract us. Nearly opposite to Mr. Weeks's picture, it is true, there hangs a work almost as large, by Chierici, which affords some genuine enjoyment. A little Italian boy has rushed into the kitchen where his mother or sister is cooking, and, with a grotesque mask held before his face, has hugely scared a little girl, who has dropped her doll, and clings to the young woman's skirt in terror. The latter opposes an attitude and expression of stormy reproval to the little masquerader. It is a pretty subject, and painted with great care, — an almost extreme nicety, in fact. The countless details of the cooking range alone might easily absorb our attention, distracting it from the real drama. Not a stain or grease spot on the iron has been omitted; and every atom of the dust and ashes, the remnants of shavings, and the half-burnt matches, appears to have been painted with a separate self-devotion. The smoke-besmirched and variously disfigured wall, too, is done with the same exactness. But the impression conveyed soon comes to be that the artist could not keep his hands off from anything. In this there is at once a timidity and a self-indulgence, faithful as the effort has been to be absolutely true. But, in fact, we never do become aware in one instant of so many things as are here painted, each without the chance of concealment or generalization.

When we come to the pictures of medium size (for it appears we have naturally classified them according to extent of surface), we find a clever piece by Rosa Bonheur, two peasant women raking in a field. They are coarse, cloddish creatures, whose whole conformation, and the very shadows on whose rough garments, make one feel that they are less human beings than a species of bipedal live stock capable of handling rakes, who have been turned out into the fields along with the rest of the cattle. The artist has, in fact, not troubled herself to make anything more of them than a pair of curious, tough animals belonging to the type of man. Accepted as such, they are capable

of giving a certain wholesome, earthy pleasure, apart from the satisfaction which must be felt in the artist's genuine appreciation of them, and her vigorous use of the brush.

Next in our way there is a picture by Meyer von Bremen, called *Departure*. Two peasant women, very well modeled, are standing on a rocky and grove-grown bank above a lake, a little patch of which appears in the right-hand lower corner, where there is a boat with some imperfectly drawn and dauby figures, one of which rises with a gesture of farewell. One of the women stands with her face from her companion, looking after the boat, while the other turns a brown and clearly-cut face toward her, as if to soothe and encourage. The sunlight strikes roughly and blindly upon the rock whereon this girl sits, and catches some sprays of foliage in its passage. The sentiment is tender, but it is a case of sentiment originally good being mixed with technical insincerities. The trees are very disingenuous, and the sunlight strikes us as sensational. There is just a touch of the stage-manager in the whole composition, and the trifling work with the distant boat seems to lay bare the slight pervading insincerity. Still, the figures of the women impress us as every way genuine, and they are very much to be preferred to the little school-girls in the two pictures in the second gallery. These are in the painter's earlier vein, — two waxen children imprisoned in brown and gray surroundings of an old room, one of whom sleeps over her task, and is called *Repose*, while the other, having discovered how to do her arithmetic problem, cocks her eye theatrically at the spectator. This is called *Inspiration*.

W. Mark Fisher has, in this neighborhood, a still-life remarkable for its good naturalistic rib of beef, string of onions, and couple of fish. In arrangement, it is much superior to Mr. Brackett's correct but stiff and unattractive fishes. Mr. Fisher, however, appears to better advantage in his landscape, *Château of Montmorency*, and his picture of a *Girl and Sheep*, both examples of landscape in the modern French style. The best piece of still-life to be seen is undoubtedly that of W. Hahn, embracing a velvety brown hare, well drawn and flung upon a table, with his legs up against a basket containing celery and a fine blue cabbage. A blackbird and a yellow-breasted bird of some sort lie on the table beside it, lending a touch of beauty usually lacking in this kind of composition. Mr. J. Foxcroft Cole follows

close upon Herr Hahn, with his brace and a half of white rabbits, softly and sympathetically painted; though the background is too conventionally dark, and is marred by a defective and baggy tree-trunk. It is noticeable that one sixth of the collection under review, numerically, consists of still-life or flower and fruit pieces. Among the latter we find none that may be called successful, with the exception of one by Miss M. Carter, which bears the bronze medal award of the South Kensington Art Training School. Here are grapes pouring in a graceful torrent over a high-stemmed gilt patera, down upon a slab of sham marble (the like of which, we must urge in passing, should not be permitted to appear in the work of any student at first-class art-schools), with a blooming peach and a big-veined musk-melon hard by, and a large bronze kettle behind. There is nothing convincingly beautiful about this composition; but the grapes are well modeled and lighted, and there is some resource manifest in the management of the paint. Technically, it is much better than the average of fruit pieces offered for sale in this country; but it is apparently devoid of that freshness of impression from the subject which must exist in order to insure beauty and originality in an artist's work. Though much is discoverable through this picture as to excellences of the Kensington method, it is also to be feared that it shows a tendency in that method toward sinking the student hopelessly in the physical and mechanical means of art. It is to be hoped that this tendency may be watched in the establishment of the present system of art education in Massachusetts, and, if necessary, curbed in time to prevent an undesirable labor of reform in the future. In general, the pictures of fruit and flowers at the exhibition must be set down as monotonous. Fruit-pictures seem to be in the same case with still-life, which has been nearly motionless for so many, many years, that it seems at last about to stagnate utterly.

Passing to the water-colors, we find a small but very enjoyable piece from Boughton, *The Gossips* — two white-capped old French women encountering in front of a gray-green wall, with a flourishing thicket of green boughs behind it. One of them props herself with an umbrella in one hand, while holding out the other in discourse. Her friend is just opening a snuff-box. A little girl in black, who does not appreciate their conversation, tugs at the

skirt of the latter, with a pretty, pained, yet unobtrusive impatience. The green at the back is carried gracefully into the foreground through the right-hand woman's dress and umbrella, getting a bluer tinge in the transit. It is an excellent example of recent English water-color painting. Of a similar character are F. Lathrop's two contributions in tempera. One of these is a girl's head; a green dress appearing on the shoulder, against a background of green and pale rose hue. The other is a view of Windsor from the Meadows, and, while well laid out in the drawing, gives preëminently only the first and general impression of the scene. A notable instance of the old style of water-color, still prevalent in other schools than the English, is Fortuna's sketch of an ancient crone with a red nose, a red bodice, a coral necklace, and a red band at the bottom of her kirtle, who has just descended the stairway into a courtyard near the Roman Ghetto. A hen pecks drearily at some refuse on the pavement, and an arched passage leads off with a long vista of blue on the right. Mr. Bellows shows two scenes with the same thin use of water-color, but his tints are more carefully and smoothly manipulated: *A Nook near Lancaster*, and *Christmas Boughs*. — the latter an English subject, apparently. The same painter has in the second gallery a large oil-color, *Sunday in Devonshire*. In both these English scenes, we notice a purplish log with yellow ends marked by the axe, the recurrence of which is perhaps one of several disadvantages attendant on painting successive finished pictures from old studies. The people in the street of this Devonshire village, too, look much as if they had dropped down at appointed intervals and in available groups, with a view to being photographed. Still, there is something amiable about the picture, and it gives unmistakably the effect of a quiet English village with its thatched roofs and church-spire, its thick trees and quiet pond, on a silent Sunday.

Proceeding with the water-colors, again, we find in Carl Werner's *Ruin in Sicily* a careful architectural record, and at the same time a very pretty scene deftly executed in the best manner of aquarelles. We can not avouch that Herr Werner has confined himself to fact, in this case, but the excellence of the architectural record consists in the minuteness and patience with which he has reproduced, or imagined (whichever it be), a long-deserted Byzantine basilica,

standing close to the yellow sand and blue sea, with scudding sails in the background. Of the body of the church only one or two arches remain; but these are richly decorated in red and blue and gold, with saints looking out here and there in medallions, while the capitals of the supporting pillars unfold their tortuous and florid carving below. A pool of water washes about the bases of the shafts, and broad-leaved water-plants and grasses thrive upon its borders. On the hither side stands a sole and silent column suggestive of the fallen arch that once spanned the space between it and the others. On the farther, the water creeps in among the stones and weeds that block up the chancel; and the curved wall of the apse bears, in gold-surrounded fresco or mosaic, a forgotten Christ and his twelve Apostles. A ray of light, falling from above, glints dimly down this pictured wall, and flowers and grasses flourish on the crumbling roof. The mosaic on the pulpit at the left is scaling off; the steps are awry with age, and a red fox prowls at the base; while just without the shattered edifice, on that side, grow cedars, and a stone-pine slimly rears itself into the air. One might almost write a poem on such a picture. Yet we are not sure that it is so thoroughly excellent an architectural painting as the Chapel of Henry VII. (Westminster Abbey) by Turner, a yard or two away on the same wall. Here we must admire the wise generalization of the carving, by means of which the result of multitudinous detail is given not so much through a slurring over of particulars, as through a compression of the value of each particular into this terse and pregnant statement of the whole. Werner could not apparently count upon himself for any such masterful faculty, and has given each detail with absolute distinctness, slightly at the expense of the general pictorial effect. How exquisitely, too, does Turner's faint gray light stream in at the perpendicular windows, losing itself in the multiplied and delicate richness of that fan-tracery which spreads itself over the groined ceiling, and drops into great pendants at the convergence of the arches!

The mention of Turner leads us on to a sketch by a more recent English worthy of less note, though to a certain extent renowned — David Cox, namely. This is a sepia-drawing, and represents a meadow traversed by a brook, where cattle are grazing; and there are trees, a hill, and a rambling castle in the background. A tall, aristocratic

tree in the left arches its masses of foliage gracefully, and some birds wing away over the castle behind. It is very loosely and somewhat blotchily executed. In fact, the aristocratic tree seems almost dropping into flakes, and it only emphasizes a certain indolent *hauteur* and amateurishness characterizing the whole sketch. Another sort of cleverness, higher in point of neatness and completeness, characterizes two water-color studies by Tissot. The first is a young woman of decidedly Parisian type, in a black and white cambrie dress, who walks jauntily toward us with a plaid shawl on one arm, a parasol dangling from the other (held by her yellow-gloved hand), and on her head a flattish hat covered with plaited white muslin. Her complexion is of a singular sugar-of-lead hue, yet without being altogether abnormal. In fact, the red lips contrast rather prettily with it, in a way. The second sketch represents the same young woman, apparently, reclining now in an invalid's chair with a bamboo back. The plaid shawl is thrown over her knees; she wears a hat trimmed with soft, tumbled black lace; and her white cambrie necktie, so spruce before, is here twisted limply aside. Her expression is wistful and melancholy, and we seem to catch from it a history of disappointment and premature decay. One might imagine these figures set in a story of Balzac, or a play of the younger Dumas. The artist has dwelt lovingly on a picturesque misery, here, and with that sort of enjoyment which seems now and then to reveal a trace of absinthe in French art and literature. Nevertheless, as being freshly felt and ingeniously depicted, the pictures have their value; and if one looks carefully at them once, they exercise thereafter a fascination which it is difficult to resist.

Among the landscapes, we must not pass over F. P. Vinton's *Forest-Road in October Twilight*, — the woods prevailing gray-brown, a cold, blue-gray sky above, and a spot of orange after-glow in the distance, happily interfused with the dusky trunks of trees. A woman drives sheep along the road. It shows the modesty of an earnest beginner, and is colored harmoniously. A head of Jacopo Cavanaro by the same painter has considerable vigor and humor. Mr. Vinton is subjected as yet to the tyranny of French skill, and would profit by study in London, and rather in some studio there than in the art schools. J. Appleton Brown's landscape is perhaps the freshest and most spiritual of the land-

scapes in oil. Four clumps of trees recede into the distance, from right to left of a flat meadow, with a pool in the foreground. These are balanced by two single trees sloping in an opposite direction; while a line of sunny white cloud in the background, varied by pale blue shadows, unites these opposing lines, and corresponds with the small foreground pool. Mr. Brown has also studied a storm at the Isles of Shoals with good results; his picture contains a thunderous strength and a swiftness of movement worthy of the subject. F. D. Williams is represented by several pieces; but they are fettered by a good deal of mannerism. He has brought us some cool sea-color from York Sands, in Maine; and a sunset in the first gallery comes near being a successful burst of lustrous color. His *Devious Ways* is a humorous incident, — a small drove of cattle going lamentably astray, regardless of a monitory sign-post; while the drover leans against a fence, a little at the left, talking with two young women. Ernest Longfellow displayed three landscapes, one of which, *Manchester Shore*,

was remarkable for the structure and color of its rocks, of a sunny salmon tint. Below it the sea is spread in a windy blue; and a tall pine-tree rises above, with its lower boughs wrenched by the wind and covered in their drooping sweep earthward by a heavy vine. Of Alfred. Ordway's three landscapes, we like that best which brings a leaden-colored stream before us, in late afternoon, with dark chestnuts rising beside it in the still air; though there is a feeling of coolness and openness in his green lane, crossed by dark green shadows from the trees that border it. J. W. Champney, or "Champ," makes no less than five contributions, one of which comprises five sheets (catalogued as "plates") from his note-book at the South. They bear witness to the same ready and knowing skill with which the readers of *Scribner's Monthly* have been made acquainted; but they are frequently embarrassed by unnecessary strokes and flourishes of the pencil. They abound in commonplaces, at the same time that they evince considerable alertness in observation.

MUSIC.

"The enjoyment of a work of art is anything but a passive attitude. The right understanding, and with it the highest enjoyment, consists much rather in a sort of intellectual reconstructing, and of ourselves creating anew that which is presented to us by the artist." — A. W. AMBROS.

"Men (musicians excepted) prefer hearing what is familiar to what is new. The musician, to be sure, is 'also a man, so to speak,' and often likes to perform, or have performed, works that he is fond of, over and over again; but that which is new has a peculiar charm for him, inasmuch as it excites his curiosity, and makes higher demands upon his apprehensive faculty. The public, on the contrary, in all its strata, prefers to enjoy at ease, and we can hardly turn to reproach an impulse so deeply rooted in human nature." — FERD. HILLER.

ALL concerts belong more or less to one of two classes. They either appeal to the musician, who would draw his own enjoyment from them, or to the (shall we say merely sensual?) listener, who would be passively amused. Any work of art, be it a painting, statue, symphony, opera, or even a concert programme (which surely is or should be a work of art of its kind), that follows a consistent and rational plan of development of its own, irrespective of external disturbing forces, must command our respect as an organic whole, fitted for accom-

plishing something in the world. A concert programme which appeals exclusively to one or the other of the above-mentioned classes of listeners has, if nothing else, a singleness of purpose that is no mean guarantee of its artistic respectability; whereas a programme which appeals to both is an artistic *tertium quid*, considerable only for the imputed respectability it gains from the number of yards of fine broadcloth and its feminine correlative, that it can collect within four walls. Through the untiring efforts of the Harvard Musical Association, Boston has for the last nine years had a series of classical orchestral concerts that have unwaveringly appealed to the highest order of listeners. They have existed for the higher artistic enjoyment of cultivated musicians, for the higher artistic education of all. Whatever defects there may have been in the perfection of various details in their management, there has at least been no want of sincerity or singleness of purpose in their general plan. In concerts of the purely amusing sort, Boston is not so well off. The entertainments of the various itinerant concert troupes that our city has

been avowed with, have been and still are such strange artistic nondescripts as to be hardly considerable at all from an æsthetic point of view; so we leave them out of the question. But there have been attempts made every now and then, at giving simply popular concerts, the object being to furnish a remunerative quantity of people with an innocent and not overtaxing evening's amusement. In Germany such concerts are looked for as a matter of course in almost every city. They are invariably well attended, and almost as invariably enjoyable. The programmes are made out in a self-respecting spirit, not trying to appear better than they are, but content to stand on their own merits. They consist almost entirely of instrumental music, and the audience generally furnish a running accompaniment of beer, supper, and tobacco. Theodore Thomas's Winter-Garden concerts in New York are the nearest approach that has been made to the German original, and have been a striking success as far as music is concerned, for they have been the means of keeping together an orchestra which stands entirely alone in America, in respect to executive excellence. Then New York is the only one of the Eastern cities in which such an experiment could have succeeded. But leaving the German beer and tobacco concert out of the question, the idea of having cheap concerts of popular, that is, purely *amusing* music, does not seem wholly chimerical. At least we should be loath to think such concerts impracticable until demonstrated to be so by repeated actual experiment. In the so-called popular concerts that have been occasionally given in Boston during the last few years, there has been to our thinking one great fundamental mistake. In trying to meet too many tastes, they have appealed to no taste. The programmes have been almost without exception bad. The injudiciousness of the selections has been more prominent in the vocal part of the programmes than in the instrumental, although in both departments an improvement might easily be made. One thing that has had an unfortunate influence in this respect is that these concerts are usually given on Sunday evenings, and the law allows no programme to be published on Sunday that does not begin with the word "Sacred." How much this "Sacred" means is pretty well known by this time, but it has more effect upon the character of the programme than many people suspect. When a man announces a sacred concert,

he generally contrives to screen the name from public ridicule behind one or two unsecular numbers. The delicious impudence of the man who announced a Sunday evening's performance of "Schiller's Grand *Oratorio* of Cabale und Liebe" in San Francisco is wanting in our more matter-of-fact Eastern impressarios. Now these sacred selections, often of rare beauty in themselves, and sometimes excellently sung, are wholly out of place in programmes which consist mainly of light and sentimental music. The same may be said of the occasional bits of secular classicism that stray into programmes of this sort as—shall we say sops to St. Peter? It is with surprise that we have often found these things commended by our best musical critics as "giving a healthy tone to the programme." That these numbers add to the entertainment of a professedly miscellaneous audience cannot be for a moment supposed; that they contribute to its musical education is very questionable. If anything educational is to be done at such concerts, it must be done by stealth, unsuspected by the audience. Musicians go to a classical concert for their own enjoyment; half-musicians, or merely musically inclined persons, go because they are assured of hearing something of sterling æsthetic value, which they can in part enjoy, and which they will honestly try wholly to appreciate. People go to "popular" concerts of light music simply to be amused, luxuriously to drink in what of rhythm, melody, and easily flowing harmony they can assimilate without trouble. What sympathy can then be expected of them for any music that appeals to the thinking faculty? Respectful inattention is the most that can be asked. The probable effect will be an increased enjoyment of the next rhythmic-melodic triviality. The element in music that the "musical infant" first appreciates is *rhythm*. The appreciation of melody comes later, that of harmonic progressions much later. A thorough appreciation and enjoyment of simple and well-marked rhythm, such as is found in a well-written march, polka, or galop, may be taken for granted in any audience. If they can enjoy any of the higher varieties of rhythm, such as a persistent and easily caught syncopation, all the better. But if the rhythm of a piece is strongly marked and enjoyable, a great part of the audience will be indifferent to the quality of the melody. Now if they are allowed to hear music of well-defined, vital melody, which is at the same time rhythmic-

ally attractive, its superiority over music that is *merely* rhythmic* cannot long fail to be felt by them. Thus a taste for pure melody is formed; fine melodic progressions become more and more fascinating until the ear at last is led, for the sake of melody, to endure rhythmic complexities which would have before been unintelligible and disturbing. A discriminating taste for melody once formed, a taste for something more varied and satisfying than the mere vulgar tonic — dominant — subdominant harmonies cannot be very long in following.

There is plenty of music in the world which unites these three qualities: well marked and easily caught rhythm, well constructed melody, and easily flowing, but not vulgar or inane, harmony, without making the slightest demand upon the voluntary intellectual coöperation of the listener. How much better to have our "popular" concert programmes entirely composed of such music, than to have them base their respectability upon a couple of oratorio airs and a bit of classical piano-forte playing, while the body of the concert (the amusing part) is made up of senseless trash only good enough for a dance-hall! A man who goes to a concert with his highest ideas of musical enjoyment embodied in *Put me in my little Bed*, and with perhaps a vague hope of finding it on the programme, will not be likely to have his faith much shaken by a forced hearing of Mendelssohn's *O rest in the Lord*, although Bishop's *The Pilgrim of Love*, or Hatton's *I cannot sing the old Songs*, might open his eyes to the fact that even *Put me in my little Bed* could be surpassed. How much of Auber, Hérold, Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi, Rossini, Adam, Strauss, and others might not be used in this way to *entice* the popular taste onward and upward? It has been hinted that the managers of these concerts have it at heart to keep the popular taste down, since it is always easier and less expensive to furnish a poor article than a good one. But a man who thoroughly enjoys good music, enjoys it much more than his neighbor enjoys poor music, and will pay more to get it. Educate and elevate the popular musical taste, and the public demand for music will increase of itself.

Some persons, among others the author of *A Fagot* from the Coliseum (a pamphlet which appeared in '69, shortly after the first Gilmore Jubilee), have strongly advocated the introduction of music of the simply amusing sort into the programmes

of classical concerts, and there is, no doubt, a very large party of concert-goers who would be very glad of this. But we must say that this seems to us quite as great a mistake as the introduction of the graver classical music into popular concerts. The feelings of all portions of the community ought to be considered as much as possible. The classical concert exists, ostensibly, for the benefit of the more musically cultivated classes, and however charming even the most educated classicist may find Strauss waltzes and Auber overtures in their proper place, they will seem to him a most unwelcome source of ennui when brought into immediate contact with music that takes stronger and deeper hold upon the feelings. One of the most cultivated musicians in the country (of whom, by the way, many people have formed rather an amusing idea, as a sort of classical Pope-and-Pagan, eager for the destruction of all modern music) said to us the other evening, after the performance of Liszt's second *Rhapsodie Hongroise* by the Thomas orchestra, "Do you think I would not rather hear that, than a bad performance of the Mozart Jupiter, or the Schubert variations all washed out with sentimentality?" But if the Mozart symphony and the Schubert variations had been performed as they deserve, our friend would probably have found little else than a source of nervous ill-humor in the Liszt Rhapsody. And here let us say a most serious word to all those skeptics who distrust the genuine love that many of us feel for the great classic music. The great mistake of the anti-classicists is in calling the classic music, music of the head alone. If it were so, small then would be its value as music. That it is uncomprehended, perhaps incomprehensible with many is not to be doubted. That a certain high amount of intellectual activity is necessary to live in a highly intellectual atmosphere is most true, and the more unaccustomed to the atmosphere a man is, the more laborious will such activity be to him; but let his mind be once acclimated to these high intellectual latitudes, and the mental *effort* ceases, the mental operation becomes a spontaneous, unconscious one, at last even necessary to his comfortable existence. So in the higher classic music, the intellectual part may be so exacting that it monopolizes all the faculties of the novice, to the concealing of the higher spiritual part that is in reality the gist of the whole. But when the intellectual process has become a spontaneous, unconscious one, then the spiritual side of the

music seizes upon the listener with its full, irresistible power, so that he forgets for the time being that he is thinking, mindful only of what he is feeling. And in the end, so necessary has this undercurrent of thought become to the music-lover, that when he listens to one of those superficial appeals to the heart, which has its source in mere passion and speaks merely to the animal instincts, his intellectual faculty, deprived of its expected nourishment, feels such hungry cravings, and sets up such a clamor for food, as entirely silences the merely sensuous or sentimental voice of the music. This is so in all the arts. What we cannot comprehend appeals at first only to the intellect. It is only when we have thoroughly understood it that we can feel its higher qualities.

The musician may be enlivened by a Strauss waltz, or even, in moments of abnormally high spirits, feel a responsive thrill at an Offenbach Can-can; but how much more strongly and irresistibly is he swept up from earth on the wings of a Bach C minor Passacaglia or a Mozart *Or sai chi l'onore!* And the musician is, after all, the only real music-lover. All others are but music-likers; they like music, —

... "But much as we
Down at the bath-house love the sea,
Who breathe its salt and bruise its sands;
While . . . do but follow the fishing-gull
That flaps and floats from wave to cave!
There 's the sea-lover, fair my friend!"

But the music-likers have nevertheless their rights, and it behooves those who really love the art to see that they get them, and more; even that they be, if possible, changed to music-lovers and musicians. But such a change can by no means be brought about by violence nor by mere argument. Do not even debar them from hearing bad music, but, by giving them proper opportunities, lead them to find out for themselves that they like good music better than bad. Hard-working people, who look upon music merely as an amusement, cannot be expected to take any pains of themselves to hear anything better than that which is offered them, if that which is offered already satisfies them. But it is the interest of every musician, from the serious, thinking composer and finished virtuoso down to the merest drum player, did he but know it, to have the public musical taste as high as possible, and it is the musician's duty as well as interest to take all the labor upon his own shoulders. If the public will but

allow themselves to be led on, and pay their entrance fees, it is all that can be asked of them. If at last they have been led to feel the higher influences of music, then the least they can do in gratitude to the musician, is to help in the good work. But instruction cannot and must not be forced down the public throat; it must be conveyed in the most fascinating and gradual form possible. And if questioned as to the means, we can only refer to the list of composers that we have mentioned above. It is certainly not to be done by an abrupt introduction to the higher classic music, much less by the poorer and more trashy compositions of sterling composers, such as the march from Gounod's *Queen of Sheba*, the good in which is only to be appreciated by musicians, and the bad in which is beneath the notice of anybody; neither can we expect much from sentimental perversions of the composer's original intention, like the muted string *Träumerei* business.

— Among the many interesting musical novelties that have been recently brought out in Boston, Joachim Raff's *Lenore* symphony naturally takes precedence by the interest it has so widely excited. Its stupendous size, the mere amount of music paper that it covers, is in itself a sort of claim to notice. Of its four movements the *allegro* in the first part, entitled *Happiness in Love*, strikes us as the best. Here Raff is entirely in his element, and although the musical form of the movement (we must own, without any apparent dramatic necessity) is much freer than in his *Im Walde* symphony or his C major, the two passionate themes are well worked out, and the continuous, impassioned flow of the music receives but few unwelcome checks. The *andante quasi larghetto* in the same part, in spite of the masterly handling of the orchestra, strikes us as unreasonably prolix. Neither are the themes of themselves peculiarly interesting. The march *tempo* of the second part, *Parting*, has a certain Volkslied snap, especially in its second theme, and is most brilliantly instrumented, but is treated at much greater length than the themes themselves warrant. Like the preceding *andante*, its prolixity is its great blemish. The third part of the symphony, *Reuniting in Death*, taken from G. Bürger's *Lenore*, is perhaps the most disappointing of the whole. It is ostensibly a bit of "tone-painting," but even as such falls far behind the sweeping passion of Bürger's poem. All the incidents of the poem are duly hinted at

in the music, the inevitable galloping of the horse being most markedly prominent. But it is most tame, regular cantering, compared with the furious *Hurre, hurre! hop, hop, hop!* of Bürger's steed. The hymn of the ghostly funeral procession, the demoniac laughter of the spirits, and all such items, are treated with a loving appreciation of the hideous and ghastly, that we had not looked for in Raff. The closing *adagio*, *Gott sei der Seele gnädig*, is indeed a comfort after all this, but is nevertheless a weak ending to the work. In spite of the masterly handling of the orchestra and the many real beauties that are to be detected throughout the work, and in spite of some really strong musical effects, as, for instance, the sudden *piano* and as sudden crescendo in the final cadence of the first movement, the symphony, as a whole, gives the impression of weakness.

We have a much stronger, and, we may be permitted to say, a still more hideous piece of "tone-painting" in Rubinstein's *Ivan der Grausame*. Here there are some passages of unmistakable power, such as the opening slow movement; others of rare beauty, as the simple, hymn-like harmonies of the violoncellos in the middle of the piece. But the violent, spasmodic hideousness of by far the greater part of the composition is only to be excused on naturalistic grounds by the character of the subject. The composer has made a "symphonic character-picture" of one of the most repulsive characters in history, and has certainly painted his hero in the blackest colors, not without some power; but looked at from an æsthetic point of view, the work cannot but strike us as a monstrosity.

Händel's *G minor Concerto* for two violins, violoncello and orchestra, is really the most important novelty of the season. In bringing out this work Mr. Thomas has set an example which cannot be too soon followed by our own classical concert givers. It is, we believe, the first orchestral piece of Händel's that has been given in Boston. Its

quiet, simple grandeur and beauty have the quality of making everything that is brought into comparison with it seem so small, that one does not for a moment feel the want in it of modern orchestral resources, or means of dramatic effect, any more than one would wish for the glories of Venetian coloring in Michael Angelo's colossal figures. When such music becomes "old-fashioned and obsolete" we may with reason consider the crack of doom as not far off.

It is with the greatest pleasure that we notice the performance of Dudley Buck's overture to an unpublished cantata, by the orchestra of the Harvard Musical Association. Our native composers are entering the lists bravely, and with spurs well won. The composition in question is so indubitably the work of a musician worthy of the name, that it is with some timidity we venture upon anything in the shape of criticism. The almost laconic conciseness of the form, and the easy mastery over all technical details that it displays, is so different from the prevailing tendency of the day towards diffuseness and transcendental unintelligibility, that the first impression of the work cannot fail to be favorable, while the excellence of the writing speaks well for the first impression being a lasting one. Marked originality we see little of, and the composer has made no attempts to leave well-traveled paths; but there is enough individuality shown in the composition to stamp it as something far above a mere imitation. Mr. Buck has evidently written what spontaneously came into his head, taking the inspiration of the moment for what it was worth, without troubling himself about what might come of it. As Hans Sachs says:—

"Nun sang er, wie er musst'!
Und wie er musst', so konnt' er's."

A composition of more genuine and fascinating spontaneity of expression we have not seen for some time.